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MORGAN

AND

HIS CAPTORS.

By Rev. F. SENOUR.

CINCINNATI:
C. F. VENT & Co., 38 WEST FOURTH STREET.
CHICAGO: 112 DEARBORN STREET.

1864.

E 467.1
M86 S3

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PREFACE.

THE author of this volume has long and firmly believed that "God is in history." This statement will be regarded by some persons as a mere superstition. "What a startling fact, that men brought up amid the elevated ideas of Christianity regard as mere superstition that Divine intervention in human affairs which the very heathen have admitted! There is a living principle, emanating from God, in every national movement. God is ever present on that vast theater where men meet and struggle." Because the author firmly believes this, he has undertaken to write this history, and thereby preserve a record of a part of God's wonderful providence in this cruel war. We may not now be able to trace the hand of God in all or any of the events herein recorded, but, by preserving them, future generations may do so, and see clearly that which is now, at best, but imperfectly understood. The great actors on the stage of life have been but imperfectly understood by those around them; and, in many instances, the actors themselves have been profoundly ignorant of the grand results that God was weaving out of their lives and deeds. How many of the

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living witnesses of the career of Washington, Marion, Cromwell, or Zwingle, had any just conceptions of the result of their acts? Did they themselves see clearly the hand of God in their lives? Much, very much, that was dark then is now clear, because a faithful record of their deeds was made. This is a high motive for writing a faithful and true history.

Another worthy motive in writing a history is the hope of thereby instructing and warning the present and future generations of men. What would be the condition of this generation and nation but for the lessons of the history of the past? History has taught us to love our free institutions, and defend them to the last. The history of this rebellion may teach our posterity to love these heaven-born blessings even more than we do. It may warn them to avoid the evils that have been tolerated almost at the great cost of our national life.

These motives, together with the fact that much of the material out of which this book has been formed seemed, providentially, to fall into his hands, have induced the author to give it to the public. And no one can be more sensible than himself that he has not polished or dressed handsomely these materials. Having formed his plan, he put the material he had into it, polished or unpolished. It is for the reader to judge of the architectural qualities of the work.

More prominence has been given to the great secession conspiracy in Kentucky than may seem justifiable in writing a book entitled "Morgan and his Captors." But it seemed

necessary to say what he has, in order to understand fully the character of Morgan and other prominent secessionists of that state. And, furthermore, less could not have been said without doing great injustice to that noble and loyal band of patriots in Kentucky who did and suffered so much for their country. For this part of the work, the author is largely indebted to several published articles from the pen of that sterling patriot, Rev. R. J. Breckinridge, D. D.

The author has freely used whatever material he has found in other publications, which seemed to him to contribute to the interest and truthfulness of this history. And here he would make an especial acknowledgment of numerous letters from various sources, which have been of great assistance in preparing this work.

The author has labored to write a true and impartial history, without reference to political parties, and without any design of political effect other than that which the truth may produce. If he has failed in this, it is because he has been misled.

Tacitus assures us that History is listened to with more favor when she slanders and disparages. "*Obtrectatio et livor pronis auribus accipiuntur.*" The author has not had the culpable ambition of pleasing at the expense of truth.

The reader may desire to know why the sketches of other persons who aided in the captare of Morgan are not in this work. It would have given the author great satisfaction to have given sketches of General Judah, Colonels Crittenden, Wolford, Major Fishback, and other officers and privates who

did their duty nobly in the pursuit of Morgan; but that would have made the work much larger than the author designed it to be. He, therefore, concluded to give sketches of such officers only as will be necessary to give to the reader *a clear and full understanding of the pursuit and capture of Morgan.*

CONTENTS.

PAGE

CHAPTER I..... 11

Morgan and the great secession conspiracy in Kentucky—Great excitement in Lexington, Ky.—Kentucky the mother of patriots and traitors—The Breckinridge party—Governor Magoffin—The veto power exercised—The Legislature of Kentucky—The Knights of the Golden Circle—The State Guard—The private meeting of secession leaders—Rev. Dr. Breckinridge—Magoffin's letter to the President—The President's reply—Camp Dick Robinson and General Nelson—Camp Joe Holt and Colonels Rousseau and Pope—Home Guards—The arming of Camp Dick Robinson—Morgan's Rifle Company—The overthrow of the conspiracy.

CHAPTER II..... 46

Morgan's nativity—Personal appearance and character—Defeats an enemy and makes a capture without the use of sword or saber—His marriage—Brief account of battles, raids, skirmishes, etc., in Kentucky—Design of his raids—Incidents—A sympathizing parson.

CHAPTER III..... 91

Morgan in Tennessee—His military character—At Edgefield—Capture of a Federal brigade—Narrow escape of Morgan—Capture of a Brigadier-General—Morgan's first thorough defeat—Incidents.

CHAPTER IV..... 108

Morgan's great raid through Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio—The line of his march—At Burkesville—Fights at Columbia and Green River Bridge—A female soldier—Fight and surrender at Lebanon—Morgan marches to Brandenburg—A warlike event

at this place before the present war—The capture of two steamers—Efforts to prevent the rebels from crossing the river —His march from the river to Corydon, Ind.—The battle and capture of Corydon—Incidents of the capture.

CHAPTER V..... 131

Great excitement in Indiana—Morgan in Indiana—The design of the invasion—The march from Corydon to Salem—Capture of Salem and destruction of the railroad—Interesting incidents—His march through the counties of Washington, Scott, Jefferson, Jennings, Ripley, and Dearborn—Military blunder —Great excitement and panic in Northern Illinois.

CHAPTER VI..... 150

The proclamation of Governor Tod—Morgan in Ohio—Patriotism of the people—The state militia—An incident related by Morgan—Morgan at Harrison—Destroys a railroad—At East Sycamore—At Camp Dennison—At Buffington Island—Incidents.

CHAPTER VII..... 178

The pursuit and capture of Morgan—His imprisonment and escape.

CHAPTER VIII..... 219

Brigadier-General Hobson—His nativity—Self-made man—His visit to the South—Works at his trade—Becomes a merchant— A soldier in the Mexican war—At the battle of Buena Vista— Returns home and resumes business—A Union man—His life threatened—Raises a regiment for the United States service— Attempt by the rebels to capture his force and rob the bank— A second attempt to capture Hobson—A hazardous undertaking—The regiment moves with General Buell's army—Hobson at Corinth—At Mount Washington—In Tennessee—At Green River Bridge—Defeats Morgan—Various expeditions— General Hobson ordered to Lexington—Narrow escape—Resists the entrance of Morgan into Kentucky—Vigorous pursuit of Morgan through Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio—Battle of Buffington.

PAGE

CHAPTER IX..... 250

Brigadier-General Shackelford—His nativity—In the Mexican war—His profession and marriage—His perils in raising a regiment in Kentucky—At Fort Donelson—He leads a charge—His wound—Made a Brigadier-General—His pursuit of Morgan through Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio—The battle at Bashan Church, Ohio—Assumes command of the expedition—The pursuit until Morgan is captured—Shackelford in East Tennessee—At the siege of Knoxville and in other engagements.

CHAPTER X..... 271

Colonel R. T. Jacob, of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry and Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky—A heroine and daughter of Benton—The birth of Colonel Jacob—His early character—Perilous journey to California—Colonel Jacob and General Fremont in California—Return to the states—Marriage—Ill health—In Missouri—Unites with the Presbyterian Church—A ruling elder—His character—Elected a member of the Legislature—Deserts the Breckinridge party—On the Committee on Federal Relations—Speeches—Reëlected to the Legislature in 1861—He is strongly in favor of the Union—Enters the military service—At Richmond—Fight at Clay Village—A most exciting fight at Lawrenceburg—Colonel Jacob wounded—Exciting scene on his return to his regiment—Engagement on 10th of March, 1863, with Morgan's advance—His pursuit of Morgan through Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio—Election as Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky—His speeches.

CHAPTER XI..... 333

Major G. W. Rue, the captor of Morgan—His report to Colonel Lewis Richmond—Particulars of the capture—Interview between Morgan and Rue—Interview between Morgan, Shackelford, and Wolford—A good Providence—Major Rue's nativity—His education and military character—Rue in Mexico—Rue a Christian.

PAGE

CHAPTER XII..... 343

Morgan's late raid into Kentucky, in June, 1864—Enters the state at Pound Gap—Capture of Mount Sterling—Uprising of guerrillas and Knights of the Golden Circle—Their depredations at various places—Governor Bramlette and the siege of Frankfort—General Burbridge defeats Morgan at Mount Sterling—Morgan at Lexington—Marches toward Frankfort, but suddenly changes his course—At Cynthiana defeats and captures the Union forces—Is defeated by Burbridge the day following—Dispatches of General Burbridge to the President and Secretary of War—Distinguished regiments—Detail statements—Incidents.

CHAPTER XIII..... 381

Prophetical speech of Stephens, Vice-President of the Rebel Government—The death of Morgan—Killed by Andrew G. Campbell, an East Tennesseean—Rebel account of his surprise, death, and obsequies—Concluding remarks.

MORGAN AND HIS CAPTORS.

CHAPTER I.

MORGAN AND THE GREAT SECESSION CONSPIRACY IN KENTUCKY—GREAT EXCITEMENT IN LEXINGTON, KY.—KENTUCKY THE MOTHER OF PATRIOTS AND TRAITORS—THE BRECKINRIDGE PARTY—GOVERNOR MAGOFFIN—THE VETO POWER EXERCISED—THE LEGISLATURE OF KENTUCKY—THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE—THE STATE GUARD—THE PRIVATE MEETING OF SECESSION LEADERS—REV. DR. BRECKINRIDGE—MAGOFFIN'S LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT—THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY—CAMP DICK ROBINSON AND GENERAL NELSON—CAMP JOE HOLT AND COLONELS ROUSSEAU AND POPE—HOME GUARDS—THE ARMING OF CAMP DICK ROBINSON—MORGAN'S RIFLE COMPANY—THE OVERTHROW OF THE CONSPIRACY.

ON a fair day, in the month of August, 1861, the inhabitants of the beautiful city of Lexington, Kentucky, were startled by the sound of a war-bugle in their streets. People thronged the principal avenues, and a thousand cheeks were blanched, as if a thunderbolt had fallen from the clear sky above their heads. There was fear that scenes of carnage and blood would be witnessed that day. Men, women, and children hurried to and fro, and excitedly inquired of one another what that bugle-sound meant. Scarcely had the last wild and warlike notes died away until a bell was heard ringing at the railroad

depot, which only increased the anxiety and excitement of the people. That bugle-blast called together one or two hundred armed secessionists, who expected at once to perpetrate deeds of violence and bloodshed. Captain John H. Morgan was their leader. This was the first appearance of the present famous guerrilla chieftain in the great conflict that is now shaking our country to its center. That appearance and demonstration were the signal for a general outbreak of a great conspiracy to take possession of Kentucky by fire and sword, and hand over the glorious old commonwealth, bound hand and foot, to the mercies of the Southern Confederacy. What the ringing of the bell at the depot meant, why no blood was shed on that day, and how Morgan and his followers and allies were foiled in what they were on the very eve of commencing, will appear in the sequel of this chapter.

Esau and Jacob sprang from the same womb, yet they were characters widely different. The one was the friend of God, the other the enemy; the one was a true friend of his race, the hand of the other was against every man. Kentucky gave birth to Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, to General Hobson and

John Morgan. She is the mother of many of the most sterling patriots and many of the most wicked traitors. No one will think of attaching blame to Rebekah for giving birth to children so widely different in character. No person will think for a moment of blaming Kentucky because John Morgan and a host of traitors were born on her soil. Remember that, while she has produced traitors, she has also produced a host of patriots, who have done much, endured much, and suffered much for the cause of their country. It is a matter of great wonderment to every one who was acquainted with the real state of affairs in Kentucky during the early stages of the rebellion, that the state, with all its military resources, did not fall into the hands of the rebel authorities at the very commencement of the great rebellion, or soon thereafter. Her own patriotic children did much to save her from the hands of traitors.

Whoever will consider the number, the influence, and machinations of the real enemies, but, in some instances, pretended friends of Kentucky, with an unprejudiced mind, will not fail to admit that the remarks we have made are true and just.

From the commencement of the secession movement in the Southern states, the Breckinridge wing of the Democratic party, with a few honorable exceptions, were thorough secessionists, and made every effort in their power to carry Kentucky out of the Union, and link her destiny with that of the Southern Confederacy. The leading members of that party, whose influence at that time was very great in the state, were untiring in their efforts to accomplish this result. The most important offices of the state were filled by men of that party. Governor Magoffin was a leader of the party, and there was some ground for the *suspicion* that he was a secessionist. Whoever will remember his curt and unpatriotic reply to President Lincoln, when, in the month of April, 1861, Kentucky was called on to furnish two regiments of volunteers to aid in protecting the Capital of our country, will have a tolerably well-founded suspicion that his heart was with the enemies of the government. "Your dispatch," said the Governor, "is received. In answer, I say, emphatically, Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern states."

Whoever will call to mind the fact that, when the Legislature of Kentucky had passed a resolution directing the Governor of the state to issue a proclamation ordering the Confederate troops to evacuate the soil of Kentucky, that he vetoed the resolution, will have his suspicions strengthened that the Governor threw his influence on the side of armed traitors. Then, if we will remember that the Governor also vetoed the resolution passed by the Legislature, inviting that heroic Christian gentleman, Major (now General) Robert Anderson, the commander of Fort Sumter when it was captured, to take command of the forces of the state, will have his suspicions *confirmed*. Then, if we will remember, in addition to all this, the letter of the Governor to the President of the United States, in which he urged the removal from the limits of the state the small loyal volunteer organization encamped at Camp Dick Robinson, and more especially if we will remember the part taken by him in the famous *Scott County meeting* on Sunday, the 17th of August, 1861, (of which meeting more will be said hereafter), we shall hardly have a doubt left that he was casting the weight of his official position and personal influence in

favor of the secession conspiracy. What we have thus written concerning Governor Magoffin has not been done for any political effect, or through any personal prejudice, but simply because he was a representative man in the times of which we are writing, and for the especial purpose of making good our statement that the Breckinridge wing of the Democratic party in Kentucky were thorough secessionists, with a few honorable exceptions.

The Legislature of the state was also chiefly under the influence of the secession party up to August, 1861, when the loyal people of the state elected a new and thoroughly loyal Legislature. Not to call attention to other acts of the Legislature which held office from August, 1859, to August, 1861, we need only call attention to the fact that that body, on the 22d of January, 1861, passed a resolution, "that, in view of the tenders of men and money by several of the Northern states to the General Government, the people of Kentucky, uniting with their brethren of the South, will resist the invasion of the soil of the South, at all hazards, and to the last extremity." We say that this resolution is sufficient to stamp the character

of that Legislature as a secession body, working in the interests of that great movement which had for its end the overthrow of this great and good government. In what we have said of the Legislative body that was in office from August, 1859, to August, 1861, we do not mean to convey the idea that all the members of that body were secessionists, for the contrary of all this is true. There was a loyal minority in that body, who exerted a strong conservative influence, and who, unquestionably, hindered the disloyalists of the Legislature from going to greater extremes of opposition to the General Government than they did, as the reader will see by turning to the sketch of the life of Colonel R. T. Jacob, in another part of this work.

What has thus been stated conveys a fair idea of the condition of affairs in Kentucky during the early stages of the great rebellion. Both the Executive and Legislative authorities of the state were under the influence, and, to a very considerable extent, the control of the powerful secession party of which we have already spoken. It was the purpose of this party to take the state out of the Union. They used the

greatest assiduity to accomplish this result. Whatever means had been used successfully in the seceded states they tried in Kentucky. And when these failed, they—that is, the leaders and thousands of the more humble members of the party—attempted to drive Kentucky out of the Union at the point of the sword. It is a wonder they did not succeed. The secessionists and traitors of the state never had a doubt of the success of their efforts. Even Union men trembled for the fate of the state, and, at times, their hearts failed them. But the hand of God, dimly seen by many of the Union men, and altogether unseen by traitors, was in the midst of the people, working out great and glorious results.

KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.

There was another element of opposition to the Union cause in Kentucky that was powerful and dangerous. "A secret* political and military organization, called the *Knights of the Golden Circle*, had been widely introduced into the state, by means of a

* See "Danville Review" for March, 1862.

great number of *castles*, as its lodges were called, organized among the secessionists of the state. We have no means of determining with certainty what number of initiated members these castles unitedly contained; for, indeed, the practice of secrecy and the use of numerous grades of membership, together with a complicated jargon, made doubly unintelligible by hieroglyphics and pantomime, enabled a select central organization to monopolize at once all knowledge of its force and all power to use it. It was one of those monsters, sprung from the fermenting dregs of revolutions, whose vile life is nourished only by filth and blood. The paternity of the order was ostentatiously claimed by a person called Bickley, who assumed the title of its General in certain mysterious advertisements, and in occasional treasonable proclamations. The avowed objects of the order were various. Sometimes it was to protect the Spanish states on the southern portion of this continent; sometimes to protect the institution of slavery in our own Southern states; in Ohio, its secret pretext was the restoration of the Democratic party to power; while in Kentucky its repeatedly avowed design was to aid, by arms, in

the separation of the state from the Federal Union, and the annexation of it to a Southern Confederacy. Its modes of proceedings, its hieroglyphics, and its horrible oaths were disclosed in Kentucky, and made public through the press; while, in several other states, the same result was partially obtained in certain judicial investigations. In short, it was a standing conspiracy against the peace of society and the safety of individuals, existing in the double form of a menace to all virtue, public and private, and of a refuge for desperadoes and ruffians. Its mere existence proved that society was fatally disordered; while its wide dissemination through the nation, and especially throughout the Southern states, of which its General openly boasted through the press, uncontradicted, was an infallible premonition either of dissolution or the sword. There was a sort of a standing advertisement by this General Bickley, that he had at his bidding an army of Kentucky Knights of the Golden Circle, armed, equipped, always increasing, always ready for battle, and never rated by him at less than eight thousand, with which, when the word was given by those with whom he coöperated, he

would immediately plant his flag on the Capitol. It is manifest that such a force, on a sudden emergency, could not have been cut to pieces, as matters then stood, without costing Kentucky an infinite price in the lives of her noblest citizens; and that it could not have been resisted at all by a force hastily collected and imperfectly organized, unless that force was composed of dauntless men, accustomed to the use of arms. After all that has occurred since, it is not boasting to say that, nevertheless, General Bickley and his Knights would have been cut to pieces, if he had ever got the word he was waiting for. The most surprising part to posterity of the whole affair will, perhaps, be, that not the slightest movement was made, either by the civil or military authorities of the party then in power, from the Governor of the state down, to call this traitor and his band to account, or to protect the loyal people of the state against them, unless, indeed, the heroic indifference with which that loyal population contemplated both the proceedings of Bickley and his Knights and the connivance of the Governor should appear more surprising."

THE STATE GUARD.

The secessionists of Kentucky were confident, as we have already stated, that they would succeed in taking the state out of the Federal Union. If every other effort should fail, they supposed that they had under their control a military force that would not fail to accomplish their purpose by the sword. "An act was passed by the Legislature creating a volunteer force, called the 'State Guard,' which was directed to be immediately raised, organized, armed, equipped, and drilled, chiefly at the expense of the state; and, in direct violation of the Constitution and every military system on earth, and in total disregard of all propriety, and even common sense, under the circumstances that existed, a staff officer of Governor Magoffin, himself a person not even belonging to the line of the army about to be raised, was created commander-in-chief in the body of the law itself. This person proved to be General S. B. Buckner, who was in command of the Confederate army at Fort Donelson, and was made a prisoner there along with the rebel force under his command. It might as well be added that Colonel Roger Hanson, who was captured

at the same time along with the bulk of his regiment, had been one of the colonels of General Buckner's State Guard; that General Tilghman, who was captured a few days before, while in command of Fort Henry, was another of his colonels; and that a large portion of the whole body has perished, or been captured, in the service of the Confederate states. It consisted of about five thousand of fine troops, and would have risen to five times that number, if a little more time could have been gained, or the thoroughly disloyal character of the force had been somewhat more carefully concealed from the public. When the secession conspiracy in Kentucky prematurely broke down, this body of troops was transferred, almost entire, to the Confederate forces operating against the state. It is perfectly well known that the law creating this force was passed almost in the very moment of the adjournment of the first session of the Legislature of 1859–61, by a mere trick of a handful of traitors, when not members enough of both houses were present at the midnight outrage to have constituted a legal quorum of either of them. The sum of what we have been saying, in its military aspect,

is this: There was a secret armed force of eight thousand traitors in Kentucky, and under General Bickley, called Knights of the Golden Circle; there were five thousand well-appointed state troops, called the State Guard, commanded by General Buckner, an officer of the staff of the Governor; there was a body of secessionists, whose number we have no means of ascertaining with certainty, nor the precise nature or extent of their organization, amounting to twenty thousand men or upward, privately armed, in part with state arms and in part with arms furnished to them from the rebel states, the whole body capable of immediate service as neighborhood squads, and of being rapidly gathered in companies and regiments. Immediately after the defeat of the Federal army at Manassas, in July, 1861, the most excitable and organized of this particular force commenced leaving Kentucky to join the Confederate army, thus disclosing its previous condition. So that, at the period of darkness and peril now spoken of, there was a military force of between thirty and forty thousand armed secessionists in Kentucky in readiness to attempt there what they and we knew had been accomplished

without difficulty, by similar but far inferior means in so many other states."

THE PRIVATE MEETING OF SECESSION LEADERS.

The election held during the first week of August, 1861, demonstrated, beyond all question, that a large majority of the people of Kentucky were opposed to secession, and in favor of the Union. The secessionists had no other alternative but an abandonment of their purposes or an appeal to arms. But their plans were not quite perfected; hence the private meeting of the principal secessionists of the state to mature plans for the subjugation of Union people and the transfer of the state to the Confederacy, of which we are about to speak.

The public is indebted for whatever knowledge it has of this private meeting of secession leaders to the Rev. R. J. Breckinridge, D. D., the uncle of the rebel General John C. Breckinridge, late Vice-President of the United States. The loyal people, too, of Kentucky owe to him a debt of gratitude for the influence he exerted in saving them from scenes of carnage and blood, and in saving the state, at least for the time

being, from the hands of secessionists that were already outstretched to seize the great prize.

We give the account of this private and traitorous meeting in the words of him who was in some way, we know not precisely how, made acquainted with its character and design just in the "nick of time," so that measures were promptly set on foot which baffled its designs, and finally overthrew the secession conspiracy in Kentucky.

"On Sunday, the 17th day of August, 1861, a considerable number of the leading secessionists of Central Kentucky, embracing the principal persons of that interest, met, in the county of Scott, at the house of a wealthy gentleman, residing in a very accessible but not very public place. It may remove some mystery concerning the sources of our knowledge of matters it was not intended we should know, to say that this decisive meeting took place in the immediate neighborhood of the homestead of the writer of these lines; and we had as well say at once that we do not feel called on to make public, in this manner, either names or acts connected with this meeting, except so far as

may be required by the duty we have before us. Whether the urgency of the occasion obliged the distinguished persons who composed the meeting to overcome their reluctance to use the Sabbath day for such a purpose, or whether the impressions of their pious education and lives gave way to the necessity of escaping public observation, there is, perhaps, no great need of inquiring. Of course, Major (now General) Breckinridge was at the meeting, since its very design was to discuss and settle the policy of *the party*, and to determine its general course and immediate action under the great foregone facts which had already given a color to its destiny, namely, *first*, its complete overthrow, two weeks before, at the general election, and, *secondly*, its adhesion to the general conspiracy which had determined on the conquest of the border slave states by arms when all hope of obtaining them by other means was lost. It is singularly characteristic that, as soon as this party had fully determined that there should be no more peace in any of those border states, except on conditions which were utterly preposterous, it assumed throughout those states, and, to a certain extent, throughout the loyal states, the name

of *the Peace Party!* One would think that a state-rights party would be dumb under such proofs of the sentiments of the state as this party had. One would think a Democratic party would promptly acquiesce in the public will so clearly and repeatedly declared. One would know very little of 'the great heart' of treason and rebellion who would have such idle thoughts. We *now* know that before the election at which this party had just been finally overthrown, it had been arranged that, if they lost that election, Kentucky should be invaded; we know that the Confederate Congress had resolved that the state should be conquered, if it became necessary; we know that the military jurisdiction of the Confederate Government had been extended over the state, and that large sums of money had been appropriated to the arming of rebels in it. But all these things were carefully concealed at that time. There was, of course, no debate, no conclusion, therefore, in this meeting about any peaceful or patriotic submission to an overwhelming public sentiment, constitutionally and repeatedly expressed. There was, of course, neither debate nor conclusion looking toward acceptance of the overtures

for conciliation with them, made and remade over and over, and met always with disdain from them. What immediately followed this meeting, as its popular result, was a crusade upon the stump—innumerable seditious harangues by many of those at the meeting, and many others who accepted its conclusions, and by some, it is probable, who were kept in the dark as to the real objects of the movement. The drift of all was that the people had been deceived in the recent election, and would be betrayed by their Union Representatives; that liberty, public and private, was at an end, and the State hopelessly lost, unless the broken and defeated secession party, instead of the triumphant Union party, were allowed to explain what the people required; and that all this was so clear, so certain, so just, and so indispensable to *peace*, that it was impossible for gallant and patriotic men to contain themselves if any part of it was refused to them. In one word, not the elected and sworn Representatives of the people, convened in the Capital, but the Scott meeting, over their Sunday dinner, neither elected nor sworn, must decide the fate of the commonwealth, or else there should be anarchy. That much was

avowed; and what was kept secret—there should be invasion and civil war. They tried it, and they found out within about thirty days that there was a Kentucky independent of them and of their allies.

"The plan of the conspiracy in Kentucky, as well as elsewhere, had far more in view than a mere attempt at popular commotion. Armed insurrection was thought of, invasion, also, by the Confederate forces, public and private war, violent proceedings of all sorts. Extreme measures, therefore, were to be discussed at the Scott meeting; and extreme courses, considering the general nature and objects of the wide conspiracy, and the actual posture of affairs, were likely enough to be adopted. Of course, therefore, Governor Magoffin was too important a member of the party to be absent from a final consultation on matters of that sort. In the consideration and discussion of the whole case by the meeting, three plans of action for the party were propounded; every one of them, however, based on the distinct ideas, taken for granted, that the nation was broken up, and the government at an end; that the Confederate Government was in full and lawful existence; that Kentucky rightfully belonged to

the Confederate States; and that her obstinate refusal to take her proper place among those states imposed upon the Confederate Government the necessity of forcing her to do so, and upon the secession party in the state the duty of taking part in her conquest. These three plans were in substance as follows:

"*First.* The army of General Polk on the Mississippi, and the army of General Zollicoffer on the Cumberland Mountains, and the armed Kentucky refugees in camps along the Tennessee frontier of Kentucky, should immediately and simultaneously invade the state and begin the war; while that sudden and general invasion by some sixty thousand troops should be attended by a simultaneous rising of the secessionists in the state, and the commencement by armed bands of neighborhood war wherever resistance might be offered to them. A diabolical plan—good, in a military point of view, if attempted a month earlier; when actually attempted some weeks afterward, a failure, because, being discovered, it was provided for.

"*Secondly.* That, before proceeding to the extremities of the first plan, Governor Magoffin should issue his proclamation, calling upon all true secessionists to rise,

organize, and rendezvous in arms at a time and place fixed in his proclamation; that the secession members of the Legislature should be required to convene, and constitute, at the same place and time, as the Senate and House of Representatives of the state; and thus, by the joint action of the Governor, the skeleton Legislature and the armed secessionists, backed by the rebel armies and refugee Kentuckians, before spoken of, put the state regularly in the Confederacy before conquering her, instead of conquering her first. This was the plan adopted in Missouri. It was also tried some months later in Kentucky, in a small way, when a provisional government was set up in Russellville, under the protection of General Breckinridge and his brigade of rebel troops. A silly and weak mixture of some of the ideas and forms of law, and the shadow of civil authority, with rampant treason and armed anarchy, which no really great man would even think of resorting to in a desperate emergency!

"*Thirdly.* That all the matters proposed in both the foregoing plans should be held in suspense a little longer, while the arming, organizing, and educating of the secession party should be secretly and rapidly car-

ried to a higher state of completeness; that, in the mean time, the Governor should send commissioners, in the name of the commonwealth of Kentucky, to the President of the United States, demanding the dispersion or removal from the state of the troops then collecting at Camp Dick Robinson, under General Nelson, or the disavowal of General Nelson and his acts by the President; and other commissioners, both to Governor Harris, of Tennessee, and to President Davis, at Richmond, Virginia, in order to give precise information of the position, necessities, and plans of the party in Kentucky, to gain precise knowledge of the amount and character of the aid they could rely on, and to concert the most cordial and complete mutual understanding. If this plan could have been successfully executed, it would have rendered temporary success possible for the second plan, and complete success possible for the first plan. It was liable, however, to the great objection of being nearly incapable of execution without being penetrated."

The third one of the three plans above stated was the one adopted by the meeting, and that, too, chiefly

through the influence of Governor Magoffin. Accordingly, within one week after this secret meeting of conspirators, commissioners were sent to Washington City to carry out their designs, who bore with them the following letter from Governor Magoffin to President Lincoln. The Governor said:

"An army is now being organized and quartered in this state, supplied with all the appliances of war, without the consent or advice of the authorities of the state, and without consultation with those most prominently known and recognized as loyal citizens. This movement now imperils that peace and tranquillity which, from the beginning of our pending difficulties, have been the paramount desire of this people, and which, up to this time, they have so secured to the state.

"Within Kentucky there has been, and is likely to be, no occasion for the presence of military force. The people are quiet and tranquil, feeling no apprehension of any occasion arising to invoke protection from the Federal arm. They have asked that their territory be left free from military occupation, and the present tranquillity of their communication left uninvaded by soldiers. They do not desire that Kentucky shall be required to supply the battle-field for the contending armies, or become the theater of the war.

"Now, therefore, as Governor of the state of Kentucky, and in the name of the people I have the honor to represent, and with the single and earnest desire to avert from their peaceful homes the horrors of war, I urge the removal from the limits of Kentucky of the military force now organized and in camp within the state. If such action as is hereby urged be promptly

taken, I firmly believe the peace of the people of Kentucky will be preserved, and the horrors of a bloody war will be averted from the people, now peaceful and tranquil."

Of course, no explanation was made of the real origin of this letter, and that it was a part of the general plan of the private meeting held in Scott County on the 17th of August. Had the President granted the request of the Governor, the inevitable result would have been that Kentucky would have been in the hands of the Confederate army; and they would have planted their bristling cannon all along the banks of the Ohio River, controlled the navigation of that stream, and would have invaded, in all probability, the states north of Kentucky, and might have made those states, as was their intention from the beginning, the great battle-field for successive months. Certainly, it would have been at the expense of millions of dollars and thousands of lives that they would have been driven back from the banks of the Ohio.

Some person or persons—we do not know precisely whom—were careful that the President should know the exact origin of the mission sent to Washington. The

President's reply to the Governor was timely and to the point:

"In all I have done in the premises," said the President, "I have acted upon the urgent solicitation of many Kentuckians, and in accordance with what I believed and still believe to be the wish of a majority of all the Union-loving people of Kentucky.

"While I have conversed on this subject with many eminent men of Kentucky, including a large majority of her members of Congress, I do not remember that any one of them, or any other person, except your Excellency and the bearers of your Excellency's letter, has urged me to remove the military force from Kentucky, or to disband it. One other very worthy citizen of Kentucky did solicit me to have the augmenting of the forces suspended for a time.

"Taking all the means within my reach to form a judgment, I do not believe it is the popular wish of Kentucky that this force shall be removed beyond her limits; and, with this impression, I must respectfully decline to so remove it.

"I most cordially sympathize with your Excellency in the wish to preserve the peace of my own native state, Kentucky. It is with regret I search, and can not find, in your not very short letter, any declaration or intimation that you entertain any desire for the preservation of the Federal Union."

The force which the Governor desired the President to remove from the state, but which he wisely declined to do, was that located at Camp Dick Robinson, about thirty miles south of Lexington, and under the command of General Nelson. This force

consisted of six skeleton regiments—in all about four or five thousand men, a majority of whom were Kentuckians—and two regiments of East Tennesseeans who had fled from their homes, families, and property, to escape the oppression and tyranny of the Confederate authorities. They formed themselves into companies and regiments for the purpose, as they expressed it, of "fighting their way back to their homes." Strange sight! While these Tennessee patriots were fleeing to Kentucky, and enduring indescribable hardships—all for the sake of their love of liberty and love of country—thousands of deluded Kentuckians were following their traitorous leaders from their homes into the ranks of the rebel army in Tennessee, for the avowed purpose of fighting their way back to their homes, to subjugate their native state and overthrow the benign government that had done nothing to them but crown their lives with blessings.

Besides the force of which we have just spoken, there was another body of soldiers, and Kentuckians chiefly, at Camp Joe Holt, near Jeffersonville, Indiana, that numbered in all about seventeen hundred

men. They were enlisted through the exertions of Colonel Lovell H. Rousseau and Colonel Curran Pope. The former of these Colonels is now a Major-General in the United States Army; and well does he deserve the honor. He has shown himself, in the many battles in which he has taken part, to be a skillful and courageous General. But the most courageous act of his life was that of raising, at the time and under the circumstances, the body of troops of which we have just spoken. It is well known that, when he first commenced raising volunteers in Louisville, Kentucky, he was watched and followed by men who were seeking to assassinate him. No doubt but that General Rousseau would brave the dangers of the fiercest battle rather than brave again what he did in raising this force. Colonel Pope, too, deserves great honor. He was a graduate of West Point, a Christian gentleman, and a brave soldier. He fell at the battle of Perryville while leading on his regiment into the thickest of the fight.

In addition to these forces, there were, probably, as many as four or five regiments of Home Guards, that could be made effective in a great emergency.

These were all the forces that could be relied on to defend Kentucky in the great crisis that was upon her.

While such was the situation, there were fifty or sixty thousand Confederate troops hovering on the border of the state, who were ready, when the word was given by the leading conspirators within the state, to sweep over it like a tornado. The time was set when the grand and bloody drama was to commence. All this, however, the secessionists thought, was a profound secret. Many of the loyal people of the state suspected that the Confederate soldiers in Tennessee would invade the state; but few, however, believed that there was a deep-laid plot for a simultaneous uprising of secessionists in their very midst to scatter, capture, or kill the members of the loyal Legislature which was to meet on the 2d day of September, 1861, and, to break down all opposition to their purpose, to seize the state, by fire and sword, if necessary.

But the plot, at least in part, had been discovered, and was known to those who were best able to provide for its defeat.

About this time an event occurred which opened the eyes of many of the loyal people of the State as to the real intentions of the secessionists.

The force at Camp Dick Robinson was without arms, except a poor supply of shot-guns and Kentucky rifles. It was all-important that they should be armed without delay. The fate of Kentucky and a great interest of the General Government depended on the success of the attempt to arm this force. Application was made for arms and munitions of war to the proper authorities at Washington, through General Nelson, and by those who saw the critical condition of affairs. The government authorities immediately shipped, for the use of the soldiers at Camp Dick Robinson, as many as eight thousand stand of arms, several cannons, and other munitions. After the safe arrival of the arms at Cincinnati, they were shipped on the railroad at Covington and started forward toward Lexington. The train of cars was stopped at Cynthiana, and searched by a committee of secessionists. The guns were not captured, for the reason that the movement of the Vigilance Committee had been anticipated, and the arms were sent

back to Cincinnati, to prevent capture. The Committee gave notice to the principal owner of the road that it would be destroyed if it was used to transport arms into Kentucky. The arms were then shipped to Louisville for the purpose of being forwarded over the railroad from that city to Lexington. This movement was made with dexterity and secrecy. The secessionists, through spies, discovered the plan, and at once made arrangements to capture the arms. They made arrangements to tear up the railroad-track near Louisville, then placed bands of men at different depots along the road, armed with concealed weapons. Captain John Morgan, now General Morgan, commanded the force at Lexington that was to seize the arms, if by any means they should reach that place. Says the writer to whom we are so largely indebted for much that is said in this chapter: "The plan was a good one, and in skillful hands, and its success might have had a terrible, if not fatal, effect. But it failed, as we might say, by a series of accidents, or, as was really the case, by extreme vigilance and extreme promptitude in understanding and using small but significant circumstances. There were two tele-

graphic instruments in Lexington connected with the wires to Louisville—one at the depot, one at the main office—capable of being used together, or separately. The communication with the main one was found to have been intentionally cut off. Investigation followed, and immediately revealed the cause and the object, and the remedy. The result was that things were put right, and the arms were suddenly and quietly started from Louisville several hours in advance of previous arrangements; and so their safe passage was secured at every point of danger. What remained was to protect them after they arrived. This was thought to be adequately provided for by arrangements for the assembling of the Home Guards of the city in arms at the depot, on an agreed signal from their commander, the late distinguished Dr. E. L. Dudley, who has since died in the army while serving as a Colonel of a regiment of Kentucky Volunteers. But this was somewhat changed in the following manner: A gentleman accidentally overheard a conversation between some secessionists, the purport of which was that no arms should leave the city for Union men. Very soon this fact was made known to Colonel

Dudley, who, prudent as he was brave, thought it his duty to display such a force as would overawe opposition. He therefore immediately dispatched messengers to Camp Dick Robinson, and the next day Colonel Bramlette, of the Third Kentucky Regiment, arrived at the Lexington depot at the head of several hundred cavalry, nearly simultaneously with the arrival of the train of cars with the arms. By this time the city was greatly excited, and the streets full of people." Then followed the strange scene described in the first part of this chapter.

"Major Breckinridge, fully aware of the bearing of the affair, whose crisis was now reached, upon the whole plan of the conspiracy of the 17th of August, is said to have declared that he would drive Bramlette's force from the city, if fifty resolute men would follow him; whereupon a force of between one and two hundred armed secessionists was immediately collected, by sound of bugle, at the armory of Captain John Morgan's rifle company. And this gathering was immediately followed by the assembling, by sound of a bell at the depot, of between three and four hundred armed Home Guards. The united forces of Bramlette and Dudley rendered opposition fruitless on the part of the inferior force of secessionists; and Major (now General) Breckinridge then spoke to the assembled secessionists, exhorting them to abstain from any act of violence, and thereby show what should be considered an act of unexampled forbearance. The arms were carried safely to Camp Dick Robinson, and put immediately in the hands of

loyal troops—among the rest, the Kentucky regiments of Bramlette, Fry, Wolford, and Garrard, and the Tennessee regiments of Carter and Byrd. In the latter part of October following, many of them did good service in the victory of Wildcat over Zollicoffer's army, and still more of them in the rout of the still larger force of Crittenden and Zollicoffer, at Logan's Field and Mill Springs, on the 19th of January, 1862. It was the possession of these arms by the small force under Nelson that made possible the movement which broke the conspiracy in Kentucky to pieces."

We can not stop here to speak of the meeting of loyal citizens at Camp Dick Robinson, by invitation of General Nelson, to consult with him on the critical condition of affairs, or the immediate results of that meeting in overthrowing the great conspiracy which was to be carried into execution about the 5th of September, while the rebel army was invading the state.

The conspiracy was overthrown; the leaders of it, with a few exceptions, fled the state. John Morgan fled with them, to make frequent returns to desolate his native state by bands of guerrillas under his command. In view of the departure of the conspirators, every loyal tongue was ready to cry out, as Cicero did to Catiline, "*Patent portæ: proficiscere. Educ tecum etiam omnes tuos!*"

Henceforth the struggle between Esau and Jacob was not to be in the womb of the common mother, but upon an open and fair field, and face to face.

We have thus introduced General Morgan to our readers as the offspring of a great conspiracy. And it is our opinion that in all that he did in aiding others to carry out their plot, he was sinned against as much as he sinned.

CHAPTER II.

MORGAN'S NATIVITY—PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER—DEFEATS AN ENEMY AND MAKES A CAPTURE WITHOUT THE USE OF SWORD OR SABER—HIS MARRIAGE—BRIEF ACCOUNT OF BATTLES, RAIDS, SKIRMISHES, ETC., IN KENTUCKY—DESIGN OF HIS RAIDS—INCIDENTS—A SYMPATHIZING PARSON.

GENERAL MORGAN is said to be a lineal descendant of Morgan of Revolutionary fame. He is the oldest of six brothers, all of whom were born and educated near the city of Lexington, Kentucky. He is unusually commanding in his personal appearance, and is about six feet in hight, and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds; has a broad, high forehead and bold countenance.

As to his character, it is but just to say that, previous to the commencement of the rebellion, he was considered by the citizens of Lexington as a man of integrity in all his business relations. In the estimation of *the public* he maintained a good character. At the commencement of our present war he was engaged in manufacturing woolen goods in Lexington. Soon after open hostilities commenced, he was arrested

near the town of Harrodsburg for attempting to send two wagon-loads of goods to his friends in Dixie.

Morgan is a universal favorite among the secession chivalry, and especially with female secessionists. In every raid that he has made through Kentucky, he has been welcomed, fed, honored, and cheered by women. On some occasions, addresses of a highly eulogistic character have been made to him by women of Kentucky. But let no one conclude that they who have thus acted are the only representatives of that noble old state among her women. Truer and more loyal hearts are not to be found any-where in this broad land than among the loyal women of Kentucky. Illustrative of this statement the following incident is given, upon the personal knowledge of the author: There was a period, during the early stages of the rebellion, and in many localities in Kentucky, when and where it was extremely hazardous to give even an expression of love to the Union or the dear old flag of our country. Such was the condition of affairs at one time in the town of Owensboro. During this time, an old lady of that place, more than sixty-five years of age, made a flag with her own hands, cov-

ered it with Stars and Stripes, and flung it to the breeze from the top of her humble house. She was warned by friends to take down the flag, and violence was threatened by the enemies of the government. In every instance she replied: "That flag shall stay there as long as a shingle of my house is left." When Colonel (now General) Burbridge landed at that town with his regiment, and it was made known to his men that this was the only Union flag in the place, it was sent for, and then run up to the top of the steeple on the court-house, and above the flag of the regiment, where it floated until it was blown away by the winds of heaven.

The author might yield to what may be considered the dictate of modesty, and suppress the name of this venerable lady; but filial duty and affection forbid. Her name is Elizabeth De La Hunt—my mother. It could scarcely be expected that one through whose veins flows the blood of the immortal Huguenots would be an enemy of freedom or of the flag of this, the freest of governments.

Thus, while many of the women of Kentucky have encouraged secession and secessionists, not a few

have opposed both firmly and persistently, and in the midst of great peril.

Here we will introduce an incident connected with the life of General Morgan which borders almost on the romantic.

In the year 1842, the author of this book became acquainted with a young man and fellow-student, of Hanover College, who was unusually prepossessing in his personal appearance. He was tall, rather slender, and beardless, and his head was covered with a beautiful suit of hair. He was graceful in all his movements. He was considered a respectable student in every way, but not remarkable as a superior scholar, or as a young man of more than ordinary intellect. He was greatly admired by the young ladies of that classic village. Whether any of them ever made any deep impressions on his young heart or not is, probably, known to himself only. His actions sometimes were rather indicative of an intention, on his part, to spend his days as a respectable old bachelor. Indeed, he sometimes intimated that his heart was impervious to the darts of Cupid.

He was graduated. After he passed through the

gates of his academic retreat he was soon lost sight of in the throng of this great and busy world. Years passed by, and it was scarcely known to his associates and admirers, in his college days, whether he was dead or alive. At length a journal of Washington City announced his name as a Congressman from one of the states in the far West.

When he took his seat in Congress he was one of the youngest members of that body, and was still prepossessing in his personal appearance. While at Washington City he formed the acquaintance of a young lady, the daughter of a Congressman from Tennessee. It is said that this young lady was beautiful and attractive. The young Congressman, although he had formed the resolution to be a bachelor, could not resist her charms. Unwittingly she had won his heart, and he resolved to offer to her his hand. "The course of true love," it is said, "is never smooth." Before the young Congressman made known his intentions the war broke out, and, suddenly, this young lady and her father disappeared from Washington City, and were soon at their home, in Murfreesboro, Tenn., within the rebel lines. The young Congress-

man resolved to visit that place. A wall of bayonets was between him and the object of his love. How could he accomplish his purpose? He resolved, as the only means of success, to march with the Army of the Cumberland. He applied for an appointment in the army, and was placed on the staff of a Major-General of that army.

> "In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
> In war, he mounts the warrior's steed."

This untried warrior was in the awful battle of Stone River, and acted well his part. His anxiety to capture Murfreesboro, from patriotic and other motives, could only be expressed, as he did it with a good-will after the capture was announced, by huzza after huzza.

He entered the little city of Murfreesboro with our proud and triumphant army, to learn the startling fact that General Morgan, without the use of sword or saber, had defeated his hopes, and captured the heart and hand of her for whose sake, in part, he had mounted the warrior's steed.

The lady referred to was Miss Ready, the daugh-

ter of Hon. Mr. Ready, an ex-Congressman of Tennessee, and now the wife of General Morgan. Even before her marriage she was devoted to the cause of the rebellion, and on one occasion presented a flag to one of the Tennessee rebel regiments, and accompanied it with a speech. That flag was afterward captured by an Illinois regiment at the battle of Fort Donelson, and is now at the Capital of the state of Illinois among the trophies of war.

Morgan was first married to the accomplished Miss Rebecca Bruce soon after his return from the Mexican war. After years of suffering from sickness, she died about the commencement of the present war, and was thus taken from the trouble to come. How painful it must have been to her, had she lived, to have followed the fortune of her husband, in opposition to her brothers, all of whom are sterling patriots?

MORGAN'S BATTLES, RAIDS, AND SKIRMISHES IN KENTUCKY.

We will now give to the reader an account of some of Morgan's raids, skirmishes, and battles in Kentucky. It will be remembered that in the month of

September, 1861, Morgan left his home in Lexington, Kentucky, and went within the rebel lines, where he acted for a short time as Captain of a company, composed chiefly of Kentuckians.

On the 30th of January, 1862, Captain Morgan captured six Union men at a church near Lebanon, Kentucky. He set fire to the building, and it is said that he attempted to burn one of the men with it, but the man managed to make his escape. Two companies of the First Ohio Cavalry were sent in pursuit of Morgan, but were unable to overtake him.

One hundred and forty of Morgan's guerrilla cavalry, on the 11th day of May, 1862, suddenly appeared on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, at Cave City, in Kentucky, and captured forty-eight freight and two passenger-cars. They destroyed the train. Their first object was to recapture some two hundred and eighty rebel prisoners, and, of course, to destroy the government means of transportation. In their first object they were disappointed, for the prisoners had been removed from the cars at Bowling Green.

The first formidable raid of Morgan into Ken-

tucky was made in the month of July, 1862. He left Knoxville, in East Tennessee, on the 4th of the month with a force of twelve hundred men, according to his own statement, to which others were added after he entered Kentucky. On the 9th of July he encountered a small Union force, numbering two hundred and fifty men of the Third Battalion of Pennsylvania Cavalry, under command of Major Jordan. This small force was routed, with a loss of four killed, six wounded, and nineteen taken prisoners.

On the following day Morgan issued the following proclamation to the people of Kentucky.

"Kentuckians! I come to liberate you from the despotism of tyrannical fanaticism, and to rescue my native State from the hands of your oppressors. Every-where the cowardly foes have fled from my avenging arms. My brave army is stigmatized as a band of guerrillas and marauders. Believe it not. I point with pride to their deeds as a refutation of this foul assertion.

"We come not to molest peaceable individuals, nor to destroy private property, but to guarantee absolute protection to all who are not in arms against us. We ask only to meet the hireling legions of Lincoln. The eyes of your brothers of the South are upon you. Your gallant fellow-citizens are flocking to our standard. Our armies are rapidly advancing to your protection. Then greet them with the willing hands

of fifty thousand of Kentucky's bravest sons. Their advance is already with you. Then,

"'Strike for your altars and your fires!
Strike for the green graves of your sires!
God and your native land!'"

Hundreds of deluded young men entered the ranks of Morgan, and thus greatly increased his force.

On the 12th of the month Morgan defeated a small force of soldiers under command of Colonel Johnston, at Lebanon, and captured the town.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Journal* gives the following interesting account of this affair:

"On Friday, the 12th, it was reported here [at Lebanon] that General Morgan had attacked and routed the Federal forces in Southern Kentucky, and that he was making his way to Lexington through Lebanon. Shortly after, a dispatch of this character was received: it was currently and correctly reported that the General, with a large force, was about twenty miles south-west of Lebanon, near the little town of Pinch'em, and that he would take Lebanon that (Friday) night.

"Lieutenant-Colonel A. Y. Johnston, in command at Lebanon, immediately sent runners to the Home Guards to hold themselves in readiness for any emergency, and prepared Captain Barth's company, under Captain Barth's immediate charge, for offensive operations. Late in the evening, ten or twelve soldiers, members of Captain Barth's company, the Twenty-eighth Kentucky, were sent to Newmarket, distant six

miles from Lebanon, to guard the bridge across Rolling Fork at that point. The men were under charge of First Lieutenant Catlin, and were joined by some fifteen Home Guards. Night came, and reinforcements were axiously looked for from Louisville and other points. It was known that Morgan's force was large and in good fighting trim. The Lebanon Home Guards, Captain Merrimee, met and sent pickets out on the roads leading into Lebanon. The entire force under Colonel Johnston, at half-past ten o'clock, was nearly forty soldiers and forty Home Guards—in all eighty men.

"At half-past eleven, as near as I can guess, news came that Morgan had reached Newmarket bridge, and that the guard there had fired on the enemy, driving them back. Colonel Johnston ordered a soldier and Mr. Hastings, with Lieutenant Fidler, who had volunteered as aid to Colonel Johnston, to go to Newmarket and see what was being done, and report immediately. These gentlemen hurried forward, and, on going up a hill near Newmarket, suddenly met the advance of Morgan's brigade, were ordered to halt, and, upon failure to do this, were fired upon. Some twenty shots were fired, but fortunately neither of the gentlemen were injured. Lieutenant Fidler, being on a slow horse, was taken prisoner, and his horse, saddle, and bridle, with a splendid navy-pistol, were taken from him. Hastings reported to the officer in command that Morgan was advancing with overwhelming numbers. The Lieutenant-Colonel gave orders for no firing to be done if the enemy were so much our superior in numbers. When Morgan's advance reached our pickets, it was fired on, and immediately a sharp little skirmish began, which the whole body of soldiers soon participated in, the pickets having been compelled to fall back on the main body. Our soldiers soon fled in every direction before overwhelming numbers. Whether

the enemy suffered any loss except several wounded is not known. The men killed on our side were Moses Rickets, an excellent citizen, honest, upright, well thought of by every one—indeed, one of Lebanon's best citizens—and Mr. Dyke, a peaceable, quiet, kind, upright, respectable man. Lebanon laments their loss very much. How terrible is war—the desolator of homes and the great enemy of happiness!

"Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston and eighteen privates of the Twenty-eighth Kentucky were taken prisoners, and some eight or nine citizens connected with the Home Guards. Morgan took possession of Lebanon, which he found almost depopulated, the citizens having fled to the country for protection. He gave orders that private property should be respected, and threatened any one with death who should disobey orders. His men quartered themselves where they best liked, ate when they pleased, and fed their horses on the grain of all. They were not guilty of proffering pay for any thing, except they offered to pay in Confederate scrip when there was a possibility of getting good money in change.

"When day came, Morgan proclaimed that he was going to divide the United States commissary stores captured, among the poor of the town, and destroy only the ordnance in store. But when he promised this, he is suspected of having told a big, degenerated Englishman, named Colonel St. Leger Grenville—the same immaculate personage who desired to hang all Unionists—to burn down the commodious depot here, and set on fire our court-house, insuring the destruction of the town—to burn down the depots for the United States goods. Only prominent rebels were so fortunate as to get any of the spoils. Our soldiers are compelling these fellows to disgorge. In the government depots were sugar, coffee, flour, bread, etc., and the destruction was immense; guns were bent

double by hard licks over rocks—powder, cartridges, and caps were thrown into the creek. It is estimated that the government lost near one hundred thousand dollars, perhaps more. The commodious hospital near town, with sick soldiers' clothing, was burned to the ground, and the sick turned out of doors. Fortunately, their number was few. The wagon-yard, wagons, and ambulances were destroyed.

"Morgan took possession of the town near three o'clock in the morning. He was detained at Newmarket bridge nearly two hours by thirty men, and failed to force his way across the bridge until he brought his artillery to bear upon it. During the engagement he got two bullet-holes through the top of his hat. He awarded great praise to Lieutenant Catlin and men for their daring and accuracy in shooting. The Lieutenant and men made good their escape, and lay out in the woods until Sunday last.

"When Morgan took possession of Lebanon he declared that he would respect private property; but his men failed to do it, and he failed to make them do it when his attention was called to their misdemeanors. The soldiers stole horses by the wholesale. It is a low estimate to say that Marion County had two hundred and fifty horses stolen. They wanted shoes, and they took one hundred and fifty dollars' worth from Edmonds & Brother. Indeed, whenever they wanted any thing they went and took it. They took the express-wagon, and pressed Uncle Ben Spaulding's buggy into service. Indeed, they did any thing but respect private property. His men were respectful to ladies, and not generally insulting to citizens. They seemed to be of that class to which we apply the term 'sporting gentlemen'

"Morgan at first refused to parole the citizen and Home Guard prisoners, denouncing them as guerrillas, and deserving death. A bright idea, that Home Guards, regularly author-

ized by law, meeting for the defense of their homes, are guerrillas! He was particularly tight on Lieutenant I. M. Fidler, telling him he ought to be shot, and threatening to carry him off to be tried by a drum-head court-martial. He released him only on the personal application of the Southern Rights men of the town. The privates insisted on shooting Fidler. He says he feared them while in their charge.

"Morgan himself severely misused Mr. Hastings after he captured him, sticking his spear into him in half a dozen places, from the effect of which he was a long time recovering. Morgan afterward begged his pardon for it.

"While the majority of the gang were as kind as could be expected, and conversed freely with the citizens, without insulting them, treating the prisoners very properly, yet many were ruffians of the lowest cast, deserving to be hung as high as Haman. They (the ruffians) cared neither for feelings, person, or property—gloried in insulting defenseless old men and in stealing horses. All of the men had the most implicit confidence in Morgan. He does not appear to care much for discipline, permitting his men to go as they please. The men had no general uniform, and were armed to suit their own taste. They all had Adams's patent six-shooters, an English pistol, received, they said, from England a short time since. Many of them had shot-guns; a few only had sabers, or bayonets. They left many of their guns here, and took United States guns with them. They had two pieces of artillery.

"The raid was made as much for recruiting purposes as for any thing else. They expected the whole country to rally to their standard. They only got one recruit from Lebanon."

They chased the writer of this letter a great distance, but failed to catch him.

By this time great excitement spread among the towns and cities of Central Kentucky, in anticipation of a raid from Morgan and his men. In order to prepare for and repel the marauders, General Boyle, commanding the Union forces at Louisville, issued, on the 13th of the month, the following order:

"It is ordered that every able-bodied man take arms and aid in repelling the marauders. Every man who does not join will remain in his house forty-eight hours, or be shot down if he leaves it."

General Ward, commanding at Lexington, issued an order directing that "all able-bodied citizens of Lexington and Fayette County were to report themselves at the court-house square in Lexington forthwith. Those having arms will bring them; those having none will be armed."

On the 14th inst. a band of Morgan's men destroyed the long bridge on the Kentucky Central Railroad, between Cynthiana and Paris.

On the 15th inst. Morgan passed through Midway, on the Louisville and Lexington Railroad, cut the telegraph wire and tore up the track of the railroad. He took away with him every thing that he could convert

to his use. The evening of the same day he was encamped on the farm of a Mr. Gano, near Georgetown.

Colonel Morgan, with his entire force, marched, on the 17th of July, against the Federal forces at Cynthiana, Kentucky, on the Central Railroad. After a severe engagement, the Federals were defeated and the town captured.

We will here subjoin several extracts from official reports, which will give to the reader a clear understanding of this fight:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, CYNTHIANA, KY.,
"*July* 24, 1862.

"CAPTAIN JOHN BOYLE, *Assistant Adjutant-General for the District of Kentucky, Louisville:*

"On Thursday, the 17th inst., about three o'clock P. M., I was attacked at this place by the forces under command of Colonel John H. Morgan, comprising three regiments, composed of Kentuckians, Tennesseeans, Georgians, Mississippians, Texans, and South Carolinians, estimated, variously, at from fifteen hundred to three thousand men; reported by Captain Austin, his Adjutant-General, at twenty-two hundred strong and two pieces of artillery.

"The force under my command was composed of about fifteen men of the Eighteenth Kentucky Volunteers, and the following Home Guards: about sixty men, under Captain J. B. McClintock, and from fifty to sixty men, under Captain Lafe Wilson, from Cynthiana and vicinity; Captain John S. Arthur, of

Newport, fifty men; Captain J. J. Wright, of Cincinnati, forty men; Captain Pepper, of Bracken County, thirty-five men; seventy-five men of the Seventh Kentucky Cavalry, (raw recruits), under Major Wm. O. Smith; and one brass twelve-pounder and a small artillery squad, under Captain W. H. Glass, of Cincinnati, amounting in the aggregate to about three hundred and forty men, the majority of them poorly armed, and nearly all totally undisciplined. After my pickets were driven in, and before I had time to dispose my little force, the enemy commenced shelling the town, without notice to me to remove the women and children. I immediately ordered Captain Glass to occupy the public square with his artillery, from which point he could command most of the roads entering the town, and Captain Arthur's company to support it. I also, at the same time, directed a portion of my force to take position on the Magee Hill road, south of the town, and, soon hearing considerable firing in that quarter, presumed they were approaching in that direction in heavy force.

"I then posted a portion of my force on the river bank, on the west side of the town, near the Licking Bridge, from which direction Morgan's main force seemed to be approaching, with instructions to hold the bridge at all hazards. At this time I ordered Captain Glass to put his piece in position, so as to command Morgan's battery, and, if possible, to silence it, which was done at the second discharge. I then discovered that the town was circumvented, and we were completely surrounded by a superior force, the enemy approaching by every road, street, and by-path, and deployed as skirmishers through every field, completely encircling us. I ordered Captain Glass to put his gun in position to command the Millersburg road, and give the enemy grape and canister, which was done with good effect. By this time my little band was engaged at every point. The fighting on both sides was terrific. The enemy,

having possession of the streets, were pouring a galling fire upon us from the shelter of houses, fences, etc.; and the artillery squad, being subject to a cross-fire, were compelled to abandon their piece.

"My men at the bridge were, after a most desperate conflict, driven back by very superior numbers, and a cavalry charge made through the streets by Morgan's forces. At this time I rallied part of my forces at the railroad depot, at which point our boys gave them a warm reception, emptying several saddles. I then again went for the purpose of rallying the artillery squad, so as to place it on the hill, near the residence of M. L. Broadwell, from which position we could have commanded the town and several roads leading to it, but was unable to find either men or gun, the streets in every direction being in possession of the rebels. My men were exhausted and out of ammunition; but I rallied them, and at the depot distributed it to them. The firing at the time having nearly ceased, I rode along the railroad to Rankin's Hotel, to ascertain what position the enemy were taking, and from what direction they were coming in heaviest force. Here I met an officer of the rebel band, Aid to Colonel Morgan, (a son of the late Beverly L. Clark), who demanded my surrender. I replied, 'I never surrender!' and instantly discharged three shots at him, two of which took effect in his breast.

"He fell from his horse, and I thought him dead, but he is still living, and will probably recover, notwithstanding two balls passed through his body. Captain Rogers also discharged a shot at him, which took effect. I then rallied part of my force, about forty in number, and determined to make a charge upon the enemy at the Licking bridge, and take their battery, which had been brought to that point and was being used with fatal effect upon my little band of patriot heroes. The force sustaining their artillery outnumbered ours

more than ten to one, and were all the while under cover of houses. Besides this, a force of the rebels, at least three hundred strong, were pouring an incessant and deadly fire upon my little band from the rear, about a hundred and twenty-five yards distant.

"It was here that Jacob Carver, Company E, Eighteenth Kentucky, fell, severely wounded—as brave a man as ever pulled trigger—and I received a slight wound in the ankle. It was here, too, that the lamented Thomas Ware, United States Commissioner for this county, one of the oldest citizens of Cynthiana, was instantly killed, nobly and bravely doing his dutyas a patriot. Here, too, were killed Jesse Current, young Thomas Rankin, Captain Lafe Wilson, young Hartburn, of Cincinnati, and many others, including F. L. St. Thomas, John Scott, Captain McClintock, John McClintock, Thomas Barry of Cincinnati, and Thomas J. Vimont, who fell severely wounded. In consequence of the terrific storm of balls, and but few of my men being left, among whom were William W. Trimble and J. S Frizell of this place, who was also wounded, and others not remembered, I ordered a retreat.

"In the mean time Major William O. Smith had command of the Seventh Kentucky Cavalry, and was posted north of the town to hold the Claysville road, and prevent the enemy from gaining the streets from that direction, where he made a gallant resistance near the Episcopal Church, until overpowered by superior numbers and forced to fall back toward the Reformed Church, and thence to the court-house, where he and his command were compelled to surrender. At this time more than three-fourths of my men were killed, wounded, and prisoners, and I determined to cut my way through the enemy and escape with the remainder, if possible. I rallied together from twenty to twenty-five of my men at the depot, and started in a south-east direction, through Redman's pasture, where

we met a body of the enemy who had crossed from the Millersburg road. They were secreted behind fences, trees, and haycocks. We at once engaged them and soon routed them. Upon turning around, I discovered that the enemy had pursued us from town, and were on our rear, not more than forty paces distant. I ordered my handful of men to cross the hillsides and fight them from behind the fences, which they did, and held them in check until nearly surrounded by a body of cavalry, at least ten times their number. I then ordered my men to retreat beyond a fence in a south-easterly direction, to avoid a cavalry charge. Here part of the men became exhausted, some falling by the wayside to await their fate, their ammunition all expended, when I informed the little Spartan band we could do no more, to save themselves, and I would do likewise, if possible, and bade them good-by.

"Each and every man of this noble little squad fought with desperation and the coolness of veterans. Among them were James F. Ware, John R. Smith, William Kimbrough, Lieutenant William L. Dayton, Company I, Eighteenth Kentucky, Albert Rosser of the same company, Captain J. J. Wright of Cincinnati, and others, not now remembered, to any of whom too much praise can not be awarded. Captain Lafe Wilson fell near the depot and continued to discharge his revolver as long as life lasted. His last words were: '*Never surrender, boys!*'

"Captain J. B. McClintock fell, severely wounded, while urging his men to the charge. Captain S. G. Rogers, Company I, Eighteenth Kentucky, was wounded while gallantly resisting the foe. I can not particularize further; it is enough to say that all my men fought like heroes and veterans in the face of a greatly superior force, as evidenced by the slaughter that ensued, having held the enemy in check for nearly three hours, from a most galling fire, which was poured in upon us

from every side. I think it beyond doubt one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the war, considering the numbers engaged.

"Rev. George Morrison, of this place, rendered me very important service, before and after the engagement, in conveying orders to the different commands under me.

"It is quite difficult to ascertain the number killed and wounded on their side, as the enemy had possession of the field, and our men all being prisoners, had no opportunity to make examination, until paroled, at which time the enemy had buried their dead and sent off most of their wounded.

"I herewith append a list of Federals killed and wounded, furnished me by Dr. W. T. McNees, Assistant Surgeon of the Seventh Kentucky Cavalry.

"KILLED.—Thomas Ware, U. S. Commissioner, Cynthiana Home Guards; Thomas Rankin, Harrison County Home Guards; Captain Lafe Wilson, do.; Jesse Current, do.; William Robinson, do.; Nathan Kennedy, Home Guards; James Atchison, do.; Simpson Eaton, do.; William Stewart, do.; Lafayette Reading, Co. E, 18th Kentucky Volunteers; William Preston, Co., I, do.; John Crawford, 7th Kentucky Cavalry; Jerry Lawson, do.; Samuel Plunkett, do.; Lewis Wolff, Newport, Kentucky, Home Guards; William S. Shipman, do.; Thomas Hartburn, Cincinnati, Pendleton Guards.

"WOUNDED.—Captain S. G. Rogers, Co. I, 18th Kentucky, slightly; Thos. S. Larval, Home Guards, arm amputated; Hector Reed, Home Guards, left side; J. W. Minor, 7th Kentucky Cavalry, left lung; Jacob Carver, Co. E, 18th Kentucky, thigh amputated; Jno. Scott, 7th Kentucky Cavalry, thigh; Chas. Tait, 34th Ohio, both thighs; Rev. Geo. Morrison, Home Guards, ankle, slight; Wm. Sanders, Newport Home Guards, right thigh; James Little, 7th Kentucky Cavalry, right lung; Christian Ledven, Home Guards, shoulder

and ankle; Wm. J. Hill, Home Guards, right thigh; A. J. Powers, 7th Kentucky Cavalry, right leg; Robt. Rose, 7th Kentucky Cavalry, left hip; M. W. Rankin, Home Guards, chest—since dead; Jno. W. Adams, Home Guards, left side; Wm. Hinman, Co. E, 18th Kentucky, left thigh; Milton A. Hall, 7th Kentucky Cavalry, right side; Captain J. B. McClintock, Home Guards, leg and arms; Jas. McClintock, do., right hip; Alfred McCauley, 7th Kentucky Cavalry, back; Thos. Barry, Cincinnati Artillery, right thigh; L. A. Funk, heel; Captain W. H. Bradley, 7th Kentucky Cavalry, left leg; L. C. Rankin, Home Guards, left shoulder; Rev. Carter Page, do., leg; James S. Frizell, do., side; J. F. L. St. Thomas, do., chest and face; Jas. F. Dickey, do., shoulders and thighs; Thos. Jefferson Vimont, 7th Kentucky Cavalry, right thigh; B. T. Amos, do., left arm; Jno. H. Orr, do., right arm; Wm. Pussly, Co. I, 18th Kentucky, abdomen; Wm. Nourse, Home Guards, side.

"I can give no accurate account of the rebel dead, Morgan having taken off eight burial-cases from this place, and his men having been seen hauling off their dead toward Georgetown, on the Magee road and Millersburg road, after the fight.

"Two of their wounded died at Winchester, and two beyond that place. Since Morgan left, thirteen of his dead have been taken from the river, near Cynthiana, where they were thrown for concealment. Morgan himself admitted, at Paris, a loss here of twenty-four killed and seventy-eight wounded, and that of the many engagements participated in by him since the beginning of the war, the affair at Cynthiana was much the fiercest and most desperate.

"I append a list of rebel wounded left in Cynthiana: George W. Clark, Simpson County, Ky., chest and arm; S. N. Pitts, Georgia, arm; W. L. Richardson, Tennessee, side and arm;

W. C. Borin, Logan County, Ky., shoulder; George T. Arnold, Paris, Ky., right thigh and shoulder; Vesy Price, lungs; J. H. Estes, Georgia, thigh; A. Kinchlow, Glasgow, Ky., chest; James Moore, Louisiana, thigh; —— Calhoun, South Carolina, thigh; —— Casey, thigh; James Smith, chest; Ladoga Cornelli, Grant County, Ky., thigh; Henry Elden, Lexington, Ky., arm.

"Nine of their wounded are also at Paris, besides a number left along the road between this place and Richmond, Ky., to which point we pursued the enemy, by command of General G. Clay Smith.

"We are under great obligations to the companies from Cincinnati, Newport, and Bracken County, Ky., under Captains Wright, Arthur, and Pepper, for their invaluable aid, who disguished themselves on the occasion, and fought like heroes.

"The friends and relatives of the wounded of both sides are greatly indebted to Surgeon W. T. McNees of the Seventh Kentucky Cavalry, Doctors J. C. Fraser, A. Adams, W. O. Smith, J. A. Kirkpatrick, John A. Lair, and —— McLeod, for their unremitting attentions to the wounded; and to the ladies of Cynthiana unbounded praise is due for their untiring ministrations to the wounded.

"I have the honor to be, with much respect, your obedient servant,

J. J. Landrum,

"Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding."

From a report to Mayor Hatch and the Committee of Safety, we learn that Captain Wright's company of about forty men, just before the battle commenced, was placed on a hill that commanded a road which led into the town. He had scarcely taken position

when a body of cavalry approached to within three hundred feet of them. Supposing them to be Union forces, they were ordered to halt, whereupon they wheeled and retreated. Captain Wright ordered his men to fire. This was the opening volley of the battle, which resulted in the death of three of the enemy and two horses. The enemy fell back.

Captain Wright's force was then ordered by Colonel Landrum to defend a bridge leading into the town by another road. This order was promptly obeyed. The bridge was already occupied by Morgan's battery of two guns, which were throwing shot and shell on the depot, which was crowded with soldiers, citizens, and Home Guards. This company forced its way through the depot, but not without getting the company scattered, so that less than half the company were together when they emerged from the other side of the building. They then advanced toward the bridge about one square, in the face of a shower of grape and canister and musket-balls, and took position with a fragment of a company which was stationed behind a cooper's shop, which commanded the bridge at different angles from the depot. They fought from that

position about thirty minutes, when they were ordered back to the depot. At this time Colonel Landrum was endeavoring to form his men. He collected several small squads, making about one hundred and fifty men in all. They then retreated, making a stand at every fence. During the retreat Colonel Landrum is said to have behaved with great coolness and gallantry. He was the only one on horseback, and seemed to be a mark for the enemy. He did every thing in his power to encourage and keep his men together. This little body of soldiers, now reduced to about forty men, formed behind a haystack for a final effort. On their flank a body of horsemen were seen approaching, which soon poured a terrific volley of musketry into the ranks of our diminished force. Five of our men dropped at this fire; the rest fell back. Captain Wright was so much exhausted that he could not keep up with his men. He dragged himself along in the rear, loading and firing his gun as he retreated. While thus in the rear, four of the enemy rode up to him, and when within about one hundred feet of him, he took deliberate aim, fired and missed his mark, and then threw down his empty

gun. He expected to be shot, but was simply made a prisoner, and treated with unexpected kindness.

The prisoners were collected, marched into town, and lodged in the upper room of the court-house. Their paroles were made out and signed the same night.

After Major W. O. Smith was driven back with his little band to the Reformed Church, he ordered all his men to dismount, and then, taking a gun in his hand, he fought side by side with his men. They kept up a street fight for more than half an hour, until they were surrounded at the crossing of Main and Pleasant Streets. Here they were compelled to throw down their guns. Some of them escaped.

Major Smith was held as a prisoner after all the other prisoners had been released, and, but for some prominent men of secession proclivities, probably would have been hung or shot. He was placed in a tent and strongly guarded, and no one was allowed to speak to him. When Morgan was ready to leave the town, a horse was brought to the tent, and Smith ordered to mount and start with the guard. He asked of Col onel Morgan an interview with his family before start

ing. This was granted. While the Major was with his family a number of citizens secured his release.

During this fight, it is said that citizens of Cynthiana fired from the windows of their houses on our troops, and did very considerable damage to them.

After the defeat of these Union forces and the capture of Cynthiana, Morgan made his escape out of the state, passing through Richmond, Kentucky, on the 27th of the month, plundering the stores, houses, and stables of Union men.

On the 30th of July he reported to Major-General E. Kirby Smith, commanding the Department of East Tennessee, "that he had left Knoxville, Tennessee, on the 4th of the month, with about nine hundred men, and returned to Lexington, in the same state, on the 28th inst., with nearly twelve hundred men, having been absent twenty-four days, during which time he traveled over a thousand miles, captured seventeen towns, destroyed the government supplies and arms in them, dispersed about fifteen hundred Home Guards, and paroled nearly twelve hundred regular troops; and that he lost in killed, wounded, and missing, of the number that he carried into Kentucky, about ninety."

The reader can judge whether any part of the above report is apocryphal or not.

CAPTURE OF AUGUSTA, KENTUCKY.

In the month of September, Morgan's forces were again in Kentucky. A battalion of his men, under command of Captain Basil Duke, on the 27th of the month, captured the town of Augusta, on the banks of the Ohio River.

The following report of Colonel J. T. Bradford will give to the reader a clear understanding of this affair:

"AUGUSTA, KY., *October* 12, 1862.

"On the morning of the 27th I dispatched a messenger (Mr. Cleveland) to the Belfast and Allen Collier (the latter first arrived) that the scouts reported the rebel cavalry coming, from four to five hundred strong, with two pieces of artillery. The captain of the Collier sent me word that he would remain there an hour, or for further orders. In half an hour I started to the boats, when I found the Collier rounding out. I dispatched a man on horseback down the river shore to hail her and bring her back, but she did not obey the order. I went on board the Belfast to give directions personally as to the manner of the fight, and the rules I desired both boats to observe in firing. I was told by Captain Sedam that the Collier had left to obey a signal from the Florence Miller—the Miller having passed down but a short time before—but was now returning. It seems that when the Miller neared Metcalf's Landing, a cavalry force was observed fording the river, which

proved to be our scouts crossing to the Ohio shore to keep from being captured, and thus it was she returned and gave, when within three miles of the town, the signal for the Collier; and she left without my knowledge or consent, and after being notified of the approaching enemy. I do not know what the general orders of the Collier were, and whether she was bound to obey the signal from the Miller in the face of all other orders; but I do know that, according to all army rules, the Collier, while under my command, for the time being, had no right to leave without my knowledge or consent, particularly when she had been notified of the approach of the enemy.

"Why did not the Miller, which had a gun equal to that of the Collier, defend herself, instead of returning and giving signal for the Collier?

"As soon as I arrived on board the Belfast, I explained to Captain Sedam the manner of defense I intended to make. The men would be stationed in the brick houses; the women and children would be directed to leave the town, if time permitted; if not, they would be ordered to the cellars.

"Just at this moment the rebel cavalry appeared on the hill immediately back of the town, having captured all our pickets on the road.

"I then ordered Captain Sedam to throw shell among them so long as they remained on the hill, and so soon as they arrived on Front Street, or appeared in the street running from the river back to the hill, to throw grape and canister quick and fast. Captain Sedam then suggested the propriety of raising his anchor, so as to run up or back down, just as the necessity of circumstances might require, to which I readily assented. Captain Sedam looked cool, and I had no reason to distrust him. I ordered him to open fire immediately, as the rebels were then posting one of their pieces on the hill. I then hurried from the boat to post my men, asking Captain

Sedam if he had fully understood my orders. He replied he had. I then told him it would be a fight for victory, not for dollars and cents. Just as I left the boat, I met Mr. W. C. Marshall, bearing a field-glass to the Captain. As he had previously acted as aid to one of the gun-boats, I ordered him to remain on the boat.

"Soon after I arrived on the shore the Florence Miller came up to the landing, and, I think, landed for a moment. I went immediately to the lot where my men (one hundred and twenty-five, all told), were drawn up in line, and made a little speech to them. I told them the numbers were against us; but, with the aid of the gun-boats and a brick and mortar defense, we would triumph. 'Now, my gallant boys, all who are willing to stand by me and by your arms, hold up your right hand!' Every hand went up, accompanied by a shout that had meaning in it, as their gallant conduct proved during the fight. The men were marched rapidly to their respective positions, and, while this was being done, the Belfast opened fire—the first shell falling and exploding close to their posted artillery, killing two or three of their men. A second and third shell were fired by the Belfast, but with what effect I do not know. The small piece drawn by two horses now opened fire on the rebel side. The first shot struck the water one hundred yards this side the Belfast, and skipped over the water near her wheel. The rebels were now coming down into the streets, and while they were being cut down terribly by our men, and were falling thick and fast on the pavement and streets, I observed both boats moving up the river, side by side, the Belfast next to the Ohio, and the Miller next to the Kentucky shore. I thought at first it was to get a better position, and doubtless it was so, so far as they were concerned; but off they went, and, as they went, some two hundred rebels charged down to the water's edge, in full view and in line, and still no grape or canister

came from either boat. Would it have retarded the speed of either boat to have fired a few shots of grape and canister, and when, as the gunner of the Belfast said, he could have killed fifty at a shot? For what were these boats sent here?

"While our brave and gallant men were periling their lives against large odds, and their deadly fire was turning whole companies of disciplined men into disorder and hiding-places—while our own houses were smoking and crumbling to ashes in a gallant defense, without regard to dollars and cents, we were left by the gun-boats to surrender, after having killed, to every one of our men engaged, two of the enemy.

"Woe be to such officers! Let their conduct be 'bitter in every mouth, and infamous to all posterity!'

"The rebel loss, according to their own record, in this fight, was greater than any fight in which they had been engaged. After the fight was over, it was found that the rebels had not a shell left, and only a few rounds of grape and canister. Their shell did no harm to the gun-boats, and but little to the town. It is now conceded on all hands, if the gun-boats had done their duty, the town would never have surrendered, and a complete rout and triumph would have crowned our efforts. The rebels had seven companies, numbering about six hundred men.

"In conclusion, allow me to return my profound thanks to the gallant boys who stood so bravely by their arms. In some instances 'Greek met Greek;' and in some instances of a hand-to-hand fight, where the doors were broken in, some of our young men displayed a heroism and traces of cool, manly courage worthy of regulars on any battle-field.

"J. Taylor Bradford,
"Commanding Forces."

After the retreat of the gun-boats, the rebels came into the town with a shout, planted cannon in the streets, and, without regard to the lives of women and children, fired into houses. Colonel Bradford, seeing further resistance was useless, ordered a surrender. Then the work of pillage and plunder commenced. Much of the town was destroyed. The loss was, probably, about one hundred thousand dollars.

Soon as the work of pillaging ended, the bugle sounded, and the enemy retired from the place hastily, but in good order. Our killed and wounded amounted to about fifteen; that of the enemy numbered between seventy-five and one hundred. Among the wounded was a son of George D. Prentice, of Louisville, who died of his wounds. Captain W. Rogers, of Harrison County, was killed, and a Lieutenant Wilson. The rebels left some of their killed and wounded in the hands of citizens, all of whom were properly cared for. They took horses, buggies, wagons, and all means of transportation, to carry off their dead and wounded.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. B. Wilson, of the Forty-eighth Ohio Volunteers, had been detached from his

regiment by order of Major-General Wright, and ordered to the command of the post at Maysville, which was at that time menaced by Humphrey Marshall's command, then at Mt. Sterling, Kentucky.

Notice was not received by Colonel Wilson of the disaster at Augusta until nine o'clock at night. He had at that time under his immediate command only a detachment of the Forty-fourth Ohio Volunteers, under command of Captain R. Yurart, numbering one hundred and sixty-five men, one field-piece poorly manned, and a detachment of the Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry, numbering three hundred, under command of Major Smith, two hundred of whom had been sent that day to Flemingsburg, seventeen miles distant, to drive out a detachment of Humphrey Marshall's command, who had made a lodgment in that place. This was before receiving information, however, of Duke's success at Augusta. Colonel W. instantly resolved to make an attempt to get in his rear, and, if possible, force him to battle. He at once ordered all his available troops to march that night to Germantown, and sent a special messenger to Flemingsburg, with an order to the Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry also to march to Ger-

mantown that night by the nearest route. These troops he placed under the command of Colonel Wm. H. Wadsworth, a most loyal and estimable citizen, then, as now, a member of Congress. Colonel Wadsworth was instructed to reach Germantown by daylight, at furthest, and, upon arriving there, to picket the surrounding country so that it would be impossible for any one to convey information of the movement to the enemy, who, it was *then* supposed, was yet in Augusta. Germantown was within one mile of the road leading from Augusta to Falmouth, which was the road on which Duke was obliged to retreat from the first-named place.

After making these dispositions, Colonel Wilson took a gun-boat and proceeded to Ripley, Ohio, ten miles south of Maysville. He then hurriedly organized and armed a force of three hundred and fifty of the Brown County militia, under command of Colonel Grant Gerard, of that place. He also procured and manned one field-piece there. At the head of this force he crossed the Ohio River to Dover, and marched thence to Germantown, where he arrived about daylight, and found that all the other troops had arrived as ordered.

Colonel Wadsworth had been true to his instructions, and had picketed the country, as was appropriately remarked at the time, "so that a rat could not get out." Many of these troops (cavalry) had marched forty miles that night, and yet they were all there at the time they were ordered to be; and this was accomplished in less than nine hours from the time the first news of the Augusta disaster was received at Maysville. It is true that these detachments numbered but few men, but they all marched from different and distant points from each other. Under the circumstances, I know of no concentration of troops having been made with as much promptness, celerity, and precision. Upon arriving at Germantown, it was ascertained that Duke had left Augusta the preceding evening, and was then at Brookville, seven miles distant. Colonel Wilson at once ordered the force forward. Upon arriving within one mile of Brookville, and learning the enemy were yet there, *and not expecting an attack*, he detached the Forty-fourth Ohio, and ordered them to proceed down a ravine leading to the Falmouth road, at a point in the rear of Brookville. They were ordered, upon arriving

there, to ambush themselves along that road behind some fences and trees, within easy rifle-shot of the road. These troops, thus disposed, were to keep concealed, and reserve their fire until Colonel Wilson should surprise the enemy in Brookville, and drive them out on that road, where they would *certainly* have fallen an easy prey. Unfortunately, however, some scouts, that had been sent forward to reconnoiter the position of the enemy, at this moment sent Colonel Wilson word that the enemy was advised of his approach, and was *in line of battle awaiting his attack.* The only drilled and disciplined troops we had was the detachment of the Forty-fourth he had ordered to the Falmouth road; and, not deeming it prudent to attack Duke's veterans with raw militia alone, he sent an order for the Forty-fourth to return, and resolved to make the attack at once with his entire force upon Duke's lines. This consumed near half an hour, and was most unfortunate; for, upon riding forward, Colonel Wilson discovered that the enemy was *not* advised of his approach, but was only formed in line *for the purpose of leisurely marching out on the Falmouth road.* The advance-guard of

the enemy had just started. Had Colonel Wilson not received this misinformation, and the Forty-fourth had taken the position indicated, it is hard to see how any of the enemy could have escaped being killed or captured.

It was yet some time before the forces could be brought up to make the attack; and before this was accomplished, the main body of the enemy marched away on the Falmouth road, in entire ignorance of the presence of the Union forces. Colonel Wilson ordered the infantry to "double-quick" down the hill, take possession of the town, and form on the Falmouth road. He ordered his artillery to take position and shell the columns of the enemy. Here, again, an unfortunate blunder was committed. The Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry, *without orders*, dashed past the infantry and rushed into the town ahead of them. They were raw troops, had just been recruited, and were yet dressed in citizens' clothes. As soon as the order was given to the infantry to march rapidly and take possession of the town, this cavalry, before any one could interfere to prevent it, were dashing down ahead of the infantry. At this moment, Colonel Duke, completely surprised,

was in the court-house, with fifty of his command, paroling some of his Augusta prisoners. When the Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry scoured around the court-house, he rushed out, mounted his men under cover of the houses between it and the street, and galloped out on the Falmouth road, within nearly ten feet of the entire line of infantry, which had formed along the road, and thus escaped. They, supposing that it was the Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry, which had scoured around the court-house, did not fire a shot. Duke's men were not in uniform, and as they came out from the court-house on precisely the same street that the Fourteenth Kentucky would have taken, if they had come at all, the mistake was natural. Thus Duke escaped. The plan was well laid to surprise him, and he was completely surprised, but the eagerness of the cavalry frustrated the plan. Colonel Wilson shelled the retreating enemy, killing six men and several horses. The number of wounded was not ascertained. The expedition, from the energy and celerity with which it was conducted, deserved better success; and had Colonel Wilson's plans and orders not been frustrated by the mistaken zeal of the cavalry, who had

not yet learned to *advance only when ordered*, Basil Duke and many of the picked men of Morgan's command would have been prisoners long before the celebrated raid into Ohio was made.

On the 2d day of October, 1862, a body of Morgan's cavalry were repulsed by the Home Guards at Olive Hill, Kentucky.

On the 17th inst. a fight took place near Lexington, Kentucky, between a force of about three thousand cavalry, with six pieces of artillery, under the immediate command of General Morgan, and three hundred and fifty Federal cavalry, under command of Major Charles B. Seidel, Third Ohio Cavalry. The result was that the Federals retreated, after losing four killed, and a large number of prisoners.

On the following day, in the vicinity of this same city, a skirmish occurred between a detachment of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, under the command of Captain Robey, and a large force of rebel cavalry, under General Morgan. Morgan captured the entire force, then dashed into Lexington, captured the provost guard, and then moved off toward Versailles. He captured about three hundred and fifty horses with their equip-

ments, as many prisoners, and the arms and accouterments of the men. The prisoners were paroled.

A skirmish took place at Morgantown, Kentucky, on the 24th inst., between a detachment of Union troops and a force of Morgan's men. The rebels retreated, leaving sixteen of their number in the hands of Unionists.

Morgan made another raid into Kentucky in the month of December, 1862. On the 27th of the month, he appeared before Elizabethtown, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. A force of less than five hundred troops, under command of the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, of the Ninety-first Illinois Regiment, was all the force there to resist Morgan's three thousand troopers. The Colonel, ignorant of the numbers of the enemy, and desirous of gaining time, demanded the surrender of Morgan. This demand was treated with contempt, and soon afterward the town was surrounded, and the enemy commenced firing, and that, too, without giving to the non-combatants—women and children—any opportunity of placing themselves beyond danger. His artillery fired one hundred and seven shots of shell and

ball into the town, thirty-six of which took effect on various buildings.

Colonel Smith's command were without artillery, but they fired a great many shots of musketry. A ball passed through the room where Colonel Smith was posted, killing one man and throwing a splinter in the face of the Colonel.

The officers were separated and could not consult with each other concerning the proper course to be pursued. Some officer, therefore, without consulting the Colonel commanding, gave the signal of surrender. This was exceedingly mortifying to him, but was, no doubt, very prudent, as it saved life and the effusion of blood.

As soon as the enemy got possession, the destruction of property commenced—the railroad bridges, the depot, the stockade, and parts of the buildings used for military purposes. Several thousand bushels of wheat were consumed at the depot, belonging to Southern Rights men. Then they took every horse that could be found, whether the property of Unionists or secessionists. They then made the prisoners strip off their overcoats and boots, and these

they took possession of. They then entered the stores and took away thousands of dollars' worth of goods. They even visited the hospitals, and robbed the sick soldiers of their blankets, quilts, provisions, and medicines.

It was undoubtedly the design of Morgan to make an attack on Lebanon, at which place there was a very large amount of government stores. But when he came within about six miles of that place he ascertained that there was a force there, under command of Colonel W. A. Hoskins, almost, if not quite, equal to his own; and, knowing that other forces, under Colonels Wolford, Harlan, and General Hobson, were preparing a net for him, he marched out of the state more rapidly than he came into it.

Our forces pursued, but the pursuit was abandoned on the 2d of January, 1863, three miles beyond Columbia.

Colonel Hoskins's command, while pursuing Morgan, captured one hundred and fifty prisoners, a number of horses, some arms, two caissons, and a quantity of ammunition.

On the 23d of February, 1863, a skirmish oc-

curred near Athens, Ky., between a party of Federal soldiers and a body of Morgan's guerrillas. In this fight, Dr. Theophilus Steel, a rebel, was severely wounded, and Charlton Morgan, a brother of General Morgan, with others, was taken prisoner.

An account of other raids into Kentucky by Morgan will be found in subsequent chapters of this volume.

The design of these frequent raids into Kentucky was undoubtedly to destroy the communications with our army and government stores; also, to procure recruits, horses, clothing, money, munitions of war, and whatever else might be of service to the Confederate Government and damaging to our own.

During the raid of Morgan in July, 1862, it is said that he received numerous dispatches from our headquarters at Louisville by attaching an instrument to the telegraph-wires.

On one occasion Morgan's command halted, for a short time, in the vicinity of a church in Kentucky. Public services were being conducted at the time by a parson well known in that state. Morgan's men selected from the horses that were hitched around the

church several that pleased their fancy. One of the men selected the parson's horse. At the close of the meeting, the parson, who was suspected of being a strong sympathizer with the Southern cause, on learning what had become of his horse, at once informed General Morgan (with whom he was acquainted) of the fact.

Morgan said, in reply: "Your horse was not taken by my command; go and get him, if you can find him."

"I can find the horse, General," said the parson, "but can not get him unless you send one of your aids with me to enforce your order."

"Lieutenant," said Morgan, "go with Parson —— and get his horse."

They started off together to search for the horse, and soon the parson found him. He said to the Lieutenant, "There is my horse," at the same time pointing to him. The Lieutenant let him take the advance. The parson kept a steady eye on the object of his search, fearing he would lose sight of him among the hundreds with which he was surrounded. As he drew near the animal, he

said: "Here, Lieutenant, is my horse." What was his astonishment, however, when he discovered that the Lieutenant had given him the dodge. He worried himself for some time to get the two together, face to face, but without success. Finally, he said to the rebel mounted on his animal: "I have another horse, just as good as this one, that I will give you in his stead, as my wife can drive this one in the buggy." The "reb" straightened himself to his full hight in his stirrups, and looking down upon the anxious parson with an arched eyebrow, said: "Parson, if there is any thing that I profess to be a good judge of, it is horse-flesh. I believe we can not trade." He then rode off, leaving his victim to think of the casualties of war.

CHAPTER III.

MORGAN IN TENNESSEE—HIS MILITARY CHARACTER—AT EDGEFIELD—CAPTURE OF A FEDERAL BRIGADE—NARROW ESCAPE OF MORGAN—CAPTURE OF A BRIGADIER-GENERAL—MORGAN'S FIRST THOROUGH DEFEAT—INCIDENTS.

IF the Confederate Government succeeds in establishing its independence, the name of General Morgan will go down to posterity covered with honor. But if it fails of this result, as we believe it will, then his name will go down to posterity covered with shame and infamy. Success and failure are not always true *criteria* of character; but so the world has frequently decided in the past, and so it will probably decide in the future.

It can not be denied that the name of Morgan stands high among the Southern people as a military leader. They regard him as only inferior to Generals Lee and Jackson. Neither will it be denied that he has been of great service to the rebellion, and often troublesome to our armies; yet we can not say that *bravery* is a chief characteristic of the man. No doubt

there are thousands of officers and privates, in both armies, his equal in this respect, if not his superior. His wily, or foxy, character has fairly entitled him to the name of "the Swamp Fox." This has given to him his chief success and high name among Southern people, and has made him a terror to his enemies. He has seldom, if ever, made an attack upon any force equal to or superior to his own; and, whenever he has been attacked by a superior force, he has trusted more to the heels of his horses than his sword. But that the reader may form his own opinions, and draw his own conclusions, we will give an account of his principal raids and engagements.

Soon after midnight, on the 6th of November, 1862, a vigorous attack was made on the pickets of General Negley, on the south side of Nashville, the design of which was to give Morgan an opportunity to destroy the bridge over the Cumberland River. This attack was resisted most bravely, on the south side of the city, by the Fifty-first Illinois Regiment of Infantry. The enemy were repulsed, with a loss of seven Federal soldiers wounded and two missing.

In the mean time, and soon after midnight, Morgan

forded the Cumberland and moved upon Edgefield. In order to gain time, he sent in a flag of truce, asking an exchange of prisoners. As soon as the flag returned, he swept suddenly upon our pickets and skirmishers, and drove them back to the main body. He then moved swiftly behind the railway embankment, and, without exposure, reached a spot near the bridge; but, as the head of his column raised to a level with the road, the Sixteenth Regiment of Illinois Infantry, commanded by Colonel Smith, opened a well-directed fire upon the enemy, and he at once retreated, having lost several men. Our losses were six men wounded, among whom was Captain Rowe. The freight-house and a few platform-cars were burned.

"While Brigadier-General Dumont's division* was posted at Castilian Springs, in front of Gallatin, Tenn., complying with orders, he threw forward a brigade some eight or nine miles to Hartsville, to guard a ford at that point, and to observe the Lebanon road. Under directions from General Thomas, they took up a

* See "Rosecrans's Campaign with the Fourteenth Army Corps."

strong position upon high ground, which, by good management and strong fighting, it was presumed they could hold against a division. They were at first commanded by Colonel J. R. Scott, of the valiant Nineteenth Illinois Infantry, but he was subsequently relieved by Colonel A. B. Moore, of the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois Infantry, an officer without much experience. His brigade consisted of raw levies—the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, the One Hundred and Sixth and One Hundred and Eighth Ohio Volunteers, together with a section of Knicklin's Indiana Battery, and three hundred men of the Second Indiana Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart. The Second Brigade, under Colonel Harlan, and the Fortieth, under Colonel Miller, were at Castilian Springs, within good supporting distance.

"Morgan, with a force of about fifteen hundred mounted infantry, surprised Colonel Moore at sunrise on the 7th of December, 1862, and captured him, with fifteen hundred and five men and most of their officers, together with their two field-pieces, a large portion of their arms, equipments, ammunition, and transportation. The skirmishing, combat, rout, and

pursuit occupied less than an hour and a half! Here was one instance of Morgan attacking and capturing a force not inferior to his own; and this is, probably, the only one in his military career, and may be readily accounted for.

"It was subsequently ascertained that Colonel Moore had been twice warned that he would be attacked on the 7th instant. A slave, who had overheard his master, who was a member of Morgan's command, state to his wife that the attack was contemplated, waded the Cumberland River, after night, on the 4th, and notified Captains Lewis and Bertassy of the contemplated surprise. They reported the information to Colonel Moore. On the night of the 6th the same negro again crossed the river, and notified Captain Lewis that the enemy were encamped within four miles of Hartsville, and would attack at daybreak next morning. The officer of the day and the Colonel commanding were promptly notified, but the warning was again unheeded.

"At sunrise on Sunday morning, notice of the approach of the enemy in the rear was suddenly given by one of the camp-guards, who discovered the gray

jackets moving down the declivity of an opposite hill. His shout, 'The rebels are coming!' was the first admonition the camp received. The posting of pickets on that side had been neglected. Captain Good, a brave officer, of the One Hundred and Sixth Ohio, swiftly moved, upon his own responsibility, to the right front with a company of skirmishers, and opened a sharp fire. The enemy, surprised at the hitherto quiet deportment of the camp, suspected stratagem, and were cautious in their approach. Time enough to form his line advantageously was thus afforded Colonel Moore, but he was too confused to take advantage of it. At the suggestion of Colonel Tafel, of the One Hundred and Sixth Ohio, he occupied the crown of a bold, bald hill to the right of the camp. The troops flung themselves along the crest, and stood there silently, awaiting orders, while the enemy were moving deliberately in column of fours down the declivity of the opposite hill, to form in the ravine which separated the hostile forces. Nobody seemed to think of the propriety of sending to Castilian Springs for reinforcements; but the enemy having approached in the rear, and clouds of mounted skirm-

ishers beginning already to harass Moore's flanks, efforts to send for aid probably would have been defeated.

"After descending into the hollow, the rebels dismounted, moved forward in compact line, and, under a scattering and ineffective fire from Moore's line, gained cover behind a fence at the foot of the hill below our troops. Moore's line was now thoroughly exposed, while the enemy fought with comparative security, and so effectively that our men soon began to give way. Moore seemed thoroughly disconcerted, and it was clear that, unless his troops fought their own way through the difficulty, they would be hopelessly defeated. The Illinois troops and the One Hundred and Sixth Ohio stood up to the work well—the former especially; but the One Hundred and Eighth was the first to break and fall back. The field-pieces, in the mean time, had opened from their park, and were making some noise. One of them was brought to the center, and, at the first fire, exploded a rebel caisson. Colonel Moore now ordered the whole line to fall back to the rear of the gun, leaving it exposed to the enemy. In a few minutes its horses, and many of its

men, were picked off by sharp-shooters; and it was dragged to the rear of the camps, taking position on a rocky hill, where the other gun was playing upon the rebel reserves on the opposite side of the river.

"Moore's line, already badly confused, was ordered to fall back to the guns—a movement which was executed with more haste than skill. Colonel Tafel was carrying his regiment off on the right, on a skirt of timber, when the enemy made his appearance on his flank, in strong force. Tafel engaged immediately, and a sharp fight ensued. The One Hundred and Sixth fought and fell back gradually, while the other regiments re-formed on the hill. The rebels, however, finally pushed into the camps of the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois and One Hundred and Sixth Ohio, which compelled Tafel to retire to the main body. Before he reached that point, Colonel Moore surrendered. Squads of rebels dashed up toward Tafel's regiment, and were fired on; but, discovering that he was nearly surrounded, and that three-fourths of the command had been surrendered, Tafel at length succumbed. Captain Good and his skirmishers were still ignorant of the extent of the misfortune, and sus-

tained a lively fight, in the rear of the right flank, to prevent a squadron of cavalry from breaking into the camps. When notified of the condition of affairs, his gallant company scattered in the forests, and many saved themselves. After surrendering his sword, Captain Good himself managed to elude his captors, and escaped.

"Morgan, fully aware that fugitives would soon report at Castilian Springs, discovered the necessity for haste. Gathering the cream of the spoils, as rapidly as possible, he drove the captives across the river, and moved swiftly in retreat. Before his rear-guard had gotten out of the way, Colonel Harlan came up with his brigade, and enjoyed the melancholy satisfaction of flinging a few shells into the ranks of the successful fugitives. The rebels had a right to be proud of this achievement.

"Our loss was fifty-five killed and one hundred wounded. The casualties of the enemy were about equal to ours. The Second and Ninth Kentucky (rebel) regiments alone lost about sixty-four. Colonel Moore, and the field officers of the three regiments of infantry, and Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, of the

Second Indiana Cavalry, together with most of the line officers of the brigade, were captured. Major Hill, of the latter regiment, escaped, after receiving a severe wound. Lieutenant W. Y. Gholson, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade, a young officer of superior merit, was killed while gallantly discharging his duty, in the heat of the conflict."

Major-General J. J. Reynolds sent out an expedition* on the 20th of April, 1862, for the purpose of capturing or dispersing the rebel forces at McMinnville, Tennessee. "Part of this command, under the brave Colonel Minty, encountered the rebel pickets within one mile and a half of McMinnville. The enemy numbered about seven hundred—six hundred cavalry and the provost guard of one hundred men. The enemy formed a line of battle and opened fire. Our force at once made a gallant charge, and the enemy fled. Their cavalry were scattered in every direction, and fled from the town in double-quick time. Part of their number escaped on the railroad train,

* See "Annals of the Army of the Cumberland."

which started as our forces entered the place. Our advance-guard, consisting of twenty-five men of the Seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Thompson, charged through the town. Corporal Street mortally wounded Lieutenant-Colonel Martain, of Johnson's Kentucky Cavalry, laying open his skull by a saber-stroke. General John H. Morgan was riding by the side of Colonel Martain at the time, and barely escaped by the fleetness of his horse."

On the 22d of August, 1862, Brigadier-General Johnson attacked Morgan near Gallatin, Tennessee, and Morgan's forces being superior in numbers, Johnson was soon surrounded. He lost about one hundred men, killed and wounded. One-half of his command, and himself among the number, were taken prisoners. He made a desperate fight, but in vain. The enemy's loss was considerable. Johnson was paroled and subsequently exchanged.

On the 20th of March, 1863, a force of about fourteen hundred men, consisting of the One Hundred and Fifth Ohio, the Eightieth and One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois Regiments of Infantry, and One Hundred and First Indiana Regiment of Infantry,

one section of the Nineteenth Indiana Battery, and Company A of the First Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Colonel A. S. Hall, of the One Hundred and Fifth Ohio Regiment, was near the town of Milton, Tenn., about twelve miles north-east of Murfreesboro. Soon after occupying this position, the enemy, commanded by General John H. Morgan, made his appearance suddenly within fifteen hundred yards of our position, and approached our force at a full gallop. A section of Harris's battery opened fire upon the rapidly advancing rebels. This checked them for the time, but in a few minutes their main force came in sight, dismounted, and advanced on foot.

Colonel Hall at once discovered that the enemy's force was much stronger than his own in numbers. He therefore sent a courier to Murfreesboro for reinforcements. A line of battle was speedily formed with the Eightieth Illinois on the right, One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois in the center, and One Hundred and First Indiana on the left. The One Hundred and Fifth Ohio Regiment was kept as a reserve force and support to the battery. The enemy opened fire with his battery, and simultaneously advanced on both of

our flanks. Morgan made direct charges on our lines, but the nature of the ground was such that he could not keep out of the range of our battery, and his heavy columns passing to our left were two or three times cut in two by its terrible fire. The Eightieth Illinois Regiment, by constant and destructive volleys, greatly aided in checking the enemy.

An officer of the army says:*

"The enemy now advanced on the left in solid columns, making a vigorous onset upon the One Hundred and First Indiana Regiment and the left wing of the One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois, but were driven back in confusion. A second time they made a still more powerful attack. Some little confusion was at first manifested in the ranks of the One Hundred and First Regiment, but it was only for a moment, and the enemy were again driven back with still heavier loss. Failing in his attempt on the left, he now moved in heavy force against the right, meanwhile opening a sharp fire upon the center from four pieces of artillery. Here, too, he was driven back with ter-

* See "Annals of the Army of the Cumberland."

rible slaughter. The Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana regiments took deliberate aim, and at several places were forced to a hand-to-hand fight. They displayed the most invincible bravery. Our artillery was so handled as to do splendid execution. One of the enemy's field-pieces, a rifled six-pounder, was shivered to atoms, while a shell killed the gunner belonging to another.

"Failing to accomplish any thing on our flanks, the enemy next made an attack on the rear, but there, also, he was met and repulsed from the commanding position occupied by our forces, in such a tremendous storm of shot that the guerrilla gangs were literally mowed down. Again and again the rebels persevered, but each time without success, until, at length, Morgan, after fighting three hours and a half, at two o'clock withdrew his command.

"He continued his artillery fire, however, and once, having received reinforcements, began a new and fierce attack, but soon withdrew in confusion. At half-past four o'clock his artillery ceased firing, and the whole command left the field. He collected most of his wounded, except those within the range of our rifles and the mortally wounded, and carried them

away with him. Four captains, two lieutenants, and fifty-seven men were found upon the field, dead or mortally wounded. Four surgeons were left to care for the wounded, by whom Colonel Hall was informed that the wounded carried off the field amounted to about three hundred, including General Morgan, slightly wounded in the arm, and a number of officers. The total loss of the enemy, in killed and wounded, could not have been much less than four hundred. Ten prisoners, eight horses, and fifty-three stands of arms were captured, and brought into camp. Colonel Hall's losses were six killed, forty-two wounded, and seven missing."

The force of the enemy was not less than two thousand men. They had four pieces of artillery.

Colonel Hall returned to Murfreesboro on the 21st instant, where he received the hearty congratulations of the whole army for his complete victory over the enemy.

This was Morgan's *first thorough defeat.*

On Sunday, the 16th of March, 1862, Morgan, with about forty of his men, suddenly entered the town of

Gallatin, Tennessee. His first act was to arrest all the Union men of the place, and confine them in the guard-house; then he dressed himself in the uniform of a Union soldier, and proceeded to the telegraph-office, at the railroad depot, a short distance from the town.

Entering the office, the following conversation took place:

MORGAN. "Good day, sir! What news have you?"

OPERATOR. "Nothing, sir, except it is reported that the rebel Morgan is this side of the Cumberland, with some of his cavalry. I wish I could get sight of the rascal; I'd make a hole through him."

While thus speaking, the operator drew a fine navy revolver, and flourished it, as if to satisfy his visitor how desperately he would use it, if he should happen to meet the famous guerrilla.

"Do you know who I am?" quietly remarked Morgan.

"I do not," replied the operator.

"Well, I am John Morgan."

At these words the operator's cheeks blanched, and

his knees smote together, as did Belshazzar's when he saw the mysterious handwriting.

After the frightened man had somewhat recovered, Morgan required him to telegraph a message to George D. Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, in which he politely offered to act as his escort on his proposed visit to Nashville. Then, taking the operator with him as a prisoner, Morgan and his men awaited the arrival of the train from Bowling Green.

The train came on time. Morgan at once seized it; and, taking five Union officers, who were passengers, and the engineer of the train, prisoners, he burned to cinders all the cars, with their contents, and then, filling the locomotive with the most combustible material, shut down all the valves, and started it toward Nashville. After the train had run about eight hundred yards, the accumulation of steam caused it to explode, shivering it into a thousand atoms. Morgan then started southward, with his prisoners, and made his way safely to the Confederate camp.

CHAPTER IV.

MORGAN'S GREAT RAID THROUGH KENTUCKY, INDIANA, AND OHIO—THE LINE OF HIS MARCH—AT BURKSVILLE—FIGHTS AT COLUMBIA AND GREEN RIVER BRIDGE—A FEMALE SOLDIER—FIGHT AND SURRENDER AT LEBANON—MORGAN MARCHES TO BRANDENBURG—A WARLIKE EVENT AT THIS PLACE BEFORE THE PRESENT WAR—THE CAPTURE OF TWO STEAMERS—EFFORTS TO PREVENT THE REBELS FROM CROSSING THE RIVER—HIS MARCH FROM THE RIVER TO CORYDON, IND.—THE BATTLE AND CAPTURE OF CORYDON—INCIDENTS OF THE CAPTURE.

IN order to give to the reader a clear idea of this greatest raid of the war, it will be necessary to follow the line of Morgan's march, which line is marked by burned houses and bridges and the blood of many of the best citizens of Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio—patriots whose names will long be remembered.

Morgan first entered Kentucky at Burksville, near which place (as will be more fully described hereafter) Colonel Jacob, with his gallant Ninth Regiment of Cavalry, met the enemy, repulsed them, and forced them back to the south bank of the Cumberland River.

Morgan, however, afterward succeeded in crossing the river with his entire command, and marched rapidly to Columbia. At this place the enemy were met

by a force of only one hundred and fifty men, under the command of the gallant and lamented Captain Carter, of Wolford's Cavalry. This brave little force, headed by a man of Spartan bravery, met and held in check, for three full hours, an entire brigade of Morgan's men, and repulsed them several times. After Captain Carter fell, mortally wounded, Captain (now Major) Fishback assumed command of the little band of heroes and fought successfully for more than an hour, when, finding himself almost surrounded, he withdrew his command, with so much skill that he saved nearly every man, and rejoined his regiment at Jamestown.

While on this line of march to Lebanon, Morgan proceeded with his forces to Green River for the purpose of destroying the splendid iron bridge that spans that stream, and capturing the small force stationed there under command of Colonel Moore. The rebel force, however, met with a severe repulse, and lost their Colonel (Chenault) and thirty officers and men. Thus, while Pemberton and his army were surrendering to General Grant at Vicksburg, and Lee and his rebel host were fleeing before our victorious army in

Pennsylvania, Colonel Moore, at Green River bridge, was repulsing John Morgan on the anniversary of our independence. Among our wounded in this engagement was a heroine, whose history we give in the language of another:

"Lizzie Compton, a bright young lady of sixteen, arrived in the city yesterday from Bardstown, where she had been encamped with her regiment, the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, of which she has been a member for several months past. Her history, during the past eighteen months, is strange and romantic. She has served in seven different regiments, and participated in several battles. At Fredericksburg she was seriously wounded, but recovered, and followed the fortunes of war, which cast her from the Army of the Potomac to the Army of the Cumberland. She fought in the battle of Green River bridge on the 4th of July last, and received a wound which disabled her for a short time. She has been discovered and mustered out of the service seven or eight times, but immediately reënlisted in another regiment. She states that her home is in London, Canada West, and that her parents are now living in that place. This young girl has served a term of eighteen months in the army, and, were it not that she dreads the annoyance of being detected and mustered out, she would enter the service again. She was sent to this city by the officers in command at Bardstown, to be again mustered out, and is now at Barrack No. 1, awaiting orders."—*Louisville Journal.*

From Green River bridge Morgan marched rapidly to the town of Lebanon, situated at the terminus

of the Lebanon branch of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. This place was then occupied by the regiment of Colonel Hanson, which numbered at the time only about three hundred and twenty-five soldiers. Morgan attacked this little force, and, after a desperate engagement, compelled it to surrender. Seldom in the history of warfare do we read of a more gallant defense than that made at Lebanon by a fragment of a regiment.

One who actively participated in this affair thus describes it:

"On Sunday morning, July 5, 1863, General John H. Morgan, commanding Confederate forces, appeared before the town of Lebanon, Kentucky, and demanded of Colonel Charles S. Hanson its immediate surrender, together with the troops under his command. Colonel Hanson sent Morgan his respects, and declined to accede to his demand. He (Morgan) forthwith commenced the attack with his artillery, of which he had four pieces. The first shell sent was thrown with remarkable precision, as it fell quite near our regiment, drawn up in line of battle. Our boys deployed, and then commenced one of the most severe contests that the Twentieth Kentucky was ever engaged in. Our gallant boys had passed through the ordeal of fire and blood at Shiloh; had been in every skirmish before Corinth; were at Perryville and Nelson's Cross-roads; but this fight at Lebanon, in duration of time and severity of character, eclipsed all. For seven mortal hours did the leaden hail of death rain through the air, its terrible fury only drowned

occasionally by the roar of cannon. During these hours the fighting Twentieth Kentucky did well.

"Morgan had four thousand six hundred men and four pieces of artillery. Hanson had about three hundred and twenty-five men—no artillery. As a matter of course, our brave Colonel Hanson, the 'defender of Lebanon,' had to surrender. This was done very reluctantly. Had the reinforcements from Danville arrived in time, Morgan never would have attacked Lebanon. This was told me by his own men. He intended to pass to the left of Lebanon and to proceed to Bardstown Junction.

"Our loss, *in action*, was three men killed; *after action*, two men murdered. We had sixteen wounded, one of whom has since died in hospital. Morgan's loss was fifty-six killed and one hundred and forty-eight wounded. Now, what did the redoubtable John gain by his attack? His brother, Tom Morgan, was killed instantly.

"After our surrender, Morgan's men behaved very badly, showing themselves to be what they are, viz.: a crowd of heartless thieves, murderers, and scoundrels. They broke open stores, plundering them of valuables; they set fire to private dwelling-houses and public property; robbed our officers and men of their money, hats, boots, shoes, clothing, etc. It shows how sadly men can degenerate. Persons with whom we have associated in former days, and who called themselves gentlemen, at Lebanon rode up to us, *a la mode* Dick Turpin, and, with pistol drawn, demanded our money! Yet these very same marauders were welcomed by certain chivalry (!) and beauty (?) to Lebanon. I saw many ovations in town and on our way to Springfield.

"When we had surrendered, we were marched under guard to the depot, there to be paroled, but our forces beginning to come in on the Danville road, the cut-throats began to leave,

taking us with them at a double-quick pace, nor did we stop until Springfield had been reached, a distance of ten miles from Lebanon. Many of our brave boys fell exhausted on the road, one of whom, First Sergeant Joseph Slaughter, of Company B, becoming faint and weary, was clubbed by them with a musket until dead! Another, Samuel Ferguson, private of Company I, when worn out with fatigue, got upon a horse. He was ordered, in a gruff voice, by one of the villains to get down. He did so, and fell in the mud and water of the road. (A very severe storm of wind and rain had been raging during our march.) I and another gentleman then placed him in a wagon. He died that night. Poor fellow! He was a good soldier. In a word, we, one and all, were treated with inhumanity; they bestowed upon us all the gross epithets that their polluted brains could devise. Colonel Hanson himself was grossly insulted several times by Morgan, as was also Captain H. S. Parish, of Company A, whom Morgan threatened to shoot, accusing him of killing his brother Tom.

"We arrived at Springfield a little before sunset, and were immediately paroled. While Colonel Alston, Morgan's Chief of Staff, was engaged in paroling us, the rebels were leaving town all the while. Alston was captured next morning. On Monday morning we marched back to Lebanon, and from thence we came to our present quarters here at Camp Nelson. We shall be permitted to visit our homes in a short time.

"We lost our 'dear old flag' at Lebanon. This had been presented to us by the patriotic ladies of Lexington, Kentucky. As our regiment will be in the field again shortly, I hope the Union-loving ladies of that city will give us another 'Banner of Stars,' with the names of Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, Nelson's Cross-roads, and lastly that of Lebanon, engraven thereon. Let the name 'Lebanon' be placed there in bright and glorious colors.

"Appended is a list of the casualties of the regiment:

"*Company A*—N. B. Devary, wounded.

"*Company B*—Sergeant Joseph Slaughter, knocked in the head with a musket.

"*Company C*—Eugente McCarty, wounded—since died; Thomas Lynott, Sergeant J. C. Foster, H. C. Ball, wounded.

"*Company D*—P. C. Daniels, killed; Presley Matthews, J. Butler, wounded.

"*Company F*—Jesse Edwards, killed; Bell Marshall, wounded.

"*Company G*—Josiah Groves, R. Hayden, wounded.

"*Company H*—W. H. Gates, R. P. Halstead wounded.

"*Company I*—S. Ferguson, died from inhuman treatment; Sergeant J. W. T. Bailey, John Barlow, wounded.

"*Company K*—Corporal John House, killed; J. S. Gifford, Adolphus Cooley, wounded.

"Thus making, in all, six killed and sixteen wounded."

From Lebanon Morgan took a most unexpected route, and marched to the town of Brandenburg. This place is located on the south bank of the Ohio River, about forty miles below the city of Louisville, on a very elevated spot of ground. It will be remembered as the place where hostilities had almost commenced between a portion of the inhabitants of a free and a slave state, two or three years previous to the present war. A citizen of Indiana, who resides not very far from this place, on the opposite side of the

river, was accused of aiding a fugitive slave in making his escape. On a certain occasion, this man was in New Albany, a city of Indiana, three miles below Louisville, on the river bank Two or three policemen from Louisville, without any legal authority, seized this man, hurried with him to Louisville, and thrust him into prison. This created intense excitement in these neighboring cities, and there was every appearance of serious trouble. To prevent this, the prisoner was hurried away, in the dead of night, to Brandenburg. Some two or three hundred of the citizens of New Albany armed themselves, and, taking one or two pieces of cannon, seized a steamboat, lying at the wharf, and at once proceeded to Brandenburg. They anchored their boat immediately in front of the town, and sent a committee to the authorities of the place to demand the surrender of the prisoner. In the mean time, he had been hurried away to Elizabethtown, some twenty miles in the interior of the state. The committee demanded his immediate return and his delivery into their hands, or else they would open fire on the town. The prisoner was returned and delivered to the New Albanians, and thus ended an

affair that had almost broken out into open hostilities. "Coming events cast their shadows before." Little did any one then think that this place was so soon to be the scene of a more intense excitement, occasioned by an army of the minions of slavery invading from this spot the free state of Indiana, and closely pursued by another army composed chiefly of Southerners, and many of them slaveholders, but men who loved their country more than slavery, and who said: "If slavery perishes incidentally in this war, let it perish."

Had our military authorities understood the design of Morgan when he marched to Brandenburg, he might have been easily captured, and that, too, before he could have reached the Jeffersonville and Indianapolis Railroad.

In the afternoon of July 7, the steamer J. T. McCombs landed at Brandenburg just at the time that Morgan's advance-guard entered the town. They at once seized the boat, and after robbing the passengers, as it is reported, they took the boat into the middle of the river, anchored her, and then hoisted a signal of distress, by which means they captured the Alice

Dean, another steamboat that was passing up the river.

Information of the state of affairs at Brandenburg was carried to Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. J. Irvin, then at Mauckport, on the Indiana shore, two miles below the town, by some Union citizens of Brandenburg. Colonel Irvin at once dispatched a courier to Colonel Jordan at Corydon for reinforcements, to prevent, if possible, the rebels from crossing the river. Shortly after receiving the intelligence, the steamer Lady Pike, coming up the river, was hailed at Mauckport by order of Colonel Irvin, and was sent back down the river to Leavenworth for a six-pounder gun and assistance. About midnight the boat returned with the piece of ordnance and a small company of men, commanded by Captain Lyons and Colonel Woodbury. Before daylight, on Wednesday morning, the gun was in position on the banks of the river, opposite Brandenburg; and as soon as daylight and the disappearance of the fog rendered it practicable, the gunners were directed to fire at the boilers of the steamers lying in the river, with the view of disabling the machinery, and thus destroying the only means by which the rebels could cross the

river. This wise order of Colonel Irvin is said to have been countermanded by some one who claimed to be his superior in command. The gun, instead of being directed against the boats, opened fire with shells on the rebel cavalry stationed on the opposite bank, who fled precipitately to the rear of the town, but not until they lost thirty of their men, killed and wounded. A short time after this, two rebel batteries—one at the court-house, the other at the lower part of the town—began to play with terrific force upon our gun with shells, making it too hot for the men in command of the Federal gun to hold their position. They abandoned their gun, but afterward returned and moved it to the rear. The rebel cavalry dismounted, and, acting as infantry, kept up a constant fire, from the Kentucky shore, at our forces. To this the infantry on the Indiana shore, consisting of about one hundred men of Captains Farquar's, Huffman's, and Hays's companies, of the Legion, replied quickly. The superior artillery force of the enemy compelled our small force to retire; and then, under cover of his batteries, the enemy commenced crossing to the Indiana shore. In this fight the Fed-

erals lost two men killed and four wounded. The names of the killed were George Nance, of Laconia, and James Currant, of Heth Township.

Soon after Morgan crossed the river with his entire force, he moved cautiously toward the town of Corydon, rifling many houses and appropriating all the horses his men could find. That the enemy moved cautiously, or was retarded in his march by the skirmishers of Colonel Irvin and Provost Timberlake and the obstructions placed in the road, is quite evident from the fact that he was nearly twenty-four hours moving a distance of fourteen miles, while in the succeeding twenty-four hours he marched about forty miles.

The Home Guards and citizens of Corydon, numbering about three hundred effective men, on Wednesday evening marched out on the Mauckport road to skirmish with the enemy and impede his progress as much as possible. In the mean time it was hoped that reinforcements, which had been sent for at New Albany, would arrive. For some good reason, no doubt, the brave Corydonians were left to fight their own battles. The main body of this little force was

commanded by Colonel Jordan, who marched to the house of the Rev. Peter Glenn, four miles south of Corydon. At this place the infantry remained until ten o'clock at night, and then returned to the neighborhood of Corydon. Cavalry and mounted citizens, numbering about one hundred men, were sent on the roads south of Corydon, as scouts, to watch the movements of the enemy, and to give information, from time to time, to Colonel Jordan. Several engagements between the skirmishers occurred on Wednesday evening and Thursday morning in the vicinity of Mr. Glenn's house. One rebel was killed and two captured. The enemy avenged the death of their comrade in a most merciless manner by shooting John Glenn through both thighs, then fired the house, barn, and crib of his father—all of which, together with the household furniture, were consumed—and finally shot the father, who entered the burning house, probably for the purpose of saving some valuables from destruction. He was shot through the breast, but was able to walk out of the burning building and say to his wounded son, "I am shot." He laid down under a peach-tree in his own yard, and in a few moments breathed his last.

Let it be remembered that the murdered father and wounded son were unarmed citizens and non-combatants. The enemy also burned the mill of Peter Lopp, on Buck Creek.

About half-past eleven o'clock, on Thursday morning, the Federal scouts reported that the enemy were advancing in force along the Mauckport road, toward Corydon. Our forces, by this time, amounted to about five hundred men—Home Guards and citizens—all under the command of Colonel Lewis Jordan, an old and highly respectable citizen, who was assisted by Provost Timberlake, lately Colonel of the Eighty-first Indiana Regiment of Volunteers, and Major Jacob Pfrimmer, who, during the morning and the previous afternoon and night, had been engaged with the cavalry in scouting. A line of battle was formed about one mile south of Corydon, across the Mauckport and Laconia roads; temporary breastworks were hastily formed of logs and rails. The left of our line was formed by a company commanded by Captain G. W. Lahue. About one o'clock P. M., a small force of the enemy made an attack upon our extreme left, and were severely repulsed. At this place, Mr. Henry Steepleton, of

the Union forces, and a number of rebels were killed, and several persons wounded. In this affair a rebel came out of the woods and took deliberate aim at Captain Lahue, but was shot down by one of the Captain's men before he fired his gun.

The Henry Rifle Company was placed on the right of our line, and commanded by Major McGrain; and here the resistance to the advance of the enemy was so determined that he was compelled to undertake to flank both wings of our little force at the same time. The citizens and other companies occupied the center.

Shortly after the flanking movement commenced, the enemy opened fire upon our force with three pieces of artillery. The editor of the Corydon *Democrat*, S. K. Wolfe, Esq., who was in the thickest of the fight, thus speaks of this event:

"The shells made the ugliest kind of music over our heads. This shelling operation, together with the fact that our line was about to be flanked on both wings at the same time, made it necessary, for the safety of our men, that they should fall back. This they did, not with the best order, it is true, *but with excellent speed.* From this time the fight was converted into a series of skirmishes. Each man seemed to fight on his own hook, after the manner of bushwhackers."

Before a gun was fired, a strong force of the enemy took possession of the plank-road, east of the town, for the purpose of intercepting any of our forces that might attempt to escape in that way.

At this time the enemy numbered nearly five thousand men. Our little force, being overpowered by superior numbers, fell back to Corydon. The enemy then moved forward and planted a battery on the hill south of the town, and at once commenced shelling the place. Several shells fell in the center of the town. Some of them exploded, but did no damage, except to the house of Mr. William Howard. The cavalry and mounted infantry generally made their escape. Seeing that the contest was hopeless for our forces, and that to continue the fight would result in an unnecessary loss of life and the destruction of the town, Colonel Jordan wisely hoisted the white flag, and surrendered. This engagement detained the enemy about five hours in their march, and thus, in an important sense, aided General Hobson in overtaking them.

The losses of the Union force were Nathan McKinzie, Harry Steepleton, and William Heth, killed. The

latter was killed in his own house at the toll-gate. Jacob Ferree and Caleb Thomas were wounded, the former mortally. About three hundred prisoners were taken and immediately paroled. The rebels lost eight killed and thirty-three wounded.

Immediately after the surrender, the rebels marched in and took possession of the town. Morgan repaired to Mr. Kintner's hotel, where he remained while his command occupied Corydon, and spent the time in sleeping. Morgan professed to respect private property, but every man found bearing arms, and many private citizens, were relieved of whatever money or other valuables they had about their persons. Stores were broken open, private houses were entered, and the rebels freely helped themselves to whatever they desired.

A Corydon paper thus describes the losses of the citizens:

"In the mean time his men commenced pillaging the stores of Douglass, Denbo & Co., and Samuel J. Wright. Mr. W. was not at home, and they took what they pleased without let or hinderance. Mr. Denbo was sent for by Captain Charlton Morgan, the General's brother, and compelled to open his store. Every thing in the shape of ready-made clothing, hats,

caps, boots, shoes, etc., was taken, Captain Morgan taking a piece of fine gray cassimere, out of which to make a suit for 'John.' For all these goods, amounting in value to about $3,500, Mr. Denbo received the sum of $140 in Confederate scrip, some of which was dated as late as May, 1863. Mr. Wright's loss was probably somewhat larger than that of Mr. Denbo. The drug-store of Dr. Reader, and several other establishments, were also relieved of portions of their contents. The hardware and drug-store of Slaughter & Slemmons was saved, and is said to have been guarded, owing to the influence of a relative of Mr. Slaughter in the rebel command.

"The store of the late Mr. Vance was spared, on the representation that the proprietor had been buried the day before, and nothing was taken from it.

"Upon each of the three flouring-mills in Corydon a levy was made of $1,000, to be paid in consideration of Morgan's refraining to burn them. The chivalry, however, graciously condescended to receive 2,100 in greenbacks in liquidation of their claim upon the mill property.

"The rebels paid no regard to the rights of private citizens or families. They robbed Mr. Hisey, Treasurer, of $750 in money; stole all the clothing of Judge F. W. Matthis, except what he had on; stole a pair of fine boots from Mr. B. P. Douglass, and committed numerous other petty thefts of a similar character. They entered private houses with impunity, ate all the victuals the ladies had cooked for the Home Guards, and compelled them to cook more."

Among the killed, we have named Mr. James H. Current and Mr. Harry Steepleton. The latter would have been in the service in the regular army but for

his advanced age. They were both members of the Legion. The respect in which they were held by their officers will be manifest from the following paper:

"A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.—At a meeting of the officers of the Sixth Regiment, Second Brigade, Indiana Legion, at the court-house in Corydon, on the 18th day of July, 1863, on motion, Lieutenant J. P. Funk was called to the chair. The death of James H. Current, who fell in the fight with Morgan's forces, opposite Brandenburg, on the 8th day of July, 1863, and that of Harry Steepleton, who fell in the battle at Corydon, on the 9th day of July, 1863, were announced.

"On motion of Major Jacob S. Pfrimmer, a committee was appointed to draft and report, for the action of the meeting, resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting; which committee was made to consist of the following persons: Major Jacob S. Pfrimmer, Captain John T. Heth, Lieutenant J. P. Funk, and Lieutenant S. M. Stockslager, who afterward reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"'*Resolved*, That, in the death of Lieutenant James H. Current, the Legion has lost a good officer and brave man, and the community a worthy and patriotic citizen.

"'*Resolved*, That, in the death of Harry Steepleton, our regiment has lost one of its bravest and most gallant men. Being too old to enter the United States service, and too patriotic to remain idly at home while his country needed his aid, he joined the Legion, and rendered valuable service in defense of his country.

"'*Resolved*, That we tender to the families and relations of our deceased brother soldiers our sincere condolence in their

bereavement, and assure them that the memory of the fallen ones will forever be sacredly cherished by us.

"'*Resolved*, That these proceedings be published in the Corydon *Democrat* and *Union*, and that a copy thereof be sent to the families of the deceased.'

"J. P. Funk, Chairman."

There were a number of interesting incidents connected with the entrance of Morgan into Corydon, some of which will long live among the traditions of the place, but will probably never be recorded in history.

We place on record the following:

"Before reaching Corydon, with the situation and defenses of which they were perfectly familiar, the rebels seized Hon. S. K. Wolfe, State Senator, and Samuel W. Douglass, County Auditor, who were out with the Home Guards, and required them to ride at the head of their column, declaring that if they (the rebels) were shot at on entering Corydon, they would shoot the two gentlemen named.

"Among the men in the rebel command, the citizens recognized one young man who had recently spent several weeks in the place, and another who had,

the day previous, worked on the fortifications hastily erected for the defense of the place! In fact, it was evident that the country had been thoroughly scoured by spies, and the rebels were perfectly familiar with the roads, towns, and every thing else that could aid them in their raid."

Many of the citizens of Corydon, having heard that General Morgan was a great admirer of fine horses, hastily hid all of their best quadrupeds in a dense grove not far from the town. A Confederate officer inquired of the citizens where the "thickest woods" were, and compelled them to point them out. In a short time a squad of rebel soldiers emerged from the grove with all the horses. The rebels laughed at their owners, and told them that they were "green," and not very much accustomed to dealing with Morgan's men. Of course Morgan appropriated the horses to his own use.

A squad of Morgan's men suddenly appeared before the residence of a highly respectable citizen, Mr. H. B. Shields, cashier of the Bank of Corydon, and placed a guard at the doors of his house. In the mean time

two of their number entered the house, and demanded the keys of the bank, in the name of General Morgan, and then said: "The General is a gentleman, and respects private property." They, however, desired to draw on the bank. The keys were given to them, but they were informed that Mr. Shields was not at home, and that all the money had been removed from the bank. The cashier, however, having a strong desire to see Morgan, returned in time to get a good look at him before he left the place, but saved his money.

Colonel Jacob Ferree, one of the Commissioners of Harrison County, was dangerously wounded in the battle at Corydon. He was in the act of shooting a rebel at the time. The ball struck him in the right breast and passed out behind the shoulder-joint, making, for a man of his age and fleshy habit, a very dangerous wound. But, what is singular about the affair, Colonel Ferree also shot and wounded the man who shot him, both of the guns firing at the same time. The wounded rebel was carried as far as Canton, where two citizens, who went there in pursuit of their horses, saw him. The rebel, whose arm

was badly shattered, related the circumstance to them with such particularity as to leave no doubt that he was wounded by Colonel Ferree.

A Mr. Isaac Lang, of Scott Township, in Harrison County, was in the battle of Corydon, and, in his retreat, fell dead from his horse. There was not the slightest appearance of a wound to be found anywhere on his body.

Several of the enemy's wounded were left at Corydon to die. One youth, a native of East Tennessee, aged about fifteen years, died in great agony. He said, before dying, there were two things which, if he could only get them from his mind, he would die easily. He did not say what they were. He seemed very anxious to see his mother. He frequently stated that he did not act as badly as some of his comrades. O, the horrors of a guilty conscience!

"Conscience notes each moment misapplied
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass;
Writes our whole history, which death shall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear,
And judgment publish—publish to more worlds
Than this; and endless age in groans resound."

CHAPTER V.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN INDIANA—MORGAN IN INDIANA—THE DESIGN OF THE INVASION—THE MARCH FROM CORYDON TO SALEM—CAPTURE OF SALEM AND DESTRUCTION OF THE RAILROAD—INTERESTING INCIDENTS—HIS MARCH THROUGH THE COUNTIES OF WASHINGTON, SCOTT, JEFFERSON, JENNINGS, RIPLEY, AND DEARBORN—MILITARY BLUNDER—GREAT EXCITEMENT AND PANIC IN NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

THE capture of Corydon by General Morgan confirmed the previous reports of the invasion of Indiana. At once the excitement of the people became intense, and not less than that produced by the bombardment and capture of Fort Sumter. The effect of the invasion, and the action of the people of the state and their patriotic Governor is thus described in "Indiana's Roll of Honor," an admirable work, recently published by the Rev. David Stevenson, Librarian of Indiana:

"When the celebrated guerrilla, Morgan, crossed the Ohio into Harrison County, passing thence through the south-eastern tier of counties to Ohio, the effect

was electrical, nay, seemed the work of magic. It was as if some modern Cadmus had sown the fabled dragon's teeth over Indiana's forests and prairies; so did these teem with armed men, self-marshaled in defense of their native or adopted state.

On Thursday, the 9th of July, 1863, news reached Indianapolis that a rebel force estimated to be six thousand strong had crossed the Ohio and was marching on Corydon. Whereupon the Governor instantly issued a call to the patriotic citizens of the state to leave their various occupations and turn out for its defense. Incredible as it may appear, within forty-eight hours from the time this call was issued, sixty-five thousand men had tendered their services, and were on their way to the place of rendezvous; while thousands more were preparing, and had to be notified to stay at home. Within three days thirty thousand men, fully armed and organized, had taken the field at various points to meet the enemy."

The results of these large military organizations were such as to defeat, in part, the plans of Morgan. They converted his march into a flight, which carried

him over the eastern border of the state in five days, prevented his march into the interior of the state and through the large towns, and finally prevented his attempted escape across the river into Kentucky. But it is probable that all this only increased the difficulty of the pursuit on the part of General Hobson.

Before proceeding with this narrative, it will be necessary to inquire what was the design of General Morgan in invading Indiana and Ohio. It has been said—whether on good authority or not, we can not now say—that he acted in this matter contrary to his own judgment, but in obedience to the orders of his superiors, and that it had, or was expected to have, an important bearing on the invasion of Pennsylvania by General Lee. If this supposition is true, then the design of the invasion was to prevent reinforcements from reaching the Army of the Potomac from the Western States, by attracting their attention to Morgan's movements, and by the damage which he might do to the railroads leading East. In the mean time he would move on through Indiana and Ohio, and finally unite with General Lee in Pennsylvania, if he was successful in defeating General Meade; if he was not, then

he would make his escape across the Ohio River into the South.

One of the designs of all of Morgan's raids was to check out all the deposits of gold, silver, and "greenbacks" that might be found in any of the banks that came in his way—at least the bankers of Kentucky so regarded it; and hence, whenever his or any other part of the Confederate forces invaded the state, those who controlled the banks usually sent away, and in great haste, all the money in their care. This has not been an unfrequent occurrence during the war. Morgan undoubtedly knew that as soon as he commenced invading Kentucky, large sums of money would be carried to Indianapolis and other points north of the river. If, therefore, he could suddenly invade Indiana, and capture Indianapolis, he knew that he would also capture a very large amount of the article that was very scarce and was very much needed in the country from whence he came. This, no doubt, was one of the objects of the invasion.

While at Corydon, Morgan, undoubtedly, learned of the defeat and retreat of General Lee, and this, of course, rendered useless any attempt, on his part.

to form a union with him in Pennsylvania. Within the two following days he was also informed of the movement of troops in Indiana, and of the perfect and sudden security of Indianapolis; and this defeated another object of the invasion. From this time Morgan was chiefly concerned in efforts to make good his escape into the South.

We will now resume the narrative. Late in the afternoon of the same day that Corydon was captured, General Morgan marched out of the town, and took the direct road leading to Salem, on the New Albany and Salem Railroad, passing through Salisbury and Palmyra. Not far from the latter place he rested his command about two hours.

On this march, and about six miles north of Corydon, Mr. Speer S. Hurst, fearing he would be captured, or in some way injured by the rebels, who had come upon him somewhat suddenly and unexpectedly, attempted to make his escape. He was commanded to halt. This he refused to do, and, consequently, was shot. He received a painful, but not fatal wound.

Morgan's command arrived at Salem the next day, July 10, about nine o'clock A. M. Here they burned

the railroad depot and four or five bridges on the road, and appropriated to their own use whatever they desired from the stores. They also captured part of the force under command of the Hon. Mr. Cravens, a Congressman of Indiana, which was at Salem, and on the eve of starting by rail to Mitchell, for the purpose of procuring arms and ammunition. They were all paroled, that is, about one hundred men. One of their number, Mr. William Vance, who attempted to escape, was shot and severely wounded. The ball struck him in the back, passed through his body, and came out through the middle of his breast. In Blue River Township, they shot a German and two young men named McKinstry

A number of incidents occurred, while Morgan was at this place, that were quite amusing.

Morgan levied a black-mail on the millers of Salem, and required them to pay him a thousand dollars each, or submit to having their mills burned. One miller instantly took from his pocket a roll of greenbacks and handed it to Morgan, without counting it. Morgan said to him, "Are you certain there are a thousand dollars in the roll?" The miller replied he thought

there was that amount. Morgan then carefully counted the money, and found that the roll contained twelve hundred dollars. He then took from it two hundred dollars and handed them back to the miller, and, at the same time, stretching himself to his full altitude, and looking sternly at him, said: "*Here, take these back; do you think I would rob you of one cent?*"

A squad of three rebels, at Salem, went to the stable in which was the splendid stallion Tempest, owned by Mr. George Lyman, of New Albany. On entering the stable, Tempest gave the first rebel a furious kick, which sent him heels over head in the rear. On the other two he made demonstrations with his teeth, which kept them at bay. An officer then went off, swearing that he would bring a squad of men which could take him. He started for the new squad of men, but, in his absence, the groom jumped on the back of Tempest, rode away in a gallop, and soon passed beyond the rebel lines. The animal was valued at one thousand dollars.

Mr. William Clark and another man were sent out south of Salem, for the purpose of learning what the

pickets had heard of the coming rebels. They fell in with the enemy, some of whom proposed to trade horses. The two men swapped horses with them over twenty times, and one of them came out with a better horse than he began with. They both said it was the greatest day of horse-trading they ever had.

It has been said that the rebels, having captured Mr. Rike, allowed him to depart with his horse on finding him to be a preacher. This was not the case. Mr. Rike was captured while trying to escape up the Salem road with his horse. He happened to fall into the hands of Colonel Morgan, who professed to protect him; but, after awhile, his saddle was taken from him, the Colonel saying: "Parson, I am very sorry, but we must have every thing that will help us along." He saved his horse, from the fact that, when Morgan's regiment left him, there happened to be an interval between his regiment and the next one, and Mr. Rike had time to get his horse into the woods and conceal him. Morgan kept Mr. Rike at the house of a Mr. Hendrix, three miles beyond Salisbury. He told him, on retiring to rest, that he had not heard a prayer for some time, and that he (Rike) must pray. Mr. Rike

complied, saying that prayer was always a suitable exercise to engage in. His object, probably, was to see if he would pray for the Union.

In Clark County there was found a man who, thinking to save his horse, professed to be a Southern Rights man. Morgan told him he ought to be willing to do something for them, and asked what he would give to have his horse spared. He answered, "Forty dollars," which was paid; but, to the sympathizer's chagrin, the horse was taken also.

Morgan marched through the counties of Harrison, Washington, Scott, Jefferson, Jennings, Ripley, and Dearborn, of Indiana. After marching from Salem, he passed through the villages of Canton, New Philadelphia, Centerville, and Vienna. The latter place is on the Jeffersonville and Indianapolis Railroad. After doing what damage he could to the railroad, and plundering the stores to his heart's content, he moved on rapidly to Lexington, Hindsville, Paris, and Dupont. The latter place is on the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad. A correspondent of a Cincinnati journal gives the following interesting account of the visit of Morgan and his command to Dupont:

"In statements of the Morgan raid through this part of Indiana, it is claimed that the noted horse-thief and his men crossed the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad at Vernon, in Jennings County. This is a mistake. Neither Morgan nor his men were in Vernon. About six or seven o'clock on Saturday evening, July 11, Morgan's whole force was halted on the road between this place and Vernon. A small force was sent to the vicinity of Vernon to reconnoiter. They sent in a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the place. This was refused, and the rebels were fired upon by the citizens, and one of them killed. The rebels then retreated, rejoining the main body. The whole force then pushed on to this place, where they arrived and encamped about ten or eleven o'clock. They soon commenced their work of destruction on our railroad. The telegraph was cut—a portion of the railing torn up—the water-tank, warehouse, and a train of some ten or twelve cars, partly loaded, were burned. The bridge over Big Creek, one and a half miles south of this place, was also burned. The store and pork-house of F. F. Mayfield were broken open and robbed; the former of clothing, boots, shoes, etc.,

to the amount of sixteen to seventeen hundred dollars, the latter of two thousand canvased hams. Other stores were opened and robbed of small amounts. With the exception of relieving our citizens of their horses, robbing corn-cribs, wheat-fields, etc., I have heard of no other gross depredations committed by them in our place.

"In their intercourse with our citizens, they were, to a certain extent, civil and courteous. Some exceptions to this rule may, however, be mentioned. The great John himself did not exhibit that chivalry which, in some quarters, has been claimed for him. He selected for his head-quarters the residence of Mr. Thomas Stout. The family of Mr. Stout had retired, but were ordered to vacate their beds; this done, they were soon occupied by Morgan and his staff. Mrs. Stout and her daughters were commanded to go to work and prepare breakfast for the crowd, and have it ready precisely at four o'clock. Mr. Stout was told to stir himself and see that every thing was prepared in the best manner, and, under the penalty of death, to awaken his guests precisely at four. Mr. Stout, thinking, perhaps, that obedience would be

conducive to good health, obeyed to the letter. After partaking of a bountiful repast, the great chief ordered his entertainer to set out immediately, with his advance-guard, as a guide. Mr. Stout meekly intimated that, as he had spent the night in preparing for the comfort of his guests, and had eaten nothing himself, it would not, perhaps, be too much to ask the privilege of taking a bite before starting. He was, however, informed that his present well-being required immediate and prompt action. He was at once placed on an old, sharp-backed horse, without a saddle, and started on a long trot. After traveling some twelve miles, Mr. Stout informed his captors that his knowledge of the roads extended no further. He was then permitted to dismount, a sorer if not a wiser man, and find his way home on foot as best he could.

"In all Mr. Stout's troubles and trials, one pleasing sensation would occasionally flit across his bewildered brain. Morgan had promised to reward him liberally for all his troubles; but his visions of greenbacks and golden eagles were not realized. The renowned chief had forgotten his promise.

"About eight o'clock on Sunday morning, the rear-

guard of Morgan's gang left Dupont. We captured three prisoners not two hundred yards behind the rear-guard.

"At one o'clock P. M., on Sunday, the advance-guard of Hobson's cavalry hove in sight. From this time till seven or eight in the evening, when the last of the Union soldiers passed, our citizens were wild, almost frantic, with excitement.

"Morgan took a north-east course from Dupont, passing through Versailles, Moore's Hill, etc.

"Dupont is on the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad, fourteen miles north-west from Madison; ten south-east from North Vernon, where our road crosses the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad; and eight from Vernon proper.

"My house was honored with the presence of some thirty or forty rebel guests. Myself and family were treated with respect. Nothing but food was demanded, and payment was tendered by several of them. They appeared to have plenty of gold, silver, and greenbacks. One of the rebels very cordially invited me to make a visit at his house, 'when this cruel war is over.' I gave it as my opinion that his

chances for getting home, to receive company, were rather slim. He replied, saying he supposed I would be pleased to hear that he and all his comrades were killed or captured. I assured him he was correct in his supposition. 'I like your honesty,' was the rebel's reply. One of them expressed great disgust at 'Northern sympathizers.' Said he, 'If they sympathize with the South, why don't the dirty, cowardly traitors come and fight for us?' Upon the whole, I think some good will result from Morgan's raid through Indiana and Ohio. V. MILHOUS."

From Dupont, Morgan's command proceeded to Bryansburg, and through Versailles, Pierceville, Milan, Weisburg, Hubbell's Corner, New Alsace, Dover, Logan, and Harrison. The state line between Indiana and Ohio passes through the last-named town, about twenty miles from the city of Cincinnati. He crossed the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad at Pierceville, and the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad at Weisburg, and did considerable damage to them, by tearing up the rails, burning depots, bridges, and water-tanks.

Morgan was in the state five days, from the time he landed on the Indiana shore, opposite Brandenburg, July 9, until he crossed the state line at Harrison, July 13. The distance which he traveled was about two hundred miles. His average march was forty miles per day. This raid and the one made by Colonel Grierson, of Illinois, through the state of Mississippi, are without any parallels in history.

It was thought that Morgan would attempt to escape into Kentucky at or near Lawrenceburg, which is situated on the north bank of the Ohio River, twenty-five miles below Cincinnati. If such were his intentions, they were defeated by the presence of the state militia at that place. Morgan learned that a military force was stationed at Lawrenceburg, and was fully apprised of the fact that General Hobson was vigorously pursuing him; also, that there was a considerable force in and near Cincinnati. He could not, therefore, fail to discover that, if he should be detained a few hours by the force at Lawrenceburg, the result would be that his command would be captured. Hence, he moved on with all possible speed into Ohio, and thus deprived the militia at Lawrence-

burg of an opportunity of measuring steel with him. Unfortunately, they found an opportunity in another quarter, as will be seen from the following extract from a newspaper:

"One of those sad blunders which often attend first military experience, of friends mistaking each other for enemies, occurred at Lawrenceburg, Ind., on Tuesday night. A report was started that Morgan's forces were returning and approaching the place, whereupon two companies belonging to Colonel Shryock's Indiana regiment were sent out, about seven o'clock in the evening, to reconnoiter in different directions. When two miles distant they met, and each took the other for the enemy, and began firing. The result was, that before they discovered their mistake, seven men were killed and twenty wounded. Among the latter was Judge Gooding, of Hancock County, formerly a Senator. His wound is serious, though, it is hoped, not fatal. These same brave boys brought in four prisoners, whom they found worn out and straggling on the road; but, instead of being Morgan's men, they turned out to be General Hobson's!"

We have already spoken of the great excitement produced in Indiana by Morgan's raid. It is also proper to state that the excitement extended even to Illinois, and was manifested, especially, at a point at least four hundred miles remote from Morgan's nearest approach, among a prosperous, highly respectable, and godly community of the sons of "Auld Scotia." The following account of this amusing affair is taken from the *Rock River Democrat:*

"We are told that the Scotch settlement in the town of Harlem, in this county, was the scene of quite a scare one night, about ten days since. It appears that, about a week before the great raid of Morgan into Indiana, a young couple had concluded to harness together for life, and accordingly were hitched by proper authorities. The boys in the neighborhood, not being well organized, were not in the right trim to give the happy pair a good, old-fashioned charivari at the time, so it was delayed for about a week, at which time, being fully equipped with guns, pistols, horns, bugles, drums, and bells, they repaired, at rather an unseemly hour, to the residence of the newly-made man and wife.

And now comes the fun of the affair. Some of the neighbors, hearing the terrible din which the crowd made with their instruments and guns, and having read of Morgan's raid into Indiana and Ohio, conceived the ridiculous idea that he had cleared out those two states and had made a descent upon Illinois, and had reached their doors on his way to Lake Superior. The screams of the boys, in their delight at the fine time they were having, were tortured into death-agonies of a murdered family, and straightway all was confusion and fright among a few families who lived near the scene of the charivari. Strong, athletic men, we are told, made tall tracks for cornfields, in which themselves and families took refuge from Morgan's murderers, expecting every moment to see their homes in flames. One sturdy fellow was reminded to take care of a fine pair of horses he had in the barn, when he excitedly exclaimed, 'De'il take the horses; let's look out for our own necks!' Another, hearing, as he supposed, the death-agonies of some poor fellow, groaned out, 'Dinna ye hear the screech? Its awfu', fearfu', dreadfu'! Ah! mon, but he's a lang time o' deeing.'

"Many, doubtless, were the exclamations of affright which escaped from those seekers after safety in corn-fields, where they lay until the god of day illumined the east, and satisfied them that their homes, property, and lives had escaped general destruction at the hands of the great raider."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROCLAMATION OF GOVERNOR TOD—MORGAN IN OHIO—PATRIOTISM OF THE PEOPLE—THE STATE MILITIA—AN INCIDENT RELATED BY MORGAN—MORGAN AT HARRISON—DESTROYS THE RAILROAD—AT EAST SYCAMORE—AT CAMP DENNISON—AT BUFFINGTON ISLAND—INCIDENTS.

AS soon as the patriotic Governor of Ohio, Governor Tod, learned that the intention of Morgan was to march through that state, he at once issued a call for all able-bodied men in the southern part of the state to form themselves into military organizations, and to repair promptly to designated camps, and there to be formed into regiments and brigades.

The alacrity with which the people obeyed the call exhibited undoubted proof of the loyalty of the majority of the people of that noble state. Few, indeed, were the numbers that hesitated to obey the call of the Governor. Men closed their stores, workshops, and offices, left the bench and harvest-field, and marched with lawyers, doctors, judges, and ministers of the Gospel, to resist the armed invaders and home

traitors. Not very many, however, of the thousands who volunteered for this service, had the opportunity of firing a gun at Morgan and his soldiers. They, however, were of great service in protecting various places in the state, and if they had been thoroughly organized and well-drilled soldiers, they might have been the captors of Morgan. But new and inexperienced militia can not successfully fight, or capture, a man of Morgan's foxy character. An officer who was in the command of General Hobson says:

"Morgan was not detained one hour, in his march through the greater part of Ohio, by the militia; not from want of patriotism among the people, but from the utter surprise and panic caused by his sudden appearance along their highways. The militia was concentrated at the larger towns and cities, and Morgan, informed by his scouts and spies, had only to avoid those places and pursue his course. The people, through fear, even fed and watered his troops without any delay, and thus enabled him to outmarch us upon the fresh horses stolen from the country for five miles on each side of his line of march. The

country, thus robbed and stripped of horses, necessarily prevented us from keeping equal pace with him. But never on earth has there been a more enthusiastic reception of troops than we received all through Indiana and Ohio—hundreds, yes, thousands, of people giving up their last morsel of provisions to aid us in overtaking the invader, while thousands of beautiful young ladies and enthusiastic matrons and children handed us water and bread as we passed their doors. It was one grand cheering procession, urging us forward and enlivening our march. We gathered a few horses also, by order of the General, and gave receipts for them; and some, no doubt, were pressed by the soldiers without leaving any receipt. Notwithstanding all our efforts to keep up the command, more than five hundred men were left on the line of march without horses to mount in place of their exhausted ones."

We relate the following as illustrative of the foregoing statements. While on the journey to Cincinnati, Morgan said to General Shackelford that he could whip all the militia in the states of Indiana and Ohio,

and that he had captured and paroled thousands of them. He stated that on one occasion, only a day or two before his capture, he entered a small town, inquired for the authorities, introduced himself as General Shackelford, stated to them that he had fought Morgan twice the day before, defeating him each time; that his men were very much exhausted and hungry, and that if they could get something to eat soon, and some fresh horses, he thought he could catch Morgan before night. The citizens promptly furnished him not only with an abundance of substantial food, but also with luxuries. The captain of the militia in that place sent runners in every direction for horses, and mounted two hundred of the militia, and started out with the supposed General Shackelford in pursuit of Morgan. After marching about two miles, Morgan remarked that he was sorry that he had to undeceive them, but he must inform them that he was Morgan. He then ordered them to dismount, paroled them, took their horses, and moved on.

It is wise policy, in times of war, to have the state militia well organized and drilled. Had this been done

in season, Morgan could never have marched from one end of Ohio to the other. But we must drop this subject and resume our narrative.

Morgan's command entered the town of Harrison, on the western border of the state, on Monday evening, the 13th of July. The following morning the raid through the state of Ohio commenced. During the next twenty-four hours the line of his march was around the city of Cincinnati, and at no period of that time was he more than twenty miles distant from the city. He tore up the railroad at Milford, crossed the Little Miami at Miamiville, made an attack on Camp Dennison with a small part of his force, destroyed a train on the Little Miami Railroad, and then made a rapid march toward Maysville, Ky., with the evident design of crossing the river at that point, if it was practicable.

The following correspondence, taken from a Cincinnati journal, will give to the reader an entertaining account of Morgan's raid while in Hamilton County, and events connected therewith:

"East Sycamore, Hamilton County, Ohio,
"*July* 22, 1863.

"There was a sound of cavalry at dawn,
And sudden springing out of pleasant beds,
As Morgan's 'rebs' came galloping upon
These roads, in quest of horses swift and fine.
A thousand fists were doubled up, and when
Horses came out of each man's stable-door,
Mad eyes flashed fire to eyes, etc.

"You are aware that we have seen them; entertained them (unwillingly) in our houses; that our stables have been plundered; that a part of the harvest remains in the field, without horses, except the jaded, sore-backed, bony, lame ones, which Morgan *traded* us, to bring it to the barns. On Tuesday, the 14th instant, at early dawn, the inhabitants hereabout were aroused from slumber by the clattering of hoofs upon the stony pike, and the clanking of *stirrups* (I suppose, as I did n't see any sabers or the like). On peeping through the window, I recognized them immediately as secesh, from their hard looks, their clothes of many colors and fashions, and their manner of riding. They did not ride in any kind of order, unless it was *disorder*. As many as could, rode abreast. Some galloped, some trotted, and others

allowed their horses to walk slowly while they slept in the saddles. They were not uniformly dressed. Some wore a whole suit of the well-known blue which designates our soldiers; others had part of a suit, but most of them were arrayed in citizens' garb. Some were barefooted, some bareheaded, and one, I noticed, wore a huge green vail. Probably he was ashamed of his company, and took this method to conceal his grim visage while in the presence of decent people. Some wore jackets outside of their coats, as though they had dressed in a hurry. Perhaps their keen ears had detected the sound of Hobson's cavalry behind. Some had ladies' gaiters, dress-patterns, and the like, protruding from their pockets; and one bootless, hatless, shirtless being held his *suspenderless* pants with one hand, while he held the bridle with the other, and heeled his horse to a gallop.

"Well, I had not continued my *rebel-gazing* long before one of them dismounted and wanted 'yesterday's paper, if you please.' I could n't see it! Very soon the house, yard, barn, and fields were overflowing with 'Southern chivalry.' They were evidently very tired and sleepy, and, judging from their questions to

each other, 'How far do you think the blue-jackets are behind?' I should say as much frightened as we were. 'How far is it to Cincinnati?' and 'Have you yesterday's paper?' were the principal questions asked. In some houses of this vicinity, they turned over beds, peeped into cellars, cupboards, drawers, closets, and even babies' cradles, in search of arms, ammunition, 'greenbacks,' and *sich*, while others were not disturbed. They helped themselves very liberally to such eatables as could be found, besides ordering the women to prepare more. Of course, they took horses. They just *gobbled* up every body's, except—well, perhaps his were lame, blind, or fractious. Generally, they made no distinction between the property of Copperheads and that of 'Abolitionists,' as they call all unconditional Union men. 'Cause why? They either did not *know* their friends, or else they considered the Northern Butternuts beneath the respect of Southern rebels, horse-thieves, freebooters, guerrillas, or whatever else they may call themselves. The main body, as you already know, passed through Glendale on Monday night, or at an early hour on Tuesday morning, and from thence to Sharonville. They did

not pass through Reading, as was stated in Wednesday's issue of the *Commercial*, but struck the Plainfield pike, about one mile south of Sharonville, which they followed about three miles; then, taking the dirt road east, by the Mount Carmel Church, to the Montgomery pike, one-half mile south of the village of Montgomery, they passed through that town, inviting themselves to horses and breakfast, as they did elsewhere.

"A young farmer, George McGee by name, residing near Montgomery, made a brilliant dash among them, fired, and *slightly killed* one, though not altogether! Another farmer, Mr. Landenburg, residing near Sharonville, fired upon them, and wounded one of their number. He was captured, but released after having *enjoyed* a ride of a few miles with the 'chivalry.' Most persons in this part of the world considered discretion the better part of valor, and held their temper until the last invader had vanished. Like a sudden clap of thunder came Morgan among us, and passed off to the east like a meteor, leaving the natives gazing after him in stupefied horror, rubbing their eyes, and wondering whether it was all the dream of a nightmare, or a reality. Quite a number of men and boys

followed in Morgan's train—keeping a safe distance behind, however—hoping to recover their stolen horses. One old Pennsylvania Dutchman, who resides in this neighborhood, by some means, lost but one of his horses; he mounted the other and hastily pursued the flying secesh. When near Batavia, he mingled a little too closely with them, as may be proved from the fact that they took the horse he rode, with saddle and bridle. It is told that he gave vent to his enraged feelings by saying to the 'reb' who took his horse: 'That is my horse; I wish him good luck; I wish he preak your neck!' 'What's that?' thundered secesh. 'I wish my horse good luck; I wish he preak your neck!' repeated the candid German. 'Reb' rode on. It is said that certain Butternut individuals, whom I might name, shouted for Vallandigham, and 'Glory to God, Morgan's come!' on the approach of the rebels—all of which I can not positively assert to be true.

"To sum up the whole thing, Morgan's aim was evidently not fight, but horse-stealing.

"UNION."

"CAMP DENNISON, WARD 19, *July* 22.

"During the period of several days prior to Tuesday, Colonel Neff, the military commandant of this post, anticipated a visit from the bandits, and took the necessary precaution to have rifle-pits constructed upon the different approaches to the camp. There being rumors on Monday evening of the near approach of Morgan, early on Tuesday morning, the 14th, Colonel Neff dispatched a company of axmen on the road leading from Glendale to Milford, passing the lower or south end of the camp, for the purpose of felling two or three hundred trees a little beyond the rifle-pits, about three miles from the camp, which served the double purpose of obstructing the road and forming a protection to the rifle-pits.

"At the same time all the convalescents capable of bearing a gun, numbering about six hundred, who were previously armed and each furnished with twenty rounds of cartridges, were posted on the hill southwest of the hospital, at points commanding the road, to dispute the passage of the rebels into camp, in the event of their forcing a passage over the *abatis* and rifle-pits.

"Simultaneously with the completion of the *abatis* by the company of axmen, or engineer corps, the vanguard of the rebel marauders made their appearance, and, finding the route impracticable, or attended with great difficulty, retreated, passing around the west side of Camp Dennison, and through Miamiville, about a mile above the Colonel's head-quarters, while the main body of the rebels crossed the railroad about two miles further up, tearing up the track, burning a train, etc.

"It was evidently the intention of the marauders to pass through Milford, it being the nearest and most direct route to Camp Shady, three miles east of this camp, for the purpose of capturing the government mules, about twelve hundred in number, and burning the government wagons. Colonel Neff had ordered the transportation of the mules and wagons to Cincinnati for safety, very wisely anticipating the designs of the rebels. The train commenced moving about three o'clock A. M., and continued until after eleven o'clock A. M., passing through Milford; and had it not been for the foresight and precaution of the commanding Colonel, in the removal of the government

property and constructing of the rifle-pits and *abatis*, thereby obstructing their passage through Milford, the marauders would have intercepted the long train of teams in their passage, appropriated the mules and burned the wagons, as they did, in the afternoon, forty or fifty they found at Camp Shady, in consequence of the Colonel not being able to procure a sufficient number of teamsters.

"Between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, information having been received at head-quarters that the rebels were above here, measures were adopted by Colonel Neff to guard the northern passes, and, if possible, to protect the Little Miami Railroad bridge, by arming and detailing the state militia, who were constantly arriving, one company of whom was posted at the bridge; and a squad of convalescent soldiers crossed the bridge and engaged with the rebels in a skirmishing fight immediately south-east of the bridge, on an open woodland on the river hill. The skirmishing continued from eight o'clock until eleven A. M. The rebel loss was six killed and several wounded, one of whom has since died. Our loss was one convalescent soldier killed.

"The horse of one of the rebels was shot under him, and having fallen on him, and being unable to extricate himself, he was captured and brought to headquarters a prisoner. Six others were captured and brought in; one of whom was made a prisoner and brought in by four contrabands, who were jubilant over the achievement, having, in their estimation, immortalized themselves, and rendered their names imperishable in the history of the rebellion.

"This skirmish, together with the appearance of a large force in the rear, in all probability saved the railroad bridge from destruction, and the eastern (or military) division of the camp from a raid by the rebel bandits.

"At an early hour in the morning Colonel Neff put into operation all necessary preliminary measures, upon the event of the rebels effecting an entrance, by sending to Cincinnati articles of value from the camp, among which were the surgical instruments and extensive articles of medicine from the drug-store, the important records, the contents of the post-office of value, the iron safe from the hospital head-quarters, containing a large amount of money belonging to sol-

diers and others, etc. The public can not but accord to Colonel Neff great credit for the energy and efficiency with which he used the limited means at his command, for the defense and protection of government property and Camp Dennison. 'Give honor to whom honor is due.' J. L. MYERS,

"Camp Dennison, Ward 19."

Little else occurred during the march of Morgan through Ohio that is worthy of a record in this work, until the battle of Buffington Island. An account of this battle and some other matters of the raid will be found in the following letter, and will be read with interest. We, however, will inform the reader, that a fuller and more authentic account of this affair and the subsequent events of the raid will be found in the sketches of Morgan's capture, which follow:

'PARKERSBURG, WEST VA., *July* 21, 1863.

"Having just returned from a little trip to see the elephant, in the shape of John Morgan and his gang, I avail myself of a few leisure moments to tell you what was seen.

"About noon, of Saturday, the citizens of this place were startled with the intelligence that Morgan was at Coolville, distant about fourteen miles. Captain Barringer, C. S., A. A. Q. M., and, at that time, commanding officer of the post, being desirous to learn the truth of the report, furnished fresh horses, and, with the man who brought the rumor, I started on a scout. A quick ride of seven miles brought us to the mouth of Little Hocking, where Lieutenant W. Corvine, of Gen Cox's staff, was stationed, in command of about eight hundred militia, guarding the ford at the foot of Blennerhassett Island. Here we learned that the rumor had no foundation, and, having made a short stay, we rode on to Coolville, where we met scouts who reported positively that, after some skirmishing near Pomeroy, Morgan was advancing on that road, and was not, probably, more than fifteen miles distant.

"A messenger was dispatched to Readville, with an order from Lieutenant Corvine, to remove all barges from the Ohio shore to a point three miles below, on the Virginia side. We then started to meet other scouts, who, we learned, were coming on the road

ahead of us. Just before reaching Tuper's Plains we saw a smoke rising from the direction of Chester, and met scouts who were fired on by the rebels entering that place. The road between Coolville and Chester had been well barricaded by felling trees in all the hollows, where it would be impossible to pass at the side with artillery or wagons. These barricades would each have detained the enemy a half hour or more in removal, and would thus have been so much time gained by our forces in pursuit.

"Going within four miles of Chester, we met other scouts who reported Morgan *en route* to Buffington, having just left the former place after a halt of an hour and a half. They had burned a bridge and mill on leaving, and seemed to have a perfect knowledge of all the roads barricaded, and the surrounding country. We then turned our horses' heads for Coolville, where we arrived about eight o'clock P. M. About midnight scouts came in, reporting our advance as having passed through Chester in pursuit, and that the rebels had halted near Buffington.

"At daybreak, Sunday, we mounted and started to join our forces, if possible, and be present during the

battle, should they come up with the enemy. We had little fear of Morgan's crossing the river, as we knew of several gun-boats on the look-out for them there. Hurrying rapidly forward, we reached Chester as the last of Shackelford's division was passing through.

"Rapid cannonading was distinctly heard from the front, but as none of Shackelford's artillery had come up, we knew it was from the gun-boats and the artillery under Hobson, who, with Judah, had cut across to the river, and, in conjunction with the gun-boats, were defeating Morgan's attempts to cross at Buffington Ford. Shackelford's division, having advanced on the road taken by the rebels, rendered their retreat impossible, unless they scattered and found their way out of the woods in small squads. It must be borne in mind that there was no road up the river, and their only chance of escape in that direction was by running the gantlet of the gun-boats in going along the river shore. Forcing our tired horses to their best, we reached the field of Shackelford's operations just in time to witness a splendid saber charge made by two regiments, the number of which I do not know, under the command of Colonel Wolford.

"The ground was very hilly and thickly wooded, with but few open fields. The rebels were formed to resist the charge, but as the perfect line in which our boys advanced dashed on them, they broke and scattered like sheep, without firing a shot. Owing to the nature of the ground where this division was engaged, the battle was, with the exception of the charge mentioned, almost a continual skirmish.

"The First Kentucky Cavalry were in the woods, constantly sending prisoners to the rear. About half-past ten o'clock A. M., word was brought that the rebels were advancing in force up the road. The artillery not having arrived, General Shackelford sent back, ordering it up at double-quick, and formed the rest of his division in a line somewhat advanced from his former position. We had learned of the capture of all the enemy's artillery, by the forces under Hobson and Judah, at the river. In the early part of the day one of our pieces had been captured by the rebels, which was retaken with all theirs.

"A few minutes after the line was formed, a flag of truce was discovered coming from the wood on the other side of the clearing, opposite where we were

awaiting their advance. General Shackelford rode on to meet it, and when within a few yards, waved it back, shouting, '*I will accept of no terms but unconditional surrender.*' The flag-bearers immediately wheeled and rode to the point from whence they came. Nothing more occurred until the tramp of a large body of horse could be heard coming on the road toward us, and a moment afterward the rebels emerged from the woods, quietly riding up to our lines, and, filing by in front, were disarmed, dismounted, and sent to the rear. Three regiments, or all that was left of them—for they barely averaged a hundred men each—were thus taken prisoners. We had now about four hundred in all, taken by Shackelford's division—Dick Morgan, a brother of John, and Major Elliott, Morgan's Staff Commissary, being among the captured. Colonel Cole, his Inspector-General, was taken by our troops at the river. Elliott is a Pennsylvanian by birth, but has long resided in the South. In a conversation I afterward had with him, he stated that he was not an original secessionist, but, after the ordinance had passed, had gone into the army from a sense of duty, believing their cause was right. But a

few moments before, he had burned fifty-five thousand dollars of Confederate scrip, retaining about twelve hundred, which he handed to Colonel Jacobs. I heard it said that Dick Morgan wept like a child at being captured, but can not vouch for the truth of the report.

"Where they entered the road from the woods the ground was strewn with sabers, pistols, and dry goods enough to almost stock Shillito or Hopkins. They had taken all the greenbacks they had, and, tearing them up, scattered them around, for fear our men would search them—a policy they always practice. Some of them were searched; and a rebel captain, going up to General Shackelford, asked him if such proceedings were countenanced by him. 'No, sir,' was the reply. 'It is in direct disobedience of orders, *notwithstanding you authorized it at Lebanon.*' The captive 'reb' walked off in silence.

"Their cartridge-boxes were searched, and found empty, some of their ammunition having been thrown away, though they were undoubtedly short of it. The remainder of the force was scattered through the woods in all directions, trying to make their way out.

Scouts coming in reported a force of about fifteen hundred, mostly got together from the small squads wandering about, making their way toward Tuper's Plains. An order being received from General Hobson for the prisoners to be sent to the river, a sufficient guard was left for that purpose, and the division moved to intercept their retreat. The prisoners acknowledged their forces as utterly demoralized and seeking escape. Many of them were anxious to surrender, and I heard them say they only cared to get away, that they might remain north of the Ohio River, where, they say, they have passed through the best country they ever saw. The force reported was under command of Morgan himself, who was evidently using every exertion to avoid another fight with our troops.

"Taking a short route through Adams's Mills, we reached Tuper's Plains to find the rebels two miles nearer the river, on a road about a mile east. Our artillery had advanced with the Forty-fifth Ohio, and taken a position within a mile of them. The command advanced at double-quick, and halted as they came up to the artillery. Some two hundred and fifty mounted militia, armed with rifles and shot-guns, had joined us

at Adams's Mills, and were ordered to advance on a road diverging from our position in a south-easterly direction. A reconnoissance by the General and a small body of troops discovered the picket of the rebels, some two hundred strong, posted about half a mile from our forces. Scouts were sent out, and, on their return, reported the main body some half-mile further on, at a point where the road was intersected by the Humphrey's Ford road, and south-west of us. Immediately on the receipt of this intelligence, General Shackelford proceeded to dispose his troops in such a manner as to render the ultimate capture of the whole force certain, should they remain but an hour longer in their present position. Scarcely, however, had the first order been given, when a heavy dust on the Humphrey's Ford road announced their departure. It was then after sundown, and, in the full knowledge that he could not cross the river, and the fact that our troops had traveled all the night before, men and horses being alike worn out, General Shackelford gave the order to sleep on arms, and be ready to continue the pursuit at daybreak the next morning.

"About one o'clock A. M., scouts came in, report-

ing that, after a short halt at Humphrey's Ford, Morgan had taken a road leading two miles east of Tupper's Plains, and gone on toward Athens. A force was immediately ordered in pursuit. Shortly after daybreak the scouts reported that he was then at Fish's Mills, four miles north of us, and had turned toward the river in the direction of Wilkesville, Pomeroy, or Racine, either of which fords he could reach, had they not been sufficiently protected. But this was not what was wanted, for, although it was certain he could not cross at either place, his capture was the main thing, and the whole division was immediately started in pursuit.

"Our horses being thoroughly worn out, we were compelled to turn them toward home, which we did with much reluctance. We had experienced much kindness from General Shackelford and staff, as well as from Colonels Wolford and Jacobs, and the other officers whom we met. They all, as well as their men, desire the capture of Morgan as much as any citizen of Ohio. They have followed him, without rest, for twenty-three days, and have no thought of abandoning the pursuit until its object is accomplished. DICK."

With the following incidents we close this chapter:

Lieutenant Adams, of Morgan's band, with a squad of his confederates, after burning a bridge north of Salem, went to a Quaker farmer's house, and asked for some milk. The Friend demurely accompanied the Lieutenant to the spring-house, and told him to help himself and his men. While drinking the milk, the following conversation occurred:

LIEUT. ADAMS. "You 're a Quaker, ain't you?"

FRIEND (very soberly). "Yea."

LIEUT. A. "Then, you 're an Abolitionist?"

FRIEND (more soberly than ever). "Yea."

LIEUT. A. (fiercely). "A stanch Union man?"

FRIEND, (emphatically). "Yea."

LIEUT. A. (after a pause). "Got any Butternuts around here?"

FRIEND. "Yea."

LIEUT. A. "Then, why do n't you hang them? We have a way of choking such people down our way!"

The following incident is a striking contrast of that just related:

"When the advance-guard of Morgan's rebel cavalry were in the vicinity of Pomeroy, Meigs County, Ohio, on the morning of Saturday, July 18, they committed a deliberate and most unprovoked murder on the person of Dr. William N. Hudson, a venerable citizen, aged seventy-four years. The circumstances were briefly as follows: Dr. Hudson had just returned from secreting his horse, when he heard a neighbor, under the influence of liquor, shouting and making some disturbance, and immediately started to quiet him. While on his way across the field, he heard the clatter of horsemen on the road, and, turning to look, was instantly shot down, the ball passing through the groin and thigh, breaking the bone at the joint. From this wound he died on the following Wednesday.

"Dr. Hudson had no weapons about his person, and had for years kept none. Bent by age and infirmity, he could have made no serious resistance, had he been so disposed; yet these evident facts secured him no mercy at the hands of the murderers.

"During the two hours that the advance-guard rested near Dr. Hudson's, the rebel lieutenant who ordered him shot was in the house with others, ran-

sacking it for valuables, while his victim lay panting for life. Seeming to think some apology for his barbarity needful, he remarked that 'he did n't know he was such an old man.' One asked of Dr. Hudson's granddaughter: 'You are all *Abolitionists* here, are n't you?' The question suggested the probability that a notorious Copperhead of that county, who was a willing guide for Morgan, had pointed out Dr. Hudson as a suitable person on whom to vent their murderous spleen.

"Dr. Hudson was born in Goshen, Conn., in 1789, and, when a lad of ten years, came with his father to the Western Reserve, to the present town of Hudson, Summit County. About 1812 he returned to the East, and took a thorough course of medical study. This profession he successfully pursued during the rest of his life—a period of more than fifty years. He was characterized by unimpeachable integrity and firmness of purpose. He knew no fear; opposition and persecution served but to confirm him in the practice of the right and the advocacy of the truth. Long before the origin of the old Liberty Party he was an Abolitionist; and, when that party originated, he voted that

ticket alone, in Manchester, Adams County, Ohio, amid threats of violence to his person and property. Believing in the inalienable right of human beings to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' he never failed to befriend the fugitive from bondage, and to guide him toward the North Star. Being thus, for a long period, a living witness against popular sins in Church and State, it seems not inappropriate that he should providentially suffer martyrdom at the instigation of the vile demon of slaveholding, which he had so long fought. His death was peaceful and happy. For months previous, his letters breathed the spirit of one ripe for heaven, and his dying message to his absent sons was 'to meet him there.'

"Dr. Hudson's will contains one noteworthy provision. It is this: that, after the death of his wife, one-half the proceeds of his estate shall be paid into the Treasury of the United States, provided that slavery shall, at that time, have been abolished in all parts of this land.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF MORGAN—HIS IMPRISONMENT AND ESCAPE.

WE find a description of the pursuit and capture of Morgan in the Louisville *Journal* of October 14, 1863. This general description presents a striking word-picture of these events, and, for this reason, we copy it in these pages. The author participated in the pursuit and capture, and was, therefore, competent to write as he has on this subject. For a fuller and more particular description, the reader is referred to the sketches of Morgan's captors, which follow in this work:

"Though time has passed since the raid of Morgan into the states of Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio, and his subsequent capture, I have thought that a short history of the pursuit would not be uninteresting to your readers. About the 20th of June I received orders from Brigadier-General Hobson to have my regi-

ment in readiness to leave Columbia for Tompkinsville at a moment's notice. Well convinced, by experience, of the importance of Columbia as a position to defend Kentucky from a threatening enemy who was on the south bank of the Cumberland, I freely expressed to the General my fears of going so far as Tompkinsville. I said: 'We are throwing open a gate of ninety miles; Morgan is making a feint to draw us off; the moment he succeeds he will cross at Burksville, pass through Columbia, capture Colonel Hanson and his command, and, if he has the courage, will capture the city of Louisville and sack it before we can retrieve our error and overtake him.' General Hobson fully coincided with me as to the error of the movement, but had to obey the order, as it came from a superior in point of position. Frequently on our march did we express our fears, and predict what did take place, from leaving so long a line exposed. On his own responsibility, he left his infantry at Ray's Cross-roads to defeat, if possible, any attempt of the enemy to cross at Burksville, being well convinced that he would attempt to cross the Cumberland at that point. With his cavalry he occupied Tompkinsville. Here, I sup-

pose, General Judah, seeing his error, ordered him back to Marrowbone, still nearer to Burksville than the Cross-roads. The unnecessary and useless march had much decreased the efficiency of our cavalry. On the second day of July I was ordered by General Hobson to send two hundred men, under a competent officer, if possible, to go into Burksville. I sent Captain Hardin, an officer I had every confidence in. They soon fell in with the pickets of the enemy, and drove them six miles. Being overwhelmed here by superior forces of the enemy, they were forced to retreat, fighting all the way back, often hand to hand. A courier requested me to form in line of battle. I had only some ninety men with me, the rest being all on duty. The retreating men galloped gallantly into line when they came up, and, with a shout, we dashed on the enemy, who soon gave way. They made three desperate dashes at our short line, but a well-directed fire drove them back each time. After this, a few well-directed shots from the battery gave them a final repulse. Three of my men, whose horses gave out on the retreat, were forced to surrender, and, after that, were brutally shot. Two of the three died.

"General Hobson, now convinced that the enemy were in force at Burksville, dispatched a courier to Brigadier-General Shackelford, whose command was at the Cross-roads. With great alacrity this efficient officer brought his command forward. Early the next morning they started a strong command of infantry, cavalry, and artillery to a point on the Burksville and Columbia road. A courier was dispatched to Brigadier-General Judah, informing him of what had been done. He immediately, on reception, started another courier, ordering the force, started in the morning, back. The command was immediately obeyed, and thus was Morgan saved from having his command cut in two and captured on the banks of the Cumberland. In the mean time Morgan had passed on to Columbia, where a most gallant defense was made by Captain Carter with one hundred and fifty men of Wolford's regiment. Forced to retire, after the loss of their gallant leader, they gave warning to Colonel Wolford. Morgan then attacked Colonel Moore, at the Green River bridge, who had only a few hundred men with him, but sufficient to gain a glorious victory on the anniversary of our national birthday. Marching on

after their repulse, they attacked Colonel Hanson and his regiment. After a most glorious defense, worthy of Kentuckians, they were forced to surrender to ten times their number. In the mean time General Hobson had commenced his pursuit, after being delayed many hours. We started on the 4th of July, and rode all day and night. Being encumbered with a wagon-train, the roads wretched, and the night dark, we only made five miles in ten hours. As it was my time to guard the train, I felt sorely tempted to have a glorous bonfire. You might as well start a tortoise to catch a rabbit as a command with a train to catch John Morgan.

"The next morning General Hobson left the infantry, wagons, and artillery, and proceeded with his cavalry. We rested from four o'clock P. M. until eleven o'clock P. M., then marched the balance of the night. At daybreak we fell in with Brigadier-General Shackelford with his cavalry and part of his artillery, and then continued our march to Lebanon, where we fell in with Colonel Wolford and his brigade. Here General Hobson received orders from General Burnside to assume full command over Wolford,

Shackelford, and his own cavalry, and pursue Morgan until he was overtaken. Marched from Lebanon on our way to Bardstown in pursuit, until one o'clock A. M. Slept two hours, and started again at three o'clock A. M. At night we were forced to stop until we could procure rations by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Started again in pursuit early on Tuesday. Found that the enemy were going toward Brandenburg, with the evident intention of invading Indiana. By night we were within nine miles of Brandenburg. The General wishing to coöperate with the gun-boats, and make a night attack, proceeded with a small escort to Rock Haven. We found the gun-boats had gone up the river. It was nearly one o'clock A. M. before we returned. Finding the men overcome with fatigue and want of sleep, and almost impossible to arouse, he concluded, reluctantly, to wait until daybreak. We reached the river as the last boat-load of the enemy had crossed. The enemy burned one boat; the other was dispatched to Louisville to obtain others to aid us in crossing. The St. Louis, which was at Rock Haven, a few miles above, came down, and we commenced crossing. By

night we had quite a fleet, and were occupied until morning in crossing. We marched all day Wednesday, witnessing burned mills and houses by the Vandal enemy; also, the scene of the skirmish with the Indiana militia. The towns were thronged with an excited people, who received us with joyous acclamations. We marched till a late hour in the night, and then up again before daylight. Here our new commissary department was started. The ladies met us every-where with abundant provisions, and cheered us on with patriotic songs. If it had not been for their timely and efficient aid in supplying food for the men, it would have been impossible to have overtaken the enemy; and to the patriotic women of Indiana and Ohio a large share is due of the honor of taking the energetic and untiring Confederate chieftain. Nor were we fed with a sparing hand. The magnificent hospitality and the kind and open greeting did away with the prejudices of false traditions of Yankee stinginess, and many a brave Kentucky youth surrendered at discretion to the warm greeting and sweet smiles of the fair daughters of Indiana and Ohio. The broad state of Indiana is passed, her brave

militia swarm from every road to aid in catching the wily foe, but still the guerrilla chieftain keeps ahead. Sweeping the horses from both sides of the road, and leaving us his own broken-down ones, the advantage is greatly in his favor. But the untiring and indefatigable leader of the expedition, General Hobson, and the chivalric Shackelford, and the patient, enthusiastic Wolford, and all the glorious leaders of the Ohio, Michigan, and Tennessee regiments, with their untiring men, were sleepless in their determination to overhaul and destroy the rebel command.

"Not a man dreamed of failure. Horse after horse broke down. Men marched day and night to try and keep up with their command, hoping that they would in some way become possessed of a horse or a mule, by which they could rejoin their comrades and aid in catching the rebel force. Some would fail, but I have known of others who would walk nearly three days and nights, and then come in, with radiant face, upon some cast-off horse of the enemy. Others would fail to obtain an animal to proceed, but would make their way to Cincinnati, report to head-quarters, and eventually, under the gallant Rue, had the honor

of capturing the great chieftain himself. With such spirit and such determination it was impossible not to succeed. We make a circle around Cincinnati, never more than thirteen miles from the city during the long day's journey. Days and weeks have passed, but still the rebel chieftain keeps about the same distance ahead. When will the people ahead aid us? Why do they not barricade all the roads? But the rebel chief flies so fast that they have not time. At last the trees are felled: the enemy's speed is checked. With renewed hope we continue the pursuit. Bridges were burned, but the patriotic people have temporary new ones built, and we pursue without delay. For nearly twenty days and nights we have been in the saddle. We are only a few hours behind the enemy. We ride all night; men, for want of rest, stagger in their saddles; hope has almost fled, except from a few gallant leaders, who still continue to cheer and encourage their men. 'Cheer up, men; we will soon have him: he has run into a rat-trap with but one opening, and that we have.' 'We would rather see than believe.' Still the patient leaders would say, 'Have faith; by twelve o'clock we will have him;' but

the exhausted men had lost hope, when lo! the distant boom of the cannon is heard. Every man is instantly full of life: the long-expected triumph is at hand. After seven hundred miles of pursuit we are about to meet the enemy in deadly grapple, and every man is more than ready for the issue. Boom! boom! boom! go the cannon; even the weary and dejected horses are inspirited, and move with greater energy. We approach closer and closer. At last we receive an order from General Hobson, who had pushed far ahead with the advance, to fall back to a cross-road, as the enemy are trying to retreat in that direction. We about face, but, from the thick undergrowth, armed men press into our lines. Mistaken for militia, one of the officers jokingly says: 'Are you Butternuts?' 'Yes, sir.' Astonished at the quick reply, he says: 'Are you rebels!' 'Yes, sir.' 'Are you John Morgan's men?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then be so good as to throw down your arms;' and down they go. One young lieutenant rides up to a Federal officer and inquires, 'What command is this?' 'My friend, I guess you are in the wrong pew. This is Colonel Jacob's command.' 'I guess as how I am,' is the cool reply, as

he surrenders. We soon form in line of battle. The Confederates press on. The Federals, confident of victory, shout, 'Come in, come in!' Some, astonished, obey. Others press back, when the men, with finger on trigger and faces aglow with eagerness, are given word to fire. Almost with a simultaneous bang, off go the guns, and many a Confederate falls beneath that concentrated fire. The gallant Wolford orders the charge; with drawn sabers the gallant First and Eighth Kentucky Cavalry rush to the conflict. The enemy fled before the resistless move. A flag of truce is sent in, offering to surrender. Unconditional surrender is demanded. It is accepted, and soon we have hundreds of Morgan's band, with Colonel Dick Morgan, marching before us as prisoners of war. They are marched to the river and shipped. We have no time to tarry; Morgan has escaped. We pursue. That night we rest. The enemy passed toward day. By General Hobson's orders, General Shackelford pursues. Colonel Wolford commands one brigade. I am assigned to the command of the other. Over hill and dale we pursue. We gain on them. We take some prisoners. Our advance is in constant skirmish with

their rear-guard. We approach nearer and nearer; our skirmishers are thrown forward on the right and left; the bullets fly thick and fast. The enemy take a strong position. General Shackelford, to save blood, if possible, sends in a flag of truce, and demands surrender. They demand an hour to consider; forty minutes is given. The result is a surrender of a thousand men and horses.

"In the pursuit we traveled nearly sixty miles in about eight hours, but still the guerrilla chieftain is not taken. During the pendency of the negotiations for surrender, he slipped off, deserting his men. The next morning General Shackelford organizes an expedition, taking our best horses, and again pursues the fleeing foe. A week passed; several hundred miles more are cleared. Morgan approaches Pennsylvania. Major Rue, of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, commanding detachments of the Ninth and Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, and stragglers from different regiments, freshly mounted and sent ahead by order of General Burnside, on the cars, come up in the nick of time. Two roads come to a common road. The struggle is which shall arrive first. Morgan leads. Rue, almost

despairing, pursues him. Seeing a road leading off, almost by intuition he asks of a bystander: 'Does that road come into this one again, and is it nearer to the point where they approach than the main road?' 'It does, and is much nearer.' With renewed hope, he dashed off, and ran in ahead about a hundred and fifty yards, and rapidly formed a line of battle. Morgan, with his usual audacity, sends in a flag of truce, and demands an unconditional surrender. Rue indignantly informs the messenger that he does not belong to the militia, that he can be deceived in that manner; that he is a Major of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, and that if Morgan does not surrender at once he will fire upon him. The officer replied, with an oath, that the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry was every-where. Morgan, finding he could not impose on Rue by the flag of truce, tries another dodge. He now informs him that he had already surrendered to some Ohio militia captain, and that he had paroled them. This captain was a captive in Morgan's hands. He informs Morgan that he will pay no attention to any such surrender, and that he will hold him and his command until his superior, General Shackelford, arrives. In about

one hour the General makes his appearance, and then Morgan surrenders, and thus ends the most remarkable chase known in history. As the leader of the expedition, Brigadier-General Hobson, for his quick comprehension, untiring energy, and unfailing amiability and kindness to all his subordinates, deserves all praise. If permitted to have acted according to his own judgment, he would have stopped Morgan's career on the banks of the Cumberland. Foiled in this, he starts in pursuit, and never stops in that pursuit until he brings his foe to bay. Brigadier-General Shackelford, and Colonel Wolford, also, deserve the highest praise; and, indeed, where all did their duty, from the highest to the lowest, it appears almost invidious to mention names.

"The gun-boats at Buffington were of the greatest service in preventing the Confederates from crossing, and in shelling the woods. I am informed by eye-witnesses that their artillery practice was beautiful.

"Thus has ended, at least for the present, the career of John Morgan. By the untiring energy and indomitable courage of the devoted band who pursued him, Kentucky this day has peace. The pursuit developed

one fact—the impossibility of overtaking and heading a cavalry force, under a bold and sagacious leader, left to his own fertile resources. The great difficulty the Federal officers have to contend with is, the large number of excellent cavalry the Confederates have. Largely outnumbering ours, at least until recently, they swarm in front of their armies, fifty, sixty, and even a hundred miles, obtaining every intelligence, while preventing any from being obtained in regard to the position, number, or times of destroying railroads, bridges, and communications from one point to another, and cutting off necessary supplies. Our cavalry officers hitherto have had great difficulties to contend with. Half armed, and always outnumbered greatly, many times fractions of regiments have had to fight whole brigades of the enemy. This is becoming now more equal. But what we want particularly, independent of the cavalry that should remain with the great armies, is from eighty to one hundred thousand cavalry, in squads of from five to ten thousand, divided into mounted infantry and regular cavalry, with some artillery, under glorious leaders, who have the brain to conceive and the nerve to execute, with no

telegraph wires from head-quarters. If we had such a force in the field at the present time, under competent leaders, we could strike at the very vitals of the so-called Southern Confederacy, and bring them to terms in less than ninety days. All the railroads in the South could be destroyed, and kept so. Every state, unless it might be Texas—and that, also, if we had infantry as a nucleus—could be desolated. If asked where you could sustain such a force, the answer is ready: just as Morgan and the Confederate cavalry sustain theirs—off of the country invaded. Such a force would break up all communication and prevent the rapid concentration of one rebel force to sustain another, which came so near being disastrous to McClellan in the seven days' fight near Richmond, and lately against Rosecrans. The enemy could not meet such a force. Their present cavalry would be abundantly employed by our regular cavalry, and they have neither the men nor the horses to organize such a body of cavalry. We have both; and the sooner we employ them, the sooner this unhappy war will be terminated.

RICHARD T. JACOB,

"Colonel of the late Ninth Kentucky Cavalry."

When the capture of Morgan was announced, there was great rejoicing all over the country; and George D. Prentice suggested that a salute of one gun be fired before every stable-door in the land!

After the capture, General Shackelford proceeded with Morgan and several of his officers to Cincinnati, and delivered them to General Burnside. From Cincinnati they were sent to the state prison at Columbus, and there remained until the night of November the 27th, when General Morgan and six of his confederates made their escape.

The names of the prisoners who escaped with Morgan are as follows: Captain J. C. Bennett, Captain S. B. Taylor, Captain Ralph Sheldon, Captain L. H. Hines, Captain L. D. Hokersmith, Captain G. S. Magee, Colonel Dick Morgan, and the six captains who were confined in the lower range of cells. By means of two small knives, they dug through the floors of their cells, which is composed of cement and nine inches of brick-work. Underneath the cells is an air-chamber, extending the whole length of the building. Of this fact the prisoners seemed to have been aware. Once in the air-chamber, one of them could crawl to

its terminus and dig down in the soft earth with his knife until the bottom of the foundation of the wall was reached; then, digging out under, the thing was completed. Meanwhile, ropes had been manufactured of the bedticking, and all arrangements were complete for their final escape. Every thing being in readiness, only a little strategy was necessary for the escape of General Morgan. He occupied a cell on the second range, just over the one occupied by his brother Dick.

When the prisoners were being locked up for the night, the Morgans were allowed to exchange cells with each other. After Dick had seen every thing prepared, he permitted his brother John to take his place. Some time during the night the prisoners crawled through the hole they had dug under the wall, but had skillfully concealed, taking their rope with them. They escaped from the prison immediately between the main building and the female department. Once in the yard, and their escape was comparatively easy. They went to the south-west corner of the outer wall, near the big gate, and threw their rope over the top, where it secured itself on one of the

spikes. On this rope, and by the aid of some timbers near at hand, they clambered to the top, and easily descended on the outside. There are no guards on the outer walls after a certain hour. The prisoners were dressed in citizens' clothes, and not in prison habiliments.

Captain Hines had charge of the work which resulted in the escape of the prisoners.

A note was left for the warden of the prison, of which the following is a copy:

"Castle Meroin, Cell No. 20, *November* 20, 1863.

"Commencement, November 4, 1863. Conclusion, November 20, 1863. Number of hours for labor per day, three. Tools, two small knives. *La paticnce est amer, mais son fruit est doux.* By order of my six honorable Confederates.

"Henry Hines, Captain, C. S. A."

The excitement was very great, especially in the states of Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana, when it was known that Morgan had escaped. A reward of one thousand dollars was offered for him, dead or alive. Various reports were in circulation as to the direction he had taken. Some persons supposed he would escape by way of Canada. Many of the houses of

Columbus were searched, hoping to find him secreted somewhere in the city. But all search was vain; nothing could be heard of him that was reliable. The men who searched for him looked as blank as if he had vanished, or had been translated. Days passed by, and no intelligence of Morgan was received from any quarter. At length, a Richmond paper was received, which announced the arrival of the great chieftain at the rebel Capital, and the fact that he was honored with a splendid ovation. The same paper, the Richmond *Enquirer*, gave the following very interesting account of Morgan's escape, as it was received from his own lips:

"Their bedsteads were small iron stools, fastened to the wall with hinges. They could be hooked up or allowed to stand on the floor, and, to prevent any suspicion, for several days before any work was attempted, they made it a habit to let them down and sit at their doors and read. Captain Hines superintended the work, while General Morgan kept watch to divert the attention of the sentinel, whose duty it was to come round during the day and observe if any thing was

going on. One day this fellow came in while Hokersmith was down under the floor boring away, and missing him, said, 'Where is Hokersmith?' The General replied, 'He is in my room, sick,' and immediately pulled a document out of his pocket and said to him: 'Here is a memorial I have drawn up to forward to the government at Washington; what do you think of it?'

"The fellow, who, perhaps, could not read, was highly flattered at the General's condescension, took it, and very gravely looked at it for several moments before he vouchsafed any reply. Then, handing it back, he expressed himself highly pleased with it. In the mean time Hokersmith had been signaled and came up, professing to feel very unwell. This sentinel was the most difficult and dangerous obstacle in their progress, because there was no telling at what time he would enter during the day, and at night he came regularly every two hours to each cell, and inserted a light through the bars of their doors, to see that they were quietly sleeping, and frequently, after he had completed his rounds, he would slip back in the dark, with a pair of India-rubber shoes on, to listen

at their cells if any thing was going on. The General says that he would almost invariably know of his presence by a certain magnetic shudder which it would produce; but, for fear that this acute sensibility might sometimes fail him, he broke up small particles of coal every morning and sprinkled them before the cell-door, which would always announce his coming.

"Every thing was now ready to begin the work; so about the latter end of October they began to bore. All were busy—one making a rope-ladder, by tearing and twisting up strips of bedtick, another making Bowie-knives, and another twisting up towels. They labored perseveringly for several days, and, after boring through nine inches of cement and nine thicknesses of brick placed edgewise, they began to wonder when they should reach the soft earth. Suddenly a brick fell through. What could this mean? What infernal chamber had they reached? It was immediately entered, and, to their great astonishment and joy, it proved to be an air-chamber, extending the whole length of the row of cells. Here was an unexpected interposition in their favor. Hitherto they had been obliged to conceal their rubbish in their bed-

ticks, each day burning a proportionate quantity of straw; now they had room enough for all they could dig. They at once commenced to turn at right angles with this air-chamber, to get through the foundation; and day after day they bored; day after day the blocks of granite were removed, and still the work before them seemed interminable.

"After twenty-three days of unremitting labor, and getting through a granite wall of six feet in thickness, they reached the soil. They tunneled up for some distance, and light began to shine. How glorious was that light! It announced the fulfillment of their labors, and, if Providence would only continue its favor, they would soon be free. This was the morning of the 26th day of November, 1863. The next night, at twelve o'clock, was determined on as the hour at which they would attempt their liberty. Each moment that intervened was filled with dreadful anxiety and suspense, and each time the guard entered increased their apprehensions. The General says he had prayed for rain, but the morning of the 27th dawned clear and beautiful. The evening came, and clouds began to gather. How they prayed for them to increase! If

rain should only begin, their chances of detection would be greatly lessened. While these thoughts were passing through their minds, the keeper entered with a letter for General Morgan. He opened it, and what was his surprise, and, I may say, wonder, to find it from a poor Irish woman of his acquaintance in Kentucky, commencing: 'My dear Ginral, I feel certain you are going to try to get out of prison; but, for your sake, don't you try it, my dear Ginral. You will only be taken prisoner agin, and made to suffer more than you do now.'

"The letter then went on to speak of his kindness to the poor when he lived at Lexington, and concluded by again exhorting him to trust in God and wait his time. What could this mean? No human being on the outside had been informed of his intention to escape, and yet, just as all things were ready for him to make the attempt, here comes a letter from Winchester, Ky., advising him not to 'try it.' This letter had passed through the examining office of General Mason, and then through the hands of the lower officials. What if it should excite their suspicion, and cause them to exercise an increased vigilance? The

situation, however, was desperate. Their fate could not be much worse, and they resolved to go. Nothing now remained to be done but for the General and Colonel Dick Morgan to change cells. The hour approached for them to be locked up. They changed coats, and each stood at the other's cell-door with his back exposed, and pretended to be engaged in making up their beds. As the turnkey entered, they 'turned in,' and pulled their doors shut.

"Six, eight, ten o'clock came. How each pulse throbbed as they quietly awaited the approach of twelve! It came; the sentinel passed his round—all well. After waiting a few moments to see if he intended to slip back, the signal was given—all quietly slipped down into the air-chamber, first stuffing their flannel shirts and placing them in bed as they were accustomed to lie. As they moved quietly along through the dark recess to the terminus where they were to emerge from the earth, the General prepared to light a match. As the lurid glare fell upon their countenances a scene was presented which can never be forgotten. There were crouched seven brave men who had resolved to be free. They were armed with Bowie-

knives, made out of case-knives. Life, in their condition, was scarcely to be desired, and the moment for the desperate chance had arrived. Suppose, as they emerged from the ground, that the dogs should give the alarm—they could but die.

"But a few moments were spent in this kind of apprehension. The hour had arrived, and yet they came not. Fortunately—yes, providentially—the night had suddenly grown dark and rainy; the dogs had retired to their kennels, and the sentinels had taken refuge under shelter. The inner wall, by the aid of the rope-ladder, was soon scaled, and now the outer one had to be attempted. Captain Taylor (who, by the way, is a nephew of old Zack), being a very active man, by the assistance of his comrades, reached the top of the gate, and was enabled to get the rope over the wall. When the top was gained, they found a rope extending all around, which the General immediately cut, as he suspected it might lead into the warden's room. This turned out to be correct. They then entered the sentry-box on the wall and changed their clothes, and let themselves down the wall. In sliding down, the General skinned his hand very badly, and

all were more or less bruised. Once down, they separated—Taylor and Shelton going one way, Hokersmith, Bennett, and McGee another, and General Morgan and Captain Hines proceeding immediately toward the depot.

"The General had, by paying fifteen dollars in gold, succeeded in obtaining a paper which informed him of the schedule-time of the different roads. The clock struck one, and he knew, by hurrying, he could reach the down train for Cincinnati. He got there just as the train was moving off. He at once looked in to see if there were any soldiers on board, and espying a Union officer, he boldly walked up and took a seat beside him. He remarked to him that, 'as the night was dark and chilly, perhaps he would join him in a drink.' He did so, and the party soon became very agreeable to each other. The cars, in crossing the Scioto, have to pass within a short distance of the Penitentiary. As they passed, the officer remarked: 'There 's the hotel at which Morgan and his officers are spending their leisure.' 'Yes,' replied the General, 'and I sincerely hope he will make up his mind to board there during the balance of the war, for he

is a great nuisance.' When the train reached Xenia, it was detained by some accident more than an hour. Imagine his anxiety, as soldier after soldier would pass through the train, for fear that when the sentinel passed his round at two o'clock their absence might be discovered.

"The train was due in Cincinnati at six o'clock. This was the hour at which they were turned out of their cells, and, of course, their escape would then be discovered. In a few moments after, it would be known all over the country. The train, having been delayed at Xenia, was running very rapidly, to make up the time. It was already past six o'clock. The General said to Captain Hines: 'It is after six. If we go to the depot we are dead men. Now or never.' They went to the rear and put on the brakes. 'Jump, Hines!' Off he went, and fell heels over head in the mud. Another severe turn of the brake, and the General jumped. He was more successful, and lighted on his feet. There were some soldiers near who remarked: 'What in the h—l do you mean by jumping off the cars here?' The General replied: 'What in the d—l is the use of my going into town when

I live here? and, besides, what business is it of yours?'

"They went immediately to the river. They found a skiff, but no oars. Soon a little boy came over, and appeared to be waiting. 'What are you waiting for?' said the General. 'I am waiting for my load.' 'What is the price of a load?' 'Two dollars.' 'Well, as we are tired and hungry, we will give you the two dollars, and you can put us over.' So over he took them. 'Where does Miss —— live?' 'Just a short distance from here.' 'Will you show me her house?' 'Yes, sir.' The house was reached; a fine breakfast was soon obtained, money and a horse furnished, a good woman's prayer bestowed, and off he went. From there, forward through Kentucky, every body vied with each other as to who should show him the most attention, even to the negroes; and young ladies of refinement begged the honor to cook his meals.

"He remained in Kentucky some days, feeling perfectly safe, and sending into Louisville for many little things he wanted. Went to Bardstown, and found a Federal regiment had just arrived there, looking for him. Remained here and about for three or four days,

and then struck out for Dixie—sometimes disguising himself as a government cattle contractor, and buying a large lot of cattle; at other times, a quarter-master, until he got to the Tennessee River. Here he found all means of transportation destroyed, and the bank strongly guarded; but, with the assistance of about thirty others, who had recognized him and joined him in spite of his remonstrances, he succeeded in making a raft, and he and Captain Hines crossed over. His escort, with heroic self-sacrifice, refused to cross until he was safely over. He then hired a negro to get his horse over, paying him twenty dollars for it. The river was so high that the horse came near drowning, and, after more than an hour's struggling with the stream, was pulled out so exhausted as scarcely to be able to stand.

"The General threw a blanket on him and commenced to walk him, when, he says, he was seized with a presentiment that he would be attacked, and remarking to Captain Hines, 'We will be attacked in twenty minutes,' commenced saddling his horse. He had hardly tied his girth, when 'bang, bang,' went the Minié balls. He bounced on his horse, and the noble

animal, appearing to be inspired with new vigor, bounded off like a deer up the mountain. The last he saw of his poor fellows on the opposite side, they were disappearing up the river bank, fired upon by a whole regiment of Yankees. By this time it was dark, and also raining. He knew that a perfect cordon of pickets would surround the foot of the mountain, and if he remained there until morning he would be lost. So he determined to run the gantlet at once, and commenced to descend. As he neared the foot, leading his horse, he came almost in personal contact with a picket. His first impulse was to kill him, but, finding him asleep, he determined to let him sleep on. He made his way to the house of a Union man that he knew lived near there, and passed himself off as Captain Quarter-master of Hunt's regiment, who was on his way to Athens, Tenn., to procure supplies of sugar and coffee for the Union people of the country. The lady, who appeared to be asleep while this interview was taking place with her husband, at the mention of sugar and coffee, jumped out of bed in her night-clothes, and said: 'Thank God for that, for we

ain't seen any real coffee up here for God knows how long!' She was so delighted at the prospect that she made up a fire and cooked them a good supper. Supper being over, the General remarked that he understood some rebels had 'tried to cross the river this afternoon.' 'Yes,' said the woman, 'but our men killed some on 'em, and driv the rest back.' 'Now,' says the General, 'I know that, but did n't some of them get over?' 'Yes,' was her reply, 'but they are on the mountain, and can't get down without being killed, as every road is stopped up.' He then said to her: 'It is very important for me to get to Athens by to-morrow night, or I may lose that sugar and coffee, and I am afraid to go down on any of the roads, for fear my own men will kill me.'

"The fear of losing that sugar and coffee brought her again to an accommodating mood, and she replied: 'Why, Paul, can't you show the Captain through our farm, that road down by the field?' The General said: 'Of course, Paul, you can do it; and, as the night is very cold, I will give you ten dollars in gold to help you along.' The gold, and the prospect of

sugar and coffee, was too much for any poor man's nerves, and he yielded; and, getting on a horse, he took them seven miles to the big road.

"From this time forward he had a series of adventures and escapes, all very wonderful, until he got near another river in Tennessee, when he resolved to go up to a house and find the way. Hines went to the house, while the General stood in the road. Hearing a body of cavalry come dashing up behind him, he quietly slipped to one side of the road, and it passed by without observing him. They went traveling after Hines, and, poor fellow, he has not been heard of since. How sad to think that he should be either captured or killed after so many brave efforts, not only in his own behalf, but also in that of the General; for the General says that it is owing chiefly to Hines's enterprise and skill that they made their escape!

"When he arrived at the river referred to above, he tried to get over, intending to stop that night with a good Southern man on the other side. He could not get over, and had to stop at the house of a Union man. The next morning he went to the house that

he had sought the night previous, and found the track of the Yankees scarcely cold. They had been there all night, expecting that he would come there, and had murdered every body who had attempted to reach the house, without hailing them. In pursuing this brutal course, they had killed three young men, neighbors of this gentleman, and had gone away, leaving their dead bodies on the ground.

"After he had crossed Okey's River, and got down into Middle Tennessee, he found it almost impossible to avoid recognition. At one time he passed some poor women, and one of them commenced clapping her hands and said, 'Oh, I know who that is!' but, catching herself, she stopped short, and passed on with her companions.

"The General says that his escape was made entirely without assistance from any one on the outside, and, so far as he knows, also without their knowledge of his intention; that the announcement of his arrival at Toronto was one of those fortuitous coincidences that can not be accounted for; that it assisted him materially, no doubt. In fact, he says that his 'wife's

prayers' saved him, and, as this is the most agreeable way of explaining it, he is determined to believe it."

Various statements were circulated concerning the manner of Morgan's escape; and from various quarters it was more than intimated that it was effected by bribery. If the reader will carefully consider what follows, it will, no doubt, fully satisfy his mind, and give to him the true state of the case.

Shortly after the escape of General Morgan, the Legislature of Ohio convened. At an early day, after that body had convened, the House passed a resolution instructing the Committee on the Penitentiary to investigate and report to that body all the facts pertaining to the escape of Morgan and six of his officers. The committee promptly entered upon the discharge of their tedious and laborious duty; and, finally, laid before the House a report covering fourteen pages of manuscript, accompanied by testimony, which covered eighty-three pages of cap paper. The following is the conclusion and most material portion of the report:

"Upon a careful examination of the testimony, it is evident Lieutenant Judkins was guilty of gross carelessness and impropriety in furnishing the rebel prisoners with saws, files, and vises. Although it is evident they did not make use of these tools in effecting their escape, there can be no doubt it was for this purpose they wished to obtain them.

"Lieutenant Judkins was on General Mason's staff, and went with him to San Francisco. From the 4th to the 25th of November he appears to have had the care and disbursement of the funds belonging to said prisoners; also, the care and inspection of all letters, articles, and packages, going into or coming from these prisoners. He had access to them at all hours in the day. He took or sent packages to them at his pleasure. He, in fact, seems to have been the standing officer of the day for said prisoners, and, in view of the committee, it was his duty to have seen that the cells were not only kept in order, but closely inspected every day. We think he must have been destitute of that sense and discretion which constitute the good soldier, or wanting in that moral integrity, without which no man can perform a true soldier's duty. We

think he should be discharged from the military service of the United States.

"The committee will here state, in connection with the above, that the chairman saw at the head-quarters of Colonel Richardson, at Camp Chase, four different orders signed by rebel prisoners, on General Mason, requesting him to deliver to Lieutenant Judkins sundry articles—such as medicines, gutta-percha buttons, wire, a vise, files, and two dozen watchmakers' or diamond saws. The saws were on two separate orders. One of these orders was signed by Basil Duke. On the back of said orders were written the names or initials of the drawers, with different amounts in figures, supposed to be the cost of the articles therein named.

"In conclusion, your committee submit the following propositions deduced from their examination and investigation:

"1. That the rebel prisoners had no assistance in effecting their escape, either from the Penitentiary or military authorities, or from any one connected therewith, unless the non-examination of the cells may be considered such.

"2. That it was not necessary for them to have had

any assistance. All they required was, that there be no examination for a sufficient length of time to allow them to perform the necessary labor.

"3. The said escape could not have been effected had it not been for the air-chamber under the cells.

"4. That they might have known, and probably did know, of the existence of said air-chamber, by the sound made by stamping upon the cell-floors.

"5. That if the cells had been examined as often as once a week, the escape would not have been effected.

"6. That there was a neglect of duty in not making such examination.

"7. That this neglect of duty rests with the military authorities."

The report is signed by the members of the Penitentiary Committee; and, with the testimony, it was ordered to be printed.

Since the report was submitted to the House, and since the above was written, Mr. Woodbury, the chairman, has received the following documents, among which are the orders referred to by the committee:

HEAD-QUARTERS CAMP CHASE, OHIO,
March 19, 1854.

B. B. WOODBURY, Esq., *Chairman, etc.:*

SIR—Your summons did not reach me until yesterday in the afternoon. I am informed by Captain Lamb that the written copies of orders for the purchase of various articles by prisoners of war in the Penitentiary are all that you desire of me.

I am, very respectfully, W. P. RICHARDSON,
Colonel Commanding.

ORDER No. 1.

$220. COLUMBUS, OHIO, *November* 16, 1863.

Pay to Lieutenant William A. Judkins, A. D. C., —— dollars for articles furnished below, and charge to my account.

1 awl-handle and set of blades attached;

1 brace and 1 doz. saws;

1 rat-tail file, 1 flat file;

3 plates of gold about ½ inch square, and 1 inch small gold wire;

1 doz. gutta-percha buttons, different sizes.

H. A. HIGLEY,
Prisoner of War.

To Brigadier-General John S. Mason.

ORDER No. 2.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, *November* 18, 1863.

Pay to Lieutenant William A. Judkins, A. D. C., —— dollars for articles furnished below, and charge to my account.

2 lbs. Virginia smoking-tobacco (pre gail);

1 razor and apparatus;

1 doz. jewelers' saws and 1 handle;

$1 postage-stamps. (Signed) B. W. DUKE,
Prisoner of War.

ORDER No. 3.

$1,00. COLUMBUS, OHIO, *November* 20, 1863.

Pay to Lieutenant William A. Judkins, A. D. C., —— dollars for articles furnished below, and charge to my account.

1 oz. glycerin;
½ oz. vinegar of cantharides; 1 oz. Cologne water;
1 oz. rose-water;
1 doz. as'd jewelers' saws;
2 half-round files.

(Signed) THOS. B. BOYD,
Prisoner of War.

Please give the $1.00 ordered in last order to Sergeant Moore. (Signed) T. B. BOYD.

ORDER No. 4.

$0.70. COLUMBUS, OHIO, *November* 20, 1863.

Pay to Lieutenant William A. Judkins, A. D. C., —— dollars for articles furnished below, and charge to my account.

Spalding's glue (small quantity);
One small half-round file;
One small rat-tail file.

(Signed) C. COLEMAN,
Prisoner of War.

To Brigadier-General JOHN S. MASON.

We think it quite evident, from the foregoing statements, that Morgan, and those who escaped with him, were chiefly indebted to their own fertile brains for the accomplishment of that event.

Important ideas sometimes have a strange birth-

place, and are brought forth in the midst of singular surroundings. The idea of escaping by way of a tunnel under ground, as suggested by Morgan's escape, has been fruitful of good results, and has opened a way of escape to Colonel Streight and a large number of our noble prisoners who were confined in rebel bastiles.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HOBSON—HIS NATIVITY—SELF-MADE MAN—HIS VISIT TO THE SOUTH—WORKS AT HIS TRADE—BECOMES A MERCHANT—A SOLDIER IN THE MEXICAN WAR—AT THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA—RETURNS HOME AND RESUMES BUSINESS—A UNION MAN—HIS LIFE THREATENED—RAISES A REGIMENT FOR THE UNITED STATES SERVICE—ATTEMPT BY THE REBELS TO CAPTURE HIS FORCE AND ROB THE BANK—A SECOND ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE HOBSON—A HAZARDOUS UNDERTAKING—THE REGIMENT MOVES WITH GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY—HOBSON AT CORINTH—AT MOUNT WASHINGTON—IN TENNESSEE—AT GREEN RIVER BRIDGE—DEFEATS MORGAN—VARIOUS EXPEDITIONS—GENERAL HOBSON ORDERED TO LEXINGTON—NARROW ESCAPE—RESISTS THE ENTRANCE OF MORGAN INTO KENTUCKY—VIGOROUS PURSUIT OF MORGAN THROUGH KENTUCKY, INDIANA, AND OHIO—BATTLE OF BUFFINGTON.

A LEADER of the expedition that pursued the famous General John H. Morgan, and captured and scattered his forces in the state of Ohio, Brigadier-General E. H. Hobson, was born in the town of Greensburg, Green County, Ky., July 11, 1825.

The distinguished service which General Hobson has rendered to his native state and to his country, his pure patriotism and heroic bravery, as evinced in the dreadful conflict that is now shaking our land, invest the events of his life with more than ordinary interest.

General Hobson is a "self-made man." In his early school-days, instead of depending on his parents for his entire education, he voluntarily spent a portion of his time at hard work, for one of his tender years, that he might, at least in part, educate himself, and thus aid his father, who was not well able, at that time, to afford his son all the advantages of an education that were desirable. At the age of twelve, young Hobson was sent to the College at Danville, Ky. His health failing while he was connected with that institution, he was compelled to abandon any idea he may have had of pursuing his studies until he was graduated in college. His health continuing poor, he resolved, in accordance with the custom of the times, to visit the South, hoping to find thereby what he so much desired—good health. Health-seekers that have visited the Southern States and the island of Cuba have generally had their pockets well "lined," and have moved in state. But young Hobson could not well afford to search for health at great pecuniary expense; yet he resolved to visit the Southern States. Accordingly, at the early age of fourteen, he started upon his journey, not in one of the floating palaces

of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, but on foot, as a *hog-driver*, receiving wages at the rate of six dollars per month for his labor. He walked every foot of the way to Selma, in the state of Alabama, a distance of six hundred miles. After remaining for a season in the South, he returned to his native place in Kentucky. He returned by way of Mobile and New Orleans, and landed at the town of Smithland, at the confluence of the Ohio and Cumberland Rivers, in Kentucky, and walked through deep snow from that place to his home, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. He reached home in perfect health. Did he not deserve it? And can any one doubt that the youth, who had so much of the heroic in his character, if spared to manhood's age, and a fitting opportunity were given him, would make a hero, indeed? Previous to the journey of young Hobson, of which we have just spoken, he had learned, at least partly, the trade of saddle-making with his father. On reaching his home he resumed his trade, working part of the time, and part of the time during each year was spent in school. During the years 1844 and 1845, he received from his father wages at the rate of nine

dollars per week. The means which he thus earned with his own hands enabled him, together with letters of credit, to purchase a stock of goods in New York and Philadelphia, with which he commenced the mercantile business in his native town.

Soon after his return from the East, a call for volunteers was made by the government, to engage in the Mexican war. Mr. Hobson at once put his business matters in the hands of his father, and enlisted as a private, and rendered most efficient service in recruiting Company A of the Second Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers, which regiment was commanded in the Mexican war by the gallant Colonel W. R. McKee. Mr. Hobson was offered the second lieutenancy before the company, of which he was a private, was full. He nobly refused to accept any office until the company was fully recruited, and each member of it could have a fair opportunity of voting for officers of his own choice. After the company was full, Mr. Hobson was elected, by acclamation, Second Lieutenant.

Lieutenant Hobson served in the Mexican war thirteen months—from June 1, 1846, to August 30, 1847.

Previous to the battle of Buena Vista, Mr. Hobson was promoted to the first lieutenancy. He was in that desperate battle, and exposed, from sunrise to sunset, to the leaden hail of the enemy. He commanded the left wing of his company, during the battle, which was engaged as sharp-shooters and skirmishers. His company was attacked, five different times, by more than double their number, and was successful each time in repulsing the enemy. In addition to these five distinct engagements, the company was also in each engagement in which the whole regiment took part. But we can not now give all the particulars of Lieutenant Hobson's history while with our army in Mexico. It is enough to say that which every one who knew him in the campaign in Mexico will testify to as being true, that he was a brave soldier and a good officer.

Lieutenant Hobson, after his honorable discharge from the service of his country, at the close of the Mexican war, returned to his home in Kentucky, and resumed the mercantile business, and continued at that employment until 1857. In the mean time he was elected a director of the Branch Bank of Kentucky at

Greensburg. In 1859 he was appointed president of the bank, and continued in that office up to the month of December, 1861. In these offices, as a director and president, he discharged his duties with fidelity, and to the satisfaction of all concerned.

When the startling news flashed along the telegraphic wires, in the month of April, 1861, "*They have fired on Sumter*," the heart of Lieutenant Hobson was fired with patriotism and love for that glorious old flag under which he fought so heroically in the bloody battle of Buena Vista. He was an "out-and-out" Union man, and did not hesitate, under circumstances that tested the "stuff" of which men were made, especially in all the border states, to declare himself opposed to secession, and in favor of his country. Living as he was, surrounded with many and bitter secessionists, his life was constantly exposed. Citizens and former friends several times threatened his life. For his own personal safety and the safety of his friends—for the sake of his state and his country—he determined to raise a regiment of infantry, and was authorized to do so by General Nelson, in the month of August, 1861. In the month of September following he received from

Secretary Cameron an appointment as Colonel. By the 5th of September he had about one hundred and twenty-five men under his command, at Greensburg, which place was his head-quarters. It will be remembered that, about that time, General S. B. Buckner, who had been a member of Governor Magoffin's staff, and commander of the State Guards, had invaded the state, and occupied Woodsonville and Munfordville, on Green River, only twenty-five miles from the camp of Colonel Hobson. Information was received by the Colonel that four hundred rebels, from the army of General Buckner, were about to march to Greensburg, for the purpose of capturing his little force and robbing the bank, which then contained about one hundred and forty thousand dollars. He was not the man to be caught in the trap that was set before his eyes; so at once he took the money out of the bank, and, accompanied by his little force, moved, somewhat hastily, to Campbellsville, a place twelve miles distant from Greensburg, where he procured four horses and as many guides as he thought necessary, and then traveled during the night to Lebanon, and from thence, by way of the railroad, to Louisville, Kentucky. He

delivered the money safely into the hands of the proper persons, and his conduct was fully indorsed by Mr. Virgil McKnight, the president of the Bank of Kentucky. This act of removing the funds of the bank from Greensburg incensed the rebel citizens of the county; but Colonel Hobson felt that he had done his duty—that he had saved to the state and to the stockholders one hundred and forty thousand dollars, and had aided his country by placing that large sum of money beyond the reach of rebel hands; and why should he be greatly moved by the ire of rebel citizens?

Up to this period the force commanded by Colonel Hobson had been poorly armed, having nothing better than shot-guns and Kentucky rifles. On his return from Louisville, he brought with him one box of guns, a quantity of powder, caps, and lead; and, having thus provided his troops with good arms, he returned to his old camp, at Greensburg. In the mean time two other regiments commenced recruiting at Greensburg, and by the 10th of October there were as many as five hundred men connected with these three regiments. They also had received from the government full sup-

plies for three full regiments, consisting of quartermaster's and commissary stores.

General Buckner, being fully satisfied that he could surround and capture these forces and their stores, ordered General Hardee, who was then at Cave City, to march with his division, consisting of four thousand infantry, besides six pieces of artillery, and a cavalry force, to Greensburg, and demand the surrender of the command at that place, and, if not immediately complied with, to give sufficient time for the women and children to be removed, and then, if surrender was not made at once, to *butcher every Federal officer and soldier;* to move the goods belonging to the government to Cave City, for the use of the rebel army; and then move forward and occupy Muldrough's Hill, and thus prevent the Federals from opening camps at Greensburg, Columbia, and Campbellsville. Colonel Hobson, having learned perfectly the intentions of the rebel generals, and believing that the forces under his command were not able to contend against ten times their number, fell back to Campbellsville, which he entered during the night, and thus saved their stores, and prevented the occupation of Mul-

drough's Hill by rebel soldiers. The day following it was deemed prudent by the officers of the different regiments that a reconnoissance should be made to ascertain the position of the enemy. To carry out this plan, ninety cavalry, from the Home Guards, volunteered to go with Colonel Hobson. At two o'clock P. M. they started out on the expedition, and arrived at Greensburg at six o'clock that evening, and ascertained that two hundred of the enemy had been in and near that place the evening previous to their arrival. Colonel Hobson immediately pushed on with his little force to Green River, five miles distant from Greensburg, and there, at the crossing-place of the river, posted fifty of his men. Twenty more he sent to the crossing-place two miles south of Greensburg. Twenty more of his men were left, and to these he gave the command, "Forward!" and forward they went, swimming the river, and proceeding to Barren River, a distance of six miles. Between the two rivers was a rebel cavalry force, numbering two hundred. They heard of the crossing of Colonel Hobson, and, not having definite knowledge as to the size of his command, became alarmed and fled before him. The

little band moved on until they reached the river, and there they ascertained that General Hardee had broken up camp that day, supposing that Colonel Hobson had fallen back from Greensburg for the purpose of drawing him there, and giving to General McCook an opportunity to cross over and attack him in the rear. The next day the Colonel returned to Campbellsville, having performed, successfully, a most hazardous and arduous duty.

In a very short time after the events just narrated, the regiment commanded by Colonel Hobson was filled to the minimum number, and was mustered into the service of the United States, and numbered the Thirteenth Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers. Colonel Hobson was elected commander of the regiment on the 24th of November, 1861.

During the time this regiment was recruiting, its officers would frequently pass through the rebel lines to obtain recruits, and occasionally would have slight skirmishes. On the 14th of February, 1862, this regiment moved south, with the column of General Buell's army that moved from Columbia, Kentucky. This regiment distinguished itself at the battle of

Shiloh, and the name of its colonel is mentioned with honor for his gallant bearing in that bloody fight, in the reports of Generals Crittenden and Boyle.

Colonel Hobson was with his regiment at the siege of Corinth. Afterward he moved with the forces of General Buell, through Kentucky, in pursuit of Bragg's army. At the battle of Perryville, Colonel Hobson commanded a brigade. He assisted in driving the rebels from Mount Washington. Colonel Hobson and his regiment were in the front of the forces that skirmished with and fought the rear of Bragg's retreating army, from Stanford to Mount Vernon—a distance of twenty miles.

Colonel Hobson and his regiment returned to Tennessee, under General Rosecrans, and remained there until November 26, 1862. He was then ordered to Munfordville, Kentucky, with three broken-down regiments, for the purpose of recruiting, and protecting the magnificent iron bridge that spans Green River at that place, and which was essential to keep open the line of communication from Louisville to General Rosecrans's army.

The friends of the Colonel and his regiment were

making somewhat extensive preparations to give to them a great dinner on Christmas day, December 25, 1862. General Morgan, the famous guerrilla chief, sent word that he would dine that day with the Colonel and his soldiers. Sure enough, he made his appearance at the time, but, meeting with rather a warm reception, left in more haste than he came. He failed to destroy the bridge over Green River, but left on the field eighteen of his guerrillas, and thirty in the hands of our forces, as prisoners of war.

Colonel Hobson, while in command of the forces at Munfordville, and south of that place, frequently sent out expeditions to the Cumberland River, nearly all of them resulting in great good to the Federal cause. He planned the expedition that destroyed Celina, Tennessee. In the fight at that place, sixty of the enemy were killed, and forty boats, one hundred thousand pounds of bacon, large quantities of corn, whisky, wheat, flour, and sugar, were destroyed.

During the months of December, January, February, and March, troops serving under the orders of Colonel Hobson killed, in various skirmishes and engagements, as many as one hundred and fifty of the

enemy, and captured about one thousand, and several hundred horses; and, strange to say, his losses, during all that time, did not exceed fifty killed, wounded, and missing

On the 25th of February, 1863, Colonel Hobson was appointed and confirmed a Brigadier-General, for "*meritorious and distinguished services in the field*," to take rank from the 29th of November, 1862.

In the month of May, 1863, General Hobson was ordered to Lexington, Kentucky, and placed in command of the city and the troops serving in the district of Central Kentucky. He, however, asked to be relieved of that command, and gave as a reason for so doing that he was familiar with South-eastern Kentucky, and that he desired to capture John Morgan. This reason was, undoubtedly, patriotic, but the writer of these pages strongly suspects that it was partly personal and private. No doubt the reader of what follows will agree with me in this conclusion.

In the summer of 1862, General Hobson made a short visit to his family, at Greensburg. His visit was prematurely short, for he was compelled to flee from his home and family to the hills, and hide himself in

the cliffs of the river. He was without a guard, and thirty miles distant from any of his soldiers. The eagle-eyed John saw the prey, darted down upon his home, in the dead hours of the night, on the 11th of July, but the bird had flown. The main column of Morgan's command remained fourteen hours within six miles of the hiding-place of the General, during which time scouts were sent out in every direction, who scoured the country, but were, at last, compelled to be satisfied with "*Hobson's choice.*" You can imagine that General Hobson had a strong personal reason for desiring to capture General Morgan.

The General was relieved of his command at Lexington, and ordered first to Munfordville, and then to take command of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Twenty-third Army Corps, at Columbia.

On the 19th of June, 1863, General Hobson was ordered by General Judah, commander of the Third Division of the Twenty-third Army Corps, to move his brigade to the town of Glasgow. That was a great mistake on the part of General Judah, as subsequent events showed. That event threw open a gap of country fully ninety miles in extent; and it was the

opinion of General Hobson that John Morgan would take advantage of it, and move into the state by way of Burksville. Morgan was at that time making a feint on Carthage, Tennessee, the design of which was to attract the attention of General Judah, and draw him from Glasgow, with General Manson's brigade, then move with his own forces along the south side of the Cumberland, and cross over that river into Kentucky. General Hobson, however, obeyed orders, and moved with his brigade to Glasgow, having in charge two hundred wagons, which gave him no little trouble, as his men were compelled, owing to the poor condition of the mules, to pull the wagons up the hills with ropes attached to them. Marching through a drenching rain, he reached Glasgow on the 24th ult. There the General proposed to turn over all the regimental trains to the quarter-master, knowing that it was useless to attempt to capture Morgan, if his command was encumbered with a wagon-train. At this place he received orders to move with his brigade to Tompkinsville, for the purpose of keeping open General Judah's line of communications from Glasgow to Cave City, from Tompkinsville to Glasgow, and from

Tompkinsville to Carthage, in Tennessee. At the same time he was informed that General Judah would move, with General Manson's brigade, to Scottsville, south of the Big Barren River, and would move from that point to Carthage.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 24th instant, General Hobson moved with his brigade from Glasgow, ten miles south-east, to Glover's Creek. At this place the brigade remained until the 28th instant. The soldiers had marched all day through a drenching rain, their feet sinking in the mud to the tops of their shoes, and, of course, they were exhausted and needed rest. Besides this, General Judah was on the south side of Barren River, water-bound, and every opportunity of communication with him was cut off until the water receded. This halt appeared to be proper and prudent. While the brigade remained at Glover's Creek, scouting parties were sent out to Center Point, Marrowbone, and toward Tompkinsville. One of the scouting parties had an engagement with the enemy, in which they killed the rebel Captain Dickens. They also ascertained that the enemy, fifteen hundred strong, were encamped at Turkey Neck Bend, fifteen miles

below Burksville, on the south side of the Cumberland River. Prisoners that were brought in corroborated the statements of the scouts. General Hobson also learned that Morgan's forces consisted of four thousand men and four pieces of artillery; that it was his intention to cross the Cumberland, with one of his brigades, at Burksville, and with the other at Cloyde's Ferry, seven miles below, then go up the north side of the river, and unite his forces at Burksville.

On the morning of the 28th inst., General Hobson ordered his infantry to move to Ray's Cross-roads, in the direction of Burksville, and to remain at that place until further orders were sent.

The Ninth Kentucky Cavalry were sent in advance of the infantry, with instructions to send out scouting parties, who should watch the movements of the enemy. With the Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry, three hundred men in number, General Hobson took the direct road leading to Tompkinsville, expecting to meet General Judah, and receive further instructions. On his march the General learned from citizens that three thousand of the enemy were three miles beyond Tompkinsville, and were approaching that place. A

courier was at once sent to Ray's Cross-roads, with instructions to Colonel Jacob to move immediately, with two of his battalions, and meet General Hobson at Tompkinsville. Colonel Jacob was also instructed to leave one battalion with the infantry, to act as scouts, in the direction of Center Point and Marrowbone, and to give notice to General Hobson, at Tompkinsville, of the movements of the enemy.

On reaching Tompkinsville, the enemy was not found, as was expected. Two or three hundred, however, had been in the vicinity the evening previous. General Hobson's force, at that place and time, consisted of five hundred cavalry. Immediately after his arrival, he threw out pickets, and used every precaution to prevent being surprised. On the next day, the 29th of July, scouting parties were sent south and west, which captured four of the enemy, and ascertained that they were camped in Turkey Neck Bend, eight miles distant, and on the south side of the river, and that their camp was so located that it could easily be shelled. The next day, the 30th instant, General Hobson directed an officer commanding a scouting party to make a map of the country in the vicinity of

the rebel camp, and report as soon as possible. He reported at two o'clock that day, having prepared a complete map, as directed, and stated that the north bank of the Cumberland could be occupied by our forces, within three hundred yards of the enemy, and that, too, without being observed by them. At three o'clock P. M., General Judah, with his escort and advance, arrived at Tompkinsville. General Hobson at once submitted the map of the rebel camp and vicinity to General Judah, with the request that he might make an attack on the enemy with artillery. This request General Judah refused. General Hobson then requested General Judah to send him to Burksville. He replied that he would send him to Marrowbone, ten miles west of Burksville, and that he must hold that place at all hazards, until further orders. General Hobson then requested permission to remove that evening, with his cavalry, and rejoin his infantry at Ray's Cross-roads. This the General refused also, saying that he could not think of weakening Tompkinsville, but ordered General Hobson to move the next morning at six o'clock, and stating that he would make his head-quarters at Glasgow; that he would

leave the First Brigade at Tompkinsville, under command of General Manson; and that he would order General Shackelford to the Cross-roads, to support him at Marrowbone. General Judah also ordered General Hobson to keep him advised of all movements, by sending couriers to him at his head-quarters, at Glasgow. According to orders, General Hobson moved the next morning, at six o'clock, with his cavalry—the Ninth and Twelfth Kentucky Regiments—to Ray's Cross-roads, and there rejoined his infantry, and ordered them to be ready to move at twelve o'clock that day, stating that his cavalry would pass them on the road, and go in advance of them to Marrowbone. The General arrived at that place, with his brigade, at six o'clock that afternoon. Strong pickets and guards were posted at every important point. At five o'clock the next morning, July 2, his pickets on his right flank were attacked by troops under command of the rebel Adam Johnson. His front, on the road leading to Burksville, was attacked by a rebel brigade, commanded by Basil Duke. His left was well protected by the rough character of the country, which rendered it impassable. His front was

picketed by the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, and his right flank by the Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry. Both regiments called for additional pickets, which the General promptly furnished. Two hundred of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, the command of the gallant Colonel Jacob, had been sent toward Burksville, with instructions to go to that place for the purpose of developing the enemy. They fought their way to within four miles of that town, but were compelled to fall back, contending, most of the way, in a hand-to-hand fight, against nine hundred and forty rebels, commanded by John Morgan in person. A courier brought information to General Hobson that a heavy rebel force was pressing back the detachment of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry. On receiving this information, the General drew up the infantry into a line of battle, believing, from the character of the skirmishing on the right flank, that they were about to have a general engagement. The Ninth Cavalry, in the front, formed into a line of battle, and awaited the charge of the rebel cavalry. Soon the charge was made; and the Ninth Cavalry, assisted by a battery of artillery, repulsed and drove the enemy before them in confusion. By

this time the cavalry, numbering in all eight hundred, were completely broken down. General Hobson, seeing their condition, sent a courier to General Shackelford, at Ray's Cross-roads, requesting him to move up with his cavalry to his support. General Shackelford brought up promptly both his cavalry and infantry, reaching the position of General Hobson at twelve o'clock at night. In the mean time General Hobson sent a courier to General Judah, at Glasgow, to inform him that he was fighting Morgan's command in his front and on his right flank, and that Morgan was crossing his forces over the river, at two points. During the night shots were fired occasionally by the pickets.

General Hobson directed General Shackelford to be ready to move at daylight the next morning, the 3d of July. General Shackelford reported the next morning promptly at the time designated. General Hobson directed him to move in the direction of Burksville, to the crossing of the Mills Ferry and Columbia roads, Cloyde's Ferry and Burksville roads, and Burksville and Marrowbone roads, and to hold that position, which would prevent the rebel brigades of

Johnson and Basil Duke from uniting. He also stated to General Shackelford that, after giving him sufficient time to get in the vicinity of the crossing of the roads, he would move with his brigade to the bend of the river on his right, attack and annihilate Johnson's forces, then move up and join him, and the united forces would fall upon the command of Basil Duke.

Had this plan, which was undoubtedly a wise one, been carried out, Morgan would have been driven back into Tennessee, and the great raid of the great guerrilla would have been brought to a premature end.

General Hobson informed General Shackelford that he was making the movement in violation of orders, and that it was possible that he would be mustered out of service for so doing; but that he was convinced that it was the best and only thing that could be done to check Morgan. General Shackelford agreed with him, and said that he would share with him the responsibility.

As General Hobson was on the eve of carrying into execution his plans of attack, he received information that General Judah was at the Cross-roads, ten miles in his rear. He at once dispatched a courier

to General Judah, informing him of his intentions and plans, and that General Shackelford had already moved with his brigade, and that his own brigade was ready to move, and that he hoped that his plans, although in violation of orders, would be indorsed. The courier that was sent met General Judah a short distance from the camp, and delivered his message to him at once. General Judah dispatched one of his aids at full speed to General Hobson, with instructions to him to suspend all military operations until he arrived. The instructions were obeyed, and military operations were suspended for the time. As soon as General Judah arrived at the camp, he directed General Hobson to order General Shackelford back from the position of the crossing of the roads to which he was marching. The order was obeyed. General Judah stated that he would send General Hobson the next day (July 4) to develop the position of the enemy; to which General Hobson replied, that Morgan had by that time united his forces, and was on his way toward Columbia. Scouting parties, sent out early that morning to ascertain the movements of the enemy, went to Burksville, and at that place received orders

to return to camp and report. These orders were in compliance with the orders of General Judah, issued in the morning, to suspend operations. The scouts returned, and reported that Morgan had united his forces, and that his rear regiment was then one and a half miles beyond Burksville, on the Columbia road, and his advance in Columbia. Thus, by the failure to carry out General Hobson's plan, Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio were invaded, the whole country was wild with excitement, lives were lost, much property destroyed, and the government was put to an additional expense of thousands of dollars.

On the 3d of July, at six o'clock P. M., General Shackelford's brigade was ordered to move toward Columbia, by way of Edmonton, a distance of thirty miles. General Hobson was ordered to move with his brigade at six o'clock A. M., on the 4th, through Edmonton to Greensburg, which gave Morgan twenty-four hours' start of Hobson's brigade. General Hobson insisted that he should move that evening with his forces, and thus save twelve hours. His wishes were not complied with. Hobson suggested to General Judah to send a courier directing General Man-

son, at Tompkinsville, to move his brigade to Glasgow, and to send his infantry from that place to Cave City, and up the railroad to Elizabethtown, so that when he (General Hobson) arrived at Edmonton, he would be in communication with General Shackelford at Glasgow, and, still further, that he would communicate with General Judah at Glasgow.

General Hobson reached Edmonton at twelve o'clock A. M., having marched sixteen miles over very rough roads. There he received a dispatch from General Shackelford, stating that Morgan had passed through Columbia on the 3d instant, and was then on the road leading to Lebanon. He sent information to General Judah, and requested him to send the Eleventh Kentucky, the Fifth Indiana, and Fourteenth Illinois Cavalry to Greensburg, to meet him at that place at two o'clock on the 5th instant. General Hobson received a reply from General Judah that his request would be granted. Hobson then moved from Edmonton at two o'clock on the 4th of July, and marched sixteen miles during the afternoon and night. Ten miles of the distance they marched by torch-light, in order to get the wagon and artillery train over the

hills and through the swamps. The General pushed on with his cavalry to the Little Barren River, fourteen miles from Greensburg. At daylight on the 5th instant, he issued orders directing the cavalry to move to Greensburg, and the infantry and artillery to follow. They reached Greensburg at two o'clock P. M. At that place General Hobson learned that a small party of rebels had been in the place the day before, and threatened to hang Major R. L. Moore, a stanch Union man. They also suggested that it would be a good time to burn the residence of General Hobson. From this place Hobson sent a courier to General Judah, stating that he was waiting for him and his cavalry. The courier met him six miles south-west of Greensburg, and south of Green River. General Judah replied by the courier that he would not cross the river until the next morning. General Hobson at once determined that he would not wait for him; so he issued orders to his cavalry to be ready to move at ten o'clock that night, and to his infantry and artillery not to attempt to follow him, but to remain in the vicinity of Greensburg. General Hobson reached Campbellsville with his cavalry at four o'clock on the

morning of the 6th instant. At that place he united with General Shackelford, and moved on toward Lebanon, and arrived at that place at one o'clock on the same day. Morgan had left the place the evening before.

It was at this place that General Hobson received orders from General Burnside, directing him to assume command over General Shackelford's, Colonel Wolford's, and his own cavalry, and, with the combined forces, to pursue and capture John Morgan, and to impress from the country through which he passed horses and subsistence.

The command of General Hobson, when he marched from Lebanon and commenced the pursuit of Morgan, as commander of the expedition, consisted of twenty-five hundred cavalry, two pieces of artillery, and four mountain howitzers. It is scarcely necessary to add, after what has been written in a previous part of this work, that the pursuit through Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio, was conducted under many disadvantages.

General Hobson was in his saddle twenty-one days and nights, issuing orders, and urging on his men with

the most heroic determination, either to capture the great guerrilla, or perish in the attempt. With an advance-guard of only four hundred men, he overtook Morgan at Buffington Island, and there routed him, killing fifty-seven of his men and wounding twenty more, and forced him to abandon his artillery, buggies, carriages, and the merchandise which he had taken from the citizens of Indiana and Ohio on his march through those states.

So vigorous was the pursuit, that large numbers of the men and horses were exhausted and completely broken down.

General Hobson testifies that he saw, during the march, as many as six hundred of his soldiers asleep in their saddles at the same time. But for this vigorous pursuit, John Morgan would not have been captured and his forces scattered. And yet, in all this matter, the modesty of General Hobson seems equal to his bravery. He says, "I do not claim the credit of capturing John Morgan." But he gives great credit to his officers and men, and says, "They are entitled to the thanks of the nation." He also gives great

credit to the ladies of Indiana and Ohio for their smiles, cheers, and especially for their *provender*, and says, "*God bless them!*" The ladies of Indiana and Ohio, and the patriots of the land echo back the benediction and say, "*God bless General Hobson!*"

CHAPTER IX.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHACKELFORD—HIS NATIVITY—IN THE MEXICAN WAR—HIS PROFESSION AND MARRIAGE—HIS PERILS IN RAISING A REGIMENT IN KENTUCKY—AT FORT DONELSON—HE LEADS A CHARGE—HIS WOUND—MADE A BRIGADIER-GENERAL—HIS PURSUIT OF MORGAN THROUGH KENTUCKY, INDIANA, AND OHIO—THE BATTLE AT BASHAN CHURCH, OHIO—ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE EXPEDITION—THE PURSUIT CONTINUED UNTIL MORGAN IS CAPTURED—SHACKELFORD IN EAST TENNESSEE—AT THE SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE AND IN OTHER ENGAGEMENTS.

IT is a matter for which every loyal heart should give praise to God, that, while he, in his infinitely wise providence, was permitting traitors to their country to spring up all over this land, he, at the same time, was raising up, before their very faces, true and loyal men, with iron nerves, who were ready to resist the deeds of traitors, even unto death. While in Central and Eastern Kentucky, such loyal men as Hobson, Hanson, Jacob, Crittenden, and many others were resisting the common enemy, a host of true patriots in the south-western part of the state were rising up in defense of the National Government. Preëminently among the latter stands Brigadier-Gen-

eral J. M. SHACKELFORD, who, with a heart as true to his country as the trusty blade that he holds in his hands, has won for himself great distinction and true honor. It may be well, before recording the various acts of General Shackelford, as connected with the present war, to give a brief sketch of his earlier history.

General Shackelford was born on the 7th of July, A. D. 1827, in Lincoln County, Kentucky, and was educated at the high-schools of that state.

In the year 1847 he was commissioned First Lieutenant of Company I, Fourth Kentucky Regiment of Volunteer Infantry, raised under the last requisition for troops, during the war with Mexico. The regiment with which Lieutenant Shackelford was connected was ordered to the City of Mexico, at which place it was stationed for a period of five months, and until peace was declared. Shackelford was acting as Captain the greater part of the time while in Mexico.

In the year 1848 he commenced the study of law, with the Hon. J. P. Cook, his brother-in-law, of Madisonville, Kentucky.

In the month of November, 1850, he was married to Miss M. E. Ross, of Union County, Kentucky, and, not having any patrimony, he taught school to support himself and his wife, and prosecuted his law studies at noon and night, until he obtained a license to practice law. After his licensure he formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Hon. J. P. Cook, and continued to practice his profession until the commencement of hostilities between the rebels and the government.

In the month of July, 1861, General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter memory, then in command of the United States forces in Kentucky, authorized Colonel Shackelford to raise one or more regiments of soldiers. At that time South-western Kentucky was overrun with rebels, and the man who undertook to raise soldiers for the government did so at the peril of his life. Colonel Shackelford, however, was not the man to be intimidated; so he at once established his head-quarters at Henderson, Kentucky, and succeeded in raising the Twenty-fifth Kentucky Regiment of Infantry, which regiment he commanded at the battle of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862. On account of

great exposure at Donelson, the Colonel was stricken down with disease, and, in March, 1862, was compelled to quit the service on account of ill health.

In the month of July following, the Colonel was again authorized by the government to raise a regiment of cavalry. In less than three weeks after receiving the authority from the government to raise a regiment, more than twenty companies of volunteers were raised to join his regiment. The Colonel insisted that the government should permit him to receive all the companies offered, but this was refused, and we think unwisely, by the government.

On the 3d day of September, 1862, and before his regiment—the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry—had been mustered into service, Colonel Shackelford led a charge against a piece of artillery, at Geiger's Lake, on the Ohio River. In that charge his left foot was torn to pieces by a slug fired from the cannon. The Colonel was confined to his bed for five weeks with the wound, at the end of which time he took the field, and, being unable to ride on horseback, he went with his regiment in a buggy, and traveled with it for months in this way.

South-western Kentucky was at that time filled with rebels and guerrillas; consequently, the Colonel's regiment was engaged almost every day in skirmishing and fighting.

In the month of March, 1863, Colonel Shackelford was confirmed, by the United States Senate, as a Brigadier-General, and was placed in command of the South-western part of Kentucky.

On the 27th of June, 1863, General Shackelford received orders to move at once to Glasgow, Kentucky, with his brigade. The order was promptly obeyed.

Morgan was then on the march for Kentucky, and crossed the Cumberland, as we have seen in the last chapter, at Burksville.

General Shackelford was ordered to Columbia, *via* Edmonton. He arrived with his command at Libb's Bend on the morning of the 5th of July, where he learned that Colonel Moore had repulsed Morgan in his attack upon his works, the day before. On the night of that same day the command reached Campbellsville, at which place the General received information of the gallant defense, but final capture, of Colonel

Hanson and the Twentieth Regiment of Kentucky Infantry, at Lebanon, on that day.

General Shackelford remained at Campbellsville until the following morning, awaiting the arrival of General Hobson's brigade. At Lebanon they met Colonel Wolford and his brigade. Here General Hobson took command of the three brigades; Shackelford commanded his own and Hobson's brigade. Then the pursuit of Morgan commenced in earnest. They pursued him through Indiana and Ohio, and overtook him, on the 19th of July, at Buffington Island, at which place Morgan was completely routed by the advance-guard of Hobson, as we have heretofore stated, assisted by the gun-boats which General Judah had taken with him up the river.

General Shackelford, who had been reinforced by the Eighth and Ninth Michigan Regiments, under command of Colonel Sanders, was approaching the field of action at Buffington on a trot, when he received orders to reverse his column, and take the first road leading up the river, to cut off the retreat of the rebels. Colonel Wolford, whose brigade was in the rear, had also been ordered to take the same road. The column

of Shackelford had just been reversed, and had reached the road, where it met the forces under command of Wolford, when a courier rushed up and reported that the enemy had attacked the rear of his column. Colonel Wolford at once reported to Shackelford for orders. He was ordered to leave two regiments to hold the road, and then follow Shackelford's forces with the rest of his command. Promptly the General reversed his column, and moved rapidly to the place of attack, and formed a line of battle. The Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, Colonel Jacob, was placed on the extreme right; the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Holloway, in the center; and the Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry, Colonel Crittenden, on the extreme left. The Second Tennessee and Forty-third Ohio Mounted Infantry were kept in reserve.

The fight commenced, and continued for some time, when Shackelford ordered a charge to be made upon the rebel lines by the First, Third, and Eighth Regiments of Kentucky Cavalry. With their sabers gleaming in the bright sunlight of that Sabbath morning, and a terrifying yell, those gallant men rushed upon the enemy. The enemy fled at their approach, and Col-

onel Dick Morgan and his brigade were made prisoners.

This engagement occurred at Bashan Church, four miles in the rear of Buffington Island.

After disposing of the prisoners, General Shackelford reversed his column, and moved on the road running parallel with the river road, on which Morgan was making his escape. He marched fifteen miles in about two hours, and succeeded in throwing part of his force in the front of Morgan. Part of the command had been sent in various directions, after squads of rebels that had been scattered by the fight at Bashan Church, so that Shackelford had but about six hundred men with him when he got in Morgan's front. The General, in person, together with Captain Hoffman, his Adjutant-General, and three or four other officers, made a reconnoissance within a short distance of the place where Morgan and about two thousand of his men were halted. He was found in a deep and almost inaccessible ravine.

Shackelford at once reported, to Generals Judah and Hobson, Morgan's position. It was, however, late in the evening, and they did not receive the message in

time to move up the river. During the night the scattered forces of General Shackelford were brought together, and the capture of Morgan seemed almost certain; but, under the cover of night, he took his entire command along by-paths leading through the woods, and on the next morning, the 20th instant, he was four miles in advance of our forces. Shackelford immediately commenced the pursuit, and that day witnessed the greatest race of the war. He had chased Morgan, by three o'clock that day, fifty-seven miles, and fought him from three until four o'clock, and succeeded in routing and driving him upon a high bluff. Shackelford at once demanded an unconditional surrender of Morgan and his command. Our flag met a flag of the enemy, which was borne by Colonel Coleman, of Louisville, Kentucky. They seemed exceedingly anxious to surrender, if General Shackelford would agree to respect private property. He informed them that he would accept nothing but an unconditional surrender, and, at the same time, informed them that it was not his purpose to rob them, although they had set the example by robbing our men at Lebanon, Kentucky. It was the understanding of General Shackelford and his

officers that Morgan and his entire command, then and there, surrendered. It was raining at the time, and late in the evening before the rebels commenced coming down from the hill. Morgan was not at the head of the prisoners. Shackelford inquired for him, when he was informed that Morgan had taken some six hundred of his men and fled.

The night was spent in disposing of the prisoners captured at that point—Keiger Creek, ten miles from Gallipolis. The prisoners numbered about thirteen hundred.

The next morning General Shackelford called for one thousand volunteers, to renew the chase. Colonel Capron, of the Fourteenth Illinois Regiment, joined our forces during the night. They were unable, however, to find more than five hundred horses, among our own and those that were captured, that were fit for the chase that day. Colonel Wolford, Colonel Capron, and Lieutenant-Colonel Melton, of the Second Tennessee, and a number of other officers, volunteered. Colonel Jacob was ordered to take command of the forces that remained, and the prisoners.

They started in pursuit of Morgan again, but did

not overtake him until Friday, the 24th instant. In the mean time Major-General Burnside had issued an order placing General Shackelford in command of all the forces in pursuit of Morgan.

On Sabbath morning, the 26th of July, Major Way, of the Ninth Michigan Regiment, and a militia regiment, met Morgan, and captured some two hundred of his men. Ascertaining the direction Morgan had taken, and knowing that he would aim for the river, General Shackelford ordered Major Rue, Captain Ward, and Adjutant Carpenter to take the advance, and run out upon a road that would intercept him. The column immediately followed the advance.

A courier from Major Rue reported that the enemy had just come into the road, in his front. Within a few moments a second courier said that Major Rue wanted reinforcements. General Shackelford pressed the command forward with the utmost speed.

In the mean time Morgan had been brought to a halt by the advance force just spoken of.

Morgan claimed, when Major Rue demanded his surrender, that he had already surrendered to a militia captain. Rue, very properly, refused to take any ac-

tion whatever until General Shackelford should arrive, except to hold securely his prisoners.

Soon after the arrival of Shackelford, he ordered Morgan, Colonel Cluke, and their staffs, to follow him. They rode back about two miles, and dismounted at a house, at which place Morgan asked for an interview with Shackelford, calling several of his officers into the room. He then said that he had surrendered to a militia captain, and that the terms of surrender were that he and all of his officers and men were to be paroled. To all this General Shackelford replied that he would not for one moment entertain the idea of paroling him; that he had followed him for thirty days and nights; that he had fought his command several times, and had defeated him upon every field; and that when he made the pretended surrender to a militia captain, he was surrounded, and knew that escape was impossible; and that the surrender to a man that he held as a prisoner of war was simply absurd and ridiculous. He further informed Morgan that he would deliver him, and his men and officers, to General Burnside, at Cincinnati.

To all this Morgan replied that what he then said

was law, and that he would have to obey, as he was the captor, and he (Morgan) the captive. He reminded General Shackelford that, amid the fortunes of war, the thing might be changed, and that he might be the captor and Shackelford the captive. To this Shackelford replied that he neither asked nor granted favors.

General Shackelford is a member of that highly-respectable body of Christians called Cumberland Presbyterians, and is, we hope, a true soldier of the Cross.

His dispatch to Colonel Lewis Richmond, Assistant Adjutant-General of Burnside, has the right ring, the tone of which has been admired by thousands of Christian people, of various denominations, all over this land. Here it is:

"HEAD-QUARTERS IN THE FIELD,
"TWO MILES FROM NEW LISBON, O., *July* 26, 1863.

"*Colonel Lewis Richmond:*

"By the blessing of Almighty God, I have succeeded in capturing General John H. Morgan, Colonel Cluke, and the rest of their command, numbering some four hundred. I will leave on the first train, with Morgan and his staff, for Cincinnati. I am, Colonel, yours, etc.,

"J. M. SHACKELFORD,
"Brig.-Gen. Commanding."

At Lexington, Indiana, General Shackelford made a speech to a large crowd of people, about twelve o'clock at night. As soon as he had got through his speech, the Adjutant of Colonel Jacob, who was standing close by the speaker, asked to be introduced to the ladies present. By some means, the impression was prevalent among the ladies that he was a General; so he went round playing the General, and not only shaking hands with the ladies, but kissing the pretty ones and all the babies, to the great amusement of the soldiers, who knew that he was simply an Adjutant.

At the battle of Buffington, which has been described in this chapter, and while our forces were in line of battle, and the bullets were flying around like hail, a man was brought to Colonel Jacob by some of the skirmishers. He was a citizen, and was so much alarmed that he could not speak at first. After a short time, however, he gasped out, "Colonel, please save my corn as much as possible." Of course, the officers present were greatly amused when the Colonel said to the man, "I will grant your request."

At the same place, just at the commencement of the

battle, a citizen, who had followed our army in a buggy, was suddenly taken with a strong desire to retreat. Leaving horse, buggy, and all, he commenced making rapid strides down the hill; but some of our men, who were opposed to cowardice, and who pretended to be afraid of the bad example, brought him back, and compelled him to smell the smoke of battle.

The military career of General Shackelford does not end with the important part that he took in the capture of Morgan and his men. He has, since that time, been active and conspicuous in the campaign of East Tennessee. For the sake of preserving important historical events connected with this cruel rebellion, and for the further purpose of giving proper credit to the man who rendered efficient service in capturing Morgan, and in behalf of bleeding and loyal East Tennesseeans, we here put upon record the following important and interesting facts:

After the capture of Morgan, General Shackelford returned to Kentucky. Soon after his return, it pleased the Lord to take from him his wife, who had been ill for months with the consumption. About this time he was ordered to report at Stanford, Ky., where

a brigade of cavalry awaited him for the East Tennessee campaign. With his brigade, the General moved over the mountains into East Tennessee.

On the 4th of September, 1863, he drove Buckner's retreating army across the Tennessee River at Loudon. Buckner burned the bridge at that point, a most splendid structure, to prevent the further pursuit of his forces.

Shackelford was then placed in command of a cavalry division, composed of three brigades, with which he moved to and invested Cumberland Gap. General Frazer was there in command of the rebel garrison. General Shackelford at once demanded an unconditional surrender of himself and his command, and gave him until three o'clock of the same day to decide the matter. At twelve o'clock that night Shackelford sent a detachment of one hundred and fifty-odd men to drive in his outposts and pickets, and, at the same time, opened on his works with his artillery. The rebel General, expecting a general assault, ordered his men within the inner works. This gave to our force the opportunity of burning a mill, which was the chief dependence of the enemy for bread. The mill

was speedily consumed, and, on the 9th of September, the garrison surrendered; and thus, without any loss on our part, two thousand three hundred prisoners fell into the hands of our forces.

From the Cumberland Gap this part of our army then moved back to Knoxville, and from thence to Bristol, skirmishing and fighting with the rebel cavalry almost daily. Again they were ordered to Knoxville, for the purpose of rendering assistance to General Rosecrans.

At this time one more brigade was added to the command of General Shackelford, and two brigades were ordered to Loudon and Sweetwater; and Shackelford's division, in connection with one division of the Ninth Army Corps, moved east toward Bristol. They fought and defeated the enemy at Blue Springs, whereupon General Burnside ordered Shackelford to pursue the enemy with cavalry. On the 19th of October he fought the enemy, under command of Generals John S. Williams and Jackson, of Tennessee, and defeated them twice. They were strongly fortified at Carter's Station and Zollicoffer. Shackelford moved off to their left, as though he intended to make an

attack upon their salt-works. General Williams, to save the salt-works, moved out of his fortified position, and met our forces near Blountville, and gave them battle. The rebel forces were defeated and routed. This was on the 21st of October. On that night they evacuated Zollicoffer and Carter's Station, and fled, in the greatest consternation, into Virginia. On the 22d, the day following, our forces followed them to within a few miles of Abingdon, Virginia, and burned seven railroad bridges, three locomotives, thirty-odd cars, and tore up and burned five miles of railroad track, and then returned to Jonesboro, a town noted as once being the residence of that great and good man, Rev. Dr. Nelson, who wrote the book called "The Cause and Cure of Infidelity," which has a world-wide reputation. From Jonesboro our forces moved to Greenville. On the 2d of November, by order of General Burnside, a cavalry corps, composed of two divisions, was formed, and General Shackelford placed in command, with his head-quarters at Knoxville.

On the 15th of November, Shackelford, at the head of fourteen hundred soldiers, met Wheeler, the rebel

General, with his command, variously estimated from six to ten thousand troops, and fought him all day, and repulsed him severely at night.

On the 17th instant the siege of Knoxville commenced. For several days parts of General Shackelford's command were upon all sides of the town. The gallant General Sanders, who fell mortally wounded while commanding one of the outposts, commanded one division in his corps. About the sixth day of the siege, Shackelford was placed in command of all the forts, six in number, and all the forces on the south side of the river. At the latter place he had two desperate engagements with the enemy of Hood's division, and defeated him each time; immediately after which the siege was raised.

Shackelford was ordered, with his cavalry corps, to follow Longstreet. He pursued the enemy to Bean's Station, skirmishing and fighting with his rear every day.

On the 14th of December, Longstreet, with his whole army, moved against Shackelford, who was at Bean's Station, with about four thousand soldiers. The battle commenced about two o'clock P. M., and

continued until after night had set in. Our forces possessed every advantage in position, but the enemy had at least five men to our one. The fighting was desperate. The enemy acknowledged a loss of eight hundred killed and wounded, including one General wounded. The Federal loss was about two hundred. They skirmished all the day following, and, on the night of the 15th, the Federals were ordered back to Blain's Cross-roads.

On the morning of the 16th instant, General Shackelford, on leave of absence obtained from General Burnside, left for his home in Kentucky, having remained in the field twelve days after permission had been granted him to leave his command.

When the General arrived at his home, he found his widowed mother, then seventy-four years old, in a helpless condition. He also had four small motherless children. The condition of all was such as to impress him with the feeling that it was his duty to quit the army and take care of his mother and children. He accordingly sent his resignation to Washington, with the reasons of resignation, and they were considered satisfactory. Accordingly, on the 18th of

January, 1864, the President accepted the resignation of General Shackelford; and thus has ended, for the present, the military career of one who has made for himself a name and a place deep in the hearts of thousands of loyal people in Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, and Ohio.

CHAPTER X.

COLONEL R. T. JACOB, OF THE NINTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY AND LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY—A HEROINE AND DAUGHTER OF BENTON—THE BIRTH OF COLONEL JACOB—HIS EARLY CHARACTER—PERILOUS JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA—COLONEL JACOB AND GENERAL FREMONT IN CALIFORNIA—RETURN TO THE STATES—MARRIAGE—ILL HEALTH—IN MISSOURI—UNITES WITH THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—A RULING ELDER—HIS CHARACTER—ELECTED A MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE—DESERTS THE BRECKINRIDGE PARTY—ON THE COMMITTEE ON FEDERAL RELATIONS—SPEECHES—RE-ELECTED TO THE LEGISLATURE IN 1861—HE IS STRONGLY IN FAVOR OF THE UNION—ENTERS THE MILITARY SERVICE—AT RICHMOND—FIGHT AT CLAY VILLAGE—A MOST EXCITING FIGHT AT LAWRENCEBURG—COLONEL JACOB WOUNDED—EXCITING SCENE ON HIS RETURN TO HIS REGIMENT—ENGAGEMENT ON 10TH OF MARCH, 1863, WITH MORGAN'S ADVANCE—HIS PURSUIT OF MORGAN THROUGH KENTUCKY, INDIANA, AND OHIO—ELECTION AS LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY—HIS SPEECHES.

EARLY in the month of November, 1861, the writer of this book met, in one of the principal thoroughfares of the city of Louisville, a lady of no ordinary character, when the following conversation took place:

"I am informed, madam, that your husband is raising a regiment, and expects to go to war in defense of his country. Is it true?"

"Yes, sir, it is true. My husband is a true Union

man, loves his country, and will make any sacrifice for its preservation."

"But what will you do, on your large farm, with no one with you but your little children?"

"Sir, I do not expect to stay on the farm. I intend to go with my husband."

"What good do you hope to accomplish by going with your husband to the tented field?"

"I expect, sir, to encourage my husband, and take care of him when sick or wounded, and to encourage every officer and soldier of his command to do his duty."

"Well, madam, I think you will find a cotton tent a cheerless place, during the cold rains and snows of this winter."

"Sir, I can endure as much as any man that walks these streets. Besides, I do not expect to live in a cotton tent all winter."

"Where do you expect to spend the winter?"

"I expect to take my Christmas dinner in Charleston, South Carolina."

This woman had enough of the heroic and patriotic in her character to make her equal, in these respects,

to the noblest women that lived during the period of our great Revolution. She had a strong mind and a warm heart, and, withal, was a true Christian and genuine Presbyterian. She was the daughter of the late Hon. T. H. Benton, the sister of Mrs. General J. C. Fremont, and the wife of Colonel R. T. Jacob, a sketch of whose life we are now about to give to the reader.

This noble woman has lately fallen "asleep in Jesus." She deserves to be remembered; and we have introduced her name in this connection, not simply because it affords a fit introduction to our subject, but because we desire to hold her name in sacred remembrance. "We are delighted to hold in proud and perpetual remembrance all those *men* of past ages who, by their learning, their genius, their sufferings, or their swords, have battled most bravely for the rights of man, and have left their marks the deepest on the sands of time.

> "'Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
> Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,
> Receive proud recompense.'

In honor of their hallowed dust and their imperishable deeds, a grateful posterity has loved to pile the

monumental column higher and higher, until it meets the sun in his coming, and the last rays of departing day play around its summit." And why should we not delight to hold in perpetual remembrance the heroic and patriotic women of this and past generations?

We have felt free to pay this poor tribute of respect to a departed heroic Christian spirit, because it is a departed spirit; and, in writing this sketch of him who is left to mourn his great loss, we can but express our regret that we do not feel at liberty to say of him, and because he still lives, what we have in our heart to say. We will confine our statements to a simple record of facts, leaving the reader to draw his own inferences.

Colonel Richard Taylor Jacob was born on the 13th day of March, 1825, near Saltillo, Oldham County, Kentucky, at the home of his great-grandfather, Commodore Richard Taylor, an old Revolutionary sailor, after whom Colonel Jacob was named. He is the son of John J. Jacob, who was for many years a citizen of Louisville, Kentucky, and who was one of the wealthiest men of that city.

His children inherited his large estate, and, of

course, his son Richard was a wealthy young man. But such was his character that his wealth did not, in the least degree, seem to be an injury to him. That can not be said of all young men who have inherited wealth. In very many instances, the children of wealthy parents have turned out to be a curse to themselves, their parents, and their race. But here is one exception to this general rule. Well does the author of these lines remember Colonel Jacob, or, as we then called him, "Dick," in our college days. He was the only wealthy young man in the class of which he was a member, and yet no one would have suspected, from his deportment among his fellow-students, that he was possessed of very considerable wealth. He was remarkable for his modest deportment, was neat in his personal appearance, and was in good repute as a moral, honorable, and studious young man. His health becoming greatly impaired, he resolved to make a journey, over the plains, to California. His friends attempted to dissuade him from his purpose, and freely expressed to him their belief that he was too feeble to undertake so perilous a journey, and that, if he did undertake it, he would perish on the plains.

To all these entreaties of friends, he replied: "I will not stay here, leading a worthless life. I would rather leave my bones to bleach upon the plains, in what seems to be the path of duty, than stay at home, to be worthless, and die in bed."

To carry out the purpose which he had formed, Mr. Jacob left his home and friends, in the city of Louisville, on the 19th day of April, 1846, and started on his journey to California. He joined a large party of emigrants, near the town of Independence, Missouri. They started on the overland trip on the 11th day of May, 1846. On the 12th instant, the day following, Mr. Jacob was elected Captain, to command one of the four companies into which the party was divided. So well did he discharge his duty, in his new position, that, in a short time, he was elected second in command, and ultimately was offered the full command of the party to the Pacific. He, however, declined the honors thus offered to him.

Owing to the heavy wagon-train, the progress of the emigrants was slow. Captain Jacob, not feeling willing to move at so slow a pace, selected nine men, and

with them undertook the very perilous journey of fifteen hundred miles, over what was then almost an unbroken route.

This was the third party that had made the attempt to cross the Great Basin.

The little party pushed on, bravely encountering the many difficulties that they met on the journey. For some time their only food was grasshoppers and service-berries—rare diet, indeed, for men who had been accustomed to the refinements of civilized life!

They safely arrived, however, in California, in the latter part of the month of August.

Soon after this, Captain Jacob raised a company, and joined the force under command of Colonel (now General) John C. Fremont, and was put in command of a scouting party, which was on the move day and night, almost without intermission. He seldom failed to catch the spies and scouts of the enemy, and kept the command well informed of all their movements.

It will be remembered that, on the 20th of January, 1847, or about that time, the enemy surrendered to Colonel Fremont. Seeing that the war was virtually

at an end in California, Captain Jacob asked for and obtained leave to return to the states. He returned by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Before he left San Diego, California, he received a letter from Colonel Fremont, recommending him to "the world" as a gentleman and a good officer, and that, too, in the highest terms.

He reached the states on the 1st of May, 1847, and immediately proceeded to Washington City, and applied for an appointment in the army that was about to move into Mexico, but failed to secure the desired appointment.

In the month of September following, the President called for twenty companies of volunteers. Captain Jacob at once commenced the work of recruiting, and, in a few days, had a full company, and offered it to the government. In the mean time as many as thirty-two companies were raised and offered to the government, but only twenty could be accepted, and Captain Jacob's was one of those which were rejected.

Thus, after two praiseworthy efforts, he was compelled to abandon the idea of taking part in the Mexican war.

He was called to attend the Fremont court-martial, as a witness, at Washington City; and, while there, married Sarah, the third daughter of Hon. T. H. Benton, on January 17, 1848.

In the month of March, 1849, he started again for California, for the purpose of recovering his health, which had again become very poor; but, by the time he reached the Isthmus of Panama, he was so enfeebled that he could not proceed on his journey, but was compelled to return to his home.

In the fall of 1849 he moved to the state of Missouri, and purchased a farm near the town of Booneville, hoping that active out-door life would benefit him. While living on his farm, his physician discovered that all his poor health was the result of a fall which he had when a boy; and, with proper remedies, he was gradually restored to health, but not until he had been near death's door.

The climate of Missouri did not seem to agree with Mrs. Jacob, and he again returned to his old home at Louisville, and shortly afterward purchased a large farm on the Ohio River, in Oldham County, just below the village of Westport.

On the 1st of January, 1854, Captain Jacob, on profession of faith, united with the First Presbyterian Church of Louisville, then under the pastoral care of Rev. William L. Breckinridge, D. D., a most worthy minister of the Gospel. The Captain had a number of relatives in that Church, among whom was the gallant Colonel Pope, who was a ruling elder, and of whom we have spoken in a previous part of this work. Afterward both the Captain and his wife united with the little Church at Westport, where they exerted a most excellent influence for good, mingling freely with the poorest members of the Church, and, no doubt, sincerely regarding them as brethren beloved in the Lord. He was elected and ordained a ruling elder in the Church at Westport, and now holds that important office.

We may not be correct in our opinion, but we have sometimes thought we could see elements of character in Colonel Jacob not unlike those of "Old Ironsides"—we mean Oliver Cromwell. Whether he had any psalm singing in his camps or not, or whether his soldiers went into battle singing or not, we can not say; but this we know, that he did, in every way in

his power, encourage every good and Christian work among his soldiers. He carried his religion with him into the camp. And, in this respect, he is a standing rebuke to those godless officers of the army who manifest so much contempt for chaplains and every thing of a religious character, and who are profoundly ignorant of the fact that the bravest soldiers the world ever saw were Christian soldiers. In confirmation of what has just been stated concerning the character of Colonel Jacob, we give the following proof only. We might add other proof, but this is sufficient to evince in him a sincere desire for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers:

"GALT HOUSE, *October* 13, 1863.

"*Mr. Isaac Russell:*

"DEAR SIR—I have watched with great interest the work being executed by the Christian Commission. It is true, owing to the very active service of our Kentucky cavalry for the last twelve months, I have not seen as much of the work as those commanding infantry; still, I have seen sufficient to justify me in saying the Commission is doing a great and noble work. I have had my camp visited by gentlemen

belonging to the Commission, and found the men always pleased to see them, and rejoiced to obtain reading matter. Soldiers, accustomed to an exciting life, must have something to amuse them when they return to camp. If they have not books, they are apt to take to card-playing. I have noticed, with pleasure, as a general thing, they prefer books, especially the Bible. I have distributed two hundred Testaments, in a very short space of time, among my soldiers. They came, in many instances, voluntarily to obtain them; and those who came too late, the supply being exhausted, appeared to be much disappointed. Also, when the Commission would leave packages of books with me for distribution, they would be taken directly by the men.

"I give these instances to show with what avidity the soldiers receive the books that the Commission distributes, hoping that it may prove an incentive to the members to pursue their glorious work.

"With the prayer that a Divine Providence may abundantly bless the work of the Commission to the salvation of the souls of many noble men, who are defending with their lives the heritage of our fathers,

and not only theirs, but also the souls of many of our misguided brethren, who may come under their fostering care,

"I remain, very sincerely and truly,

"RICHARD T. JACOB,
"Colonel of the late Ninth Kentucky Cavalry."

In 1859 the name of Captain Jacob was suggested, through the public prints, by a number of his fellow-citizens, and that, too, without consultation with him, as a suitable person to represent the county in the next Legislature. Although comparatively a stranger, he received the nomination as a candidate; and, after a thorough canvass of the county, was elected by a large majority. The distinction which he won for himself during the regular session of the Legislature fully satisfied his constituents that they had sent the right man to the right place. He was afterward appointed an assistant Breckinridge elector, and made many speeches, during the Presidential canvass, in favor of Major Breckinridge. He always, and in every speech, professed undying attachment to the Union, and most sincerely believed that it was a calumny to call Major

Breckinridge a disunionist. He was a member of the extraordinary sessions of the Kentucky Legislature, the first of which commenced in January, and the second of which ended in June. It was at this time that Captain Jacob became fully satisfied that Major Breckinridge and his whole party, except himself and one other member in the Legislature, were secessionists. At once he gave them to understand that they had deceived the people, and told them boldly that he would wipe his hands of the "*whole concern.*"

He was afterward appointed a member of the Committee on Federal Relations, and, while acting in that capacity, wrote a series of resolutions, which were adopted as the majority report of the Committee. The Legislature adopted only three of the resolutions. The design of the paper was to set forth the mediatorial and neutral position of Kentucky—a position which, at the time, was accepted both by Union men and secessionists. Both parties expected to receive great advantage from it, and it proved to be of great advantage both to Kentucky and the General Government. The state has been greatly censured for assuming a position for which there was no warrant in

the Constitution, and which seemed to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy as an independent nation, and on a parity with the government of the United States.

It is not our purpose now to discuss this question, but we desire to state that, while Captain Jacob advocated the mediatorial and neutral position, he did so from motives that were pure, loyal, and in the highest degree patriotic. He believed that it was the only position, at the time, that could save the state from being hurled headlong into the vortex of secession.

It is proper to state that, at that period, the lower branch of the Legislature was nearly equally divided between the two parties. The vote stood forty-eight for the Union and forty-seven for secession. About six out of the forty-eight Union men were not considered very reliable. Captain Jacob, by casting his vote with the Union members, made a majority of one. It is wonderful that the state was not lost, at that time, to the Union.

The position of Captain Jacob at this time was extremely embarrassing; but, in a short time, his burning patriotism won for him the good opinion of all the

Union members. It will be seen, from what has just been stated, that the Union members were forced to do what they did, or else give up the state to anarchy and secession. If they had taken the position of "coercion" at that period of time, they would have lost the six doubtful votes, and would have thrown the Union party in the Senate into the minority. The secession majority of both houses would then have instantly voted ten millions of dollars for the defense of the state; the arms purchased would have been placed in the hands of secessionists; the Union men would have been unarmed, overawed; and the state would have been hurled into secession, and the Confederate army immensely strengthened.

Thus the Union party, by agreeing to the mediatorial position, for the time being, and professing, at the same time, undying allegiance to the General Government, as "the palladium of our liberties," foiled the secession leaders, kept a working majority in the House, armed the Union men of the state, instead of secessionists, and, when the conflict came, the Union men were, at least, partly prepared for the terrible conflict.

We think that we can state, with a considerable degree of correctness, the reasons that influenced Captain Jacob in favor of the mediatorial and neutral position of Kentucky—or, rather, the Legislature of the state, for it is well known that there were thousands of Union citizens opposed to this position, even at that time.

The war had not then actually begun, and Captain Jacob believed that it was right and proper to save the country from its horrors, if it could be done by a satisfactory compromise. He firmly believed that, in a military point of view, it was the best thing that could be done, under the circumstances. It perfectly protected seven hundred and fifty miles of territory along the Ohio River, gave the nation time to concentrate its military forces along that important line, and time to prepare for the great contest, while it saved not less than one hundred thousand Kentucky soldiers from being forced into the service of the Confederate army.

The following resolutions will explain the views of Captain Jacob, in regard to neutrality, better than we can. Any one who will read these resolutions will

have a clear idea of his views, and will not have a doubt of his patriotism and unconditional love of the Union:

RESOLUTIONS IN RELATION TO NEUTRALITY, ETC.

By Captain Jacob, of Oldham County.

"1. *Resolved, by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky*, That Kentucky has always looked upon the Union of the states and the preservation of liberty as one and inseparable, now and forever.

"2. *Resolved*, That we assumed neutrality and mediation, not to destroy, but to preserve, the unity of the states; not to cast off our allegiance to the Federal Government, but to try and win back peaceably, by proper mediation and compromise, the seceded states to their allegiance.

"3. *Resolved*, That when we assumed neutrality, we intended it merely as an abeyance of our constitutional duty, by the sufferance, not independence, of the General Government, nor for the selfish purpose alone of preserving our peace, but for the far nobler and holier purpose of refraining from the combat, so that we could appeal both to the North and South to stay the fratricidal and unnatural combat, and to offer our services as mediator to adjust the difficulties that, unhappily, had arisen, and restore the work of our fathers.

"4. *Resolved, therefore*, That when the General Government occupies our soil for its defense, in pursuance of a constitutional right, it neither compromises our assumed neutrality nor gives the right to the Confederate forces to invade our state, on the assumption that our neutrality has been violated, especially when they first set foot upon our soil upon the plea of military necessity.

"5. *Resolved, further*, That the honor of Kentucky will not permit her to make any concessions or compromises to the Confederate forces as long as one hostile foot presses her soil.

"6. *Resolved*, That Kentucky's neutrality has not been assumed from fear, but from love to all parts of the Union; and if she is forced into this combat, that, with a brave heart and clear conscience, she will appeal fearlessly to the God of battles; and, if that dread hour must come, Kentucky expects every son to do his duty. She appeals to them by all the cherished memories of the past: by the memory of Raisin, of New Orleans, of Buena Vista, by all the rich hopes of the future, she demands that they stand by her until the last armed invader is driven from her soil. Who will be so base as to desert her? Who will stand before history as both traitor and coward to the state whose great heart throbs with undying love to the sisterhood of states, knowing no sectional limits, but, in her love, embracing a boundless continent? If there be such a one, may his name be branded with infamy to the remotest time!"

The above resolutions were adopted in both Houses, without a call of the yeas and nays.

The speeches made by Captain Jacob, when he was a member of the Legislature, were, with one exception, very brief. He made it a rule never to take up the time of the House unnecessarily. He seemed to have the happy faculty of seeing clearly the arguments that were pertinent, and frequently presented them with great power.

He was reëlected to the Legislature of 1861 by a very largely increased vote over his previous election.

The two Houses of the Legislature convened the first week in September, 1861. That week was big with the most important events, although half the people of Kentucky were ignorant at the time of the terrible storm that was about to burst upon them. During this week the state was invaded by a large Confederate army, and, at the same time, a great conspiracy was about to break out in the very midst of the people, but which was provided for and defeated, as we have shown in the first chapter of this work. The Legislature was not captured or dispersed, and one made up of conspirators put in its place, as was intended.

During this session of the Legislature, Captain Jacob took decided steps for war, in favor of the government, and against the Confederacy.

Some time in the month of October following, Captain Jacob commenced raising a regiment of infantry. Before his regiment was filled, an order was issued to consolidate the skeleton regiments of the state. The

men enlisted by Captain Jacob were placed in the Thirteenth Kentucky Regiment of Infantry. This order prevented him from entering, for a time, the military service of his country, as he greatly desired. Probably it was well for the country that it was so, for he made a number of effective speeches, where they were needed, in favor of the war and the government, during the few following months.

We now come to consider the military career of Captain Jacob, which, in the great civil conflict of our country, is one of no ordinary interest.

In the month of July, 1862, John H. Morgan, the noted guerrilla chieftain, invaded the state of Kentucky, and moved about with very considerable freedom. He seemed to do very much as he pleased. Captain Jacob felt outraged by this whole affair, and at once made a proposition, through the public journals, to be one of fifteen hundred or two thousand men, who should arm and equip themselves, at their own expense, for the pursuit and overthrow of Morgan and his forces; and, had not Morgan fled from the state, Captain Jacob would have raised thousands of the best young men of Kentucky to carry out his

purpose. Communications poured in upon him from every part of the state, from young men, accepting his proposition.

Afterward he was offered a commission as Colonel, to raise a regiment of cavalry, of twelve hundred and fifty men, to serve for twelve months, which he accepted.

In less than three weeks after receiving his commission, he raised two thousand five hundred men for the cavalry service, but was not permitted to keep more than one regiment. This regiment has made for itself a name that will live in the annals of history.

Having been mustered into the service of the United States, it marched at once to meet the enemy, who were then under the command of Generals Bragg, Smith, and Morgan, invading the state of Kentucky.

One week after this, part of one company of this regiment were acting as a body-guard to General Nelson, and were captured at the disastrous battle of Richmond.

The night after the defeat of General Nelson's forces, Colonel Jacob, under command of General

Jackson, arrived within one and a half miles of Richmond, with the greater part of his regiment, together with the Ninth Pennsylvania Regiment of Cavalry, before he knew of the defeat of Nelson. They at once retreated, and marched all night, and all of the following day, and reached Lexington, after having been in the saddle and on the march thirty-six hours.

The first engagement that seems to us to be of sufficient importance to record, was the one into which Colonel Jacob led his men, near Clay Village, in Shelby County.

One half of his regiment had been sent, under command of its Lieutenant-Colonel, with General Buell. Colonel Jacob, with his remaining force, met and bravely fought Scott's rebel brigade, composed of one Georgia, the First Louisiana, and Stearns's Tennessee Regiments.

The infantry first drove them from the woods, in which they had taken shelter. Colonel Jacob then ordered his fragment of a regiment to charge. Bravely they threw themselves upon the rebel brigade—their Colonel leading, in the very front—and, strange to tell,

this handful of brave men drove the enemy two miles from all support.

Colonel Jacob then saw that there was danger that his little force would be outflanked. He promptly ran his men back about a quarter of a mile, then suddenly wheeled, and made another charge, which, to the enemy, seemed perfectly irresistible, for they fled, panic-stricken, "pellmell," before this little, but heroic, force of cavalry, to Frankfort, the Capital of the state.

They carried the panic with them into the town, and started Bragg and the whole "rebel concern" that had just been engaged in inaugurating one Hawes as rebel Governor of Kentucky.

Colonel Jacob received the highest praise for this heroic achievement from General Kirk—that brave Illinois soldier, who fell, mortally wounded, in the terrible battle of Stone River

Previous to this fight, the infantry of the division with which the Ninth Regiment was connected had a very poor opinion of cavalry; but, ever afterward, they had a higher appreciation of this arm of the service, and especially of the Ninth and their brave

officers. They were the "pets" of the division to which they belonged.

On Wednesday, the 8th day of October, 1862, the day of the battle of Perryville, Colonel Jacob's regiment was attacked by a very large force of cavalry. This was a hand-to-hand engagement. Colonel Alston, of South Carolina, and Colonel Jacob, were personally engaged. Their pistols were, at one time, and for several minutes, not more than three feet from each other's heads. Colonel Jacob's pistol failed to fire, three successive times. By changing the position of his horse, he forced Colonel Alston to change his position a few feet; and this time his pistol fired, and Colonel Alston fell from his horse. Colonel Jacob then turned around to encourage his men, and found that they had been forced back by superior numbers, while he was engaged with their Colonel in this hand-to-hand fight, and that a long line of rebel cavalry was between himself and his regiment.

The Colonel then rode rapidly to a commanding position near by, and commenced cheering his men, with a stentorian voice, over the heads of the enemy's cavalry, that were between himself and his regiment, and

who were fighting, at the time, like demons. "*My brave boys*," cried the Colonel, "*don't give back an inch! Charge! charge them!*" They heard the voice of their brave commander above the din of battle, and saw his peril; they rushed forward—the enemy fell back.

But while Colonel Jacob was encouraging his troops, from his prominent and exposed position, he was suddenly surrounded by nine of the enemy, who attempted to drag him from his horse. By the movements of his horse, and a constant effort to fire at them, he kept them at bay; but, unfortunately, his pistol would not fire. The enemy were closing in upon him, when one of their number ran from a fence-corner, just at the back of the Colonel, and, with a Bowie-knive in his hand, and that hand outstretched over the rump of his horse, was about to make the fatal thrust, when the noble horse gave the assassin a kick that sent him, heels over head, in the rear. The horse then, springing forward, cleared the Colonel from his assailants. They poured a storm of bullets after him, as he fled, doing him no damage, except shooting his cap from his head, and inflicting a slight

wound on his forehead. But he was not yet freed from the perilous situation.

The Colonel galloped on with his horse, and his assailants followed after him. He saw a fence before him, and then he began to despair of escape. Before reaching the fence, he saw one of his men near by, and called to him to throw off the top rails, which he did promptly, and his horse sprang over. The noble animal moved on, the Colonel sitting sideways in his saddle, watching his pursuers, when suddenly he discovered a man near by him, whom he took to be a Home Guard, but who shot the Colonel while trying to determine whether he was friend or foe. The ball passed through the fleshy part of the breast, making a hole three or four inches above the heart, and then passed through the large muscle of the arm, very close to the artery.

His foe, as soon as he shot him, cried out,

"Halt! surrender!"

"I won't do it!" the Colonel laconically replied.

"I will make you halt!" said the rebel.

"Come and try it!" said the Colonel, as he moved

on from the field of action, with the blood dripping from his wound, and down the sides of his steed.

Just at this time the Colonel discovered a wide gully before him, and, knowing that he was badly wounded, thought it prudent to put it between himself and his enemy, before he made battle. He therefore put the spurs to his horse, and, with a bound, the noble animal cleared the ditch. Immediately he turned around to give battle; but, to his great joy, he saw his pursuer stretched out on the ground.

Some skirmishers from the Fifteenth Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, and some of Colonel Jacob's own men, had put five balls through him. Strange to say, that man recovered.

Thus, after being in the very jaws of death, the Colonel rejoined his regiment. In the mean time they had defeated the enemy.

Colonel Jacob was then put into an ambulance, and followed the army for three days, hoping that he would be sufficiently recovered of his wounds in a short time to resume command; but on the fourth day, by order of Brigadier-General Sill, he was sent to Louisville until he was fit for duty.

As soon as the Colonel recovered from his wounds he returned to his regiment. When he arrived at the encampment the rain was pouring down in torrents; but the news spread rapidly from tent to tent, and the soldiers came rushing out through the rain to welcome their leader with shouts that could be heard a mile distant. Every man rushed up to him to press him by the hand. No speeches were made by either party after the shout of welcome. Their hearts were too full for utterance. They stood in each other's presence bathed in tears. Strange sight! The very men who had seen their comrades and foes lying all around them bleeding, wounded, mangled, and dead, more than once on the field of carnage, and that, too, without a tear, now wept like children! The brave love the brave, and can weep for joy as well as for sorrow.

The next engagement in which Colonel Jacob took part, and which is well worthy of record, was on the 10th of May, 1863. He had aided in driving the enemy into Tennessee. When he returned to Kentucky from the chase into Tennessee, he was ordered by General Carter to recross the Cumberland River

at Jamestown. Owing to very heavy rains for several days, the river had become very much swollen, so much so that the water was ten feet deep on the fords. He had but one small boat, which could not hold more than five horses at a time. This, of course, would make the process of crossing somewhat tedious and slow, and so the Colonel ordered his command to swim the river.

At that time he was commanding a brigade composed of three regiments of cavalry—the Twentieth Regiment of Michigan Infantry, the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Indiana Infantry, and one section of two pieces of artillery. The infantry and artillery were placed in a position to protect the cavalry while they were engaged in swimming the river. Colonel Jacob immediately started out one hundred of his soldiers, selected from the Ninth and Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry and the Twentieth Michigan Regiments, under the command of Captains Wiltsie, Wilson, and Scarcy, for the purpose of destroying a band of guerrillas.

The little force succeeded in capturing a number of the gang, but fell in with what proved to be

the advance of John Morgan. They, however, supposed the enemy to be the band commanded by the notorious Champ Ferguson, who neither asked nor gave quarters, and they fought most desperately, and succeeded in making good their escape.

Colonel Jacob received information concerning this affair about sunset. Immediately he crossed the river with a few officers and men, and ordered five hundred and seventy-five of the infantry and dismounted cavalry to follow. He at once hurried up to the "Narrows," in the Horse-shoe Bottom, a place of great natural strength.

At this point he found part of the expedition, who had escaped by way of the main road. Pickets were stationed, and the Colonel and his little force slept in the "Narrows" that night.

At eight o'clock the next (Sabbath) morning, May 10, the pickets were driven in. At first Colonel Jacob supposed the enemy to be a small band of guerrillas, and, not wishing to expose his men more than might be necessary, concluded to make an Indian fight; that is, fight from behind the trees.

This was kept up for several hours, when the Colo-

nel informed his officers that they were evidently fighting the advance of a large force. In order to determine whether this was really the fact or not, a piece of artillery was sent for. The distance from this place to the river was four miles, and seven hours and fifteen minutes elapsed before the artillery arrived. The Colonel massed a small force of three hundred and fifty men from the Michigan regiment, and one hundred from the Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry, and kept in reserve about one hundred and twenty-five dismounted cavalry.

The artillery captain was a very brave man, but was somewhat nervous about his cannon, fearing that he might lose it in the engagement. The Colonel said to him, "I will give you another, if you lose the one you now have, and ordered him to a commanding position, from which he suddenly opened on the enemy, and then the order was given to charge. The little band charged up to the very face of the enemy, who were behind rail-pens and houses. The artillery knocked down the houses, and the enemy marched out in double-quick time. The enemy, two regiments in number, were about to surrender, when

Morgan arrived with seven fresh regiments, and precipitated them upon this noble little band. They fought this large force of the enemy for some time most heroically, but finally gave way before superior numbers. During the engagement, Colonel Jacob ordered the artillery to break the massed columns of the enemy with shell, as they had no grape with them. The artillery threw shell after shell into the ranks of the enemy at the short distance of not more than two hundred and fifty yards, which scattered them in every direction. The Colonel then ordered his men to fall back into the "Narrows," in order to prevent the enemy from flanking his force. He then commenced retreating with the men, who were worn out by a hard day's fight, and so placed his reserve force, of one hundred and twenty-five men, that they completely covered his retreat, and held Morgan's force in check.

As soon as they arrived at the river, a messen ger overtook them, and informed the Colonel that Morgan had sent in a flag of truce, demanding an unconditional surrender, but the Colonel replied

"that he would not surrender until he had fired the last shot in the locker." He then ordered the officer to retreat with the reserve force as soon as the flag of truce left. The order was promptly obeyed, and the retreat conducted without the loss of a man. They left three pickets, expecting that they would fall into the hands of the enemy, dead or alive. The pickets, finding that they were deserted, deliberately fired into the pickets of the enemy, and then darted away into the hills, and made good their escape. In the mean time Colonel Jacob recrossed the river with his entire force.

Thus the little band of four hundred and fifty men encountered a force numbering not less than four thousand five hundred men, and fought them for forty-five minutes. Those who witnessed it testify that it was an extremely fierce conflict. The Federal loss was forty-four killed, wounded, and missing. The rebel loss was one hundred and fifty-seven killed, and many wounded. The houses for miles around were filled with their wounded. Morgan, at this time, was on the march for the purpose of making an extensive raid through Kentucky. This fight was the means of

checking him, and kept him back for two months, and at a time when the state was poorly prepared to meet the great raider and his hosts. This was the first time that Morgan had been foiled in his attempts to invade Kentucky.

We need not, in this connection, give any lengthy account of the part taken by Colonel Jacob and his regiment in the capture of Morgan. It will be sufficient to say that they met the famous guerrilla chieftain at Marrowbone, and there most bravely resisted his advance, in the commencement of the great raid through Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio, and never gave up the chase until Morgan and his force were captured. It was Major Rue, of Colonel Jacob's command, with detachments from the Ninth and Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, that finally captured the great guerrilla.

An account of the fight at Marrowbone, just alluded to, will be found in the sketch of Brigadier-General Hobson, in another part of this book.

General Hobson said of Colonel Jacob and his regiment, that "they deserved great credit for the manner in which they received the charge of the

enemy at Marrowbone, and the manner in which they repulsed them. Colonel Jacob's conduct on that occasion," said the General, "was gallant and praiseworthy."

To this highly honorable testimony to his character as a military commander, we may add the following correspondence, which will show the estimate in which he was held by soldiers and civilians, who had a fair opportunity of weighing his character and knowing its value in this respect:

"CAMP NINTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY,
"NEAR LEBANON, KY., *March* 9, 1863.

"*Colonel R. T. Jacob:*

"SIR—In behalf of the field, staff, and line officers of your regiment, allow us to ask your acceptance of this sword, as a slight testimonial of the high esteem we have for you as a gallant officer, a true gentleman, and a friend of the soldier, being satisfied that we could not bestow the gift upon one more worthy, and that you will not permit it to become tarnished by rust while the weal of your country demands it, as evidenced by your gallantry at Clay Village and other engagements with the enemy while invading our state,

but particularly upon the field at Lawrenceburg, when you received the scars you so nobly wear.

"We are, Colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

"GEORGE W. RUE, Major.
"WILLIAM BAILEY, Surgeon.
"J. H. BURNS, Captain.
"FRANK H. POPE, Lieut. and Adjt."

"CAMP NEAR LEBANON, KY., *March* 9, 1863.

"*Messrs. George W. Rue, Major; William Bailey, Surgeon; J. H. Burns, Captain; and Frank H. Pope, Lieutenant and Adjutant:*

"GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE—Permit me, through you, to express to the field, staff, and line officers of my regiment, my thanks for the beautiful sword they have so delicately and unexpectedly presented to me. It is, indeed, a great compliment to be styled a 'gallant officer, a true gentleman, and friend of the soldier,' by those who have been so intimately associated with me by the camp-fire, in the hospital by the side of the sick soldier, and on the battle-field where the deadly struggle has taken place for the honor of the flag and the preservation of the unity of the country, and the perpetuity of freedom. I will

pledge you, gentlemen, that 'no rust shall tarnish' the blade of my beautiful present as long as the cause of my country demands it. With the battle-cry of 'One flag, one country, and the Constitution bequeathed to us by our fathers,' we will be invincible. No man can wish for peace, no one can love his countrymen, of all sections, more than I do; but there can be no peace as long as an armed traitor remains. Before that halcyon day of peace can come, there must be an unconditional submission to the laws, the flag, and the Constitution. We must not sheathe the sword, my beloved companions in arms, until our beloved Kentucky nestles and sleeps within the bosom of a great, united, and peaceful nation. Until that day comes, as most assuredly, under a Divine Providence, it will, there will be no peace for our beloved native state. Torn, distracted, and desolate, she will be but the pathway of contending armies. What is much to other states is life to Kentucky. Her very existence depends upon the states. The lives of her citizens and the safety and preservation of their property demand of her true sons no compromise until there is unconditional submission to the laws of the land,

and the preservation of the unity of the country is secured. Nature herself, with her many beautiful rivers flowing into one great artery—the rivers of the North flowing to the South, and the rivers of the South flowing to the North—demands that we shall remain one people and one nation. The perpetuity of freedom demands it; and, with our good and trusty swords, we will make the demand good.

"In conclusion, gentlemen, after making an apology for digressing, permit me again to thank you for your kind words, your beautiful present; and believe me, sincerely and truly,

"Your devoted friend,

"RICHARD T. JACOB,

"Colonel Ninth Kentucky Cavalry."

"JAMESTOWN, RUSSELL CO., KY., *November* 3, 1863

"The citizens of the border counties were called together, in convention, at Jamestown, Russell County, Kentucky, on the 3d day of November, 1863, the Circuit Court being in session, for the purpose of taking some action as to the defense of the border.

"The convention being called to order, and the ob-

ject explained by a short and appropriate speech by Judge W. M. Green, of Russell, Nathan McCluer was chosen President and William A. Jones Secretary.

"On motion, the President appointed a committee, consisting of T. T. Alexander, of Adair; M. H. Owsley, of Cumberland; E. Coffey, of Casey; G. W. Hust, of Clinton; H. P. Gadbesy, of Pulaski; W. M. Green and J. A. Williams, of Russell, to draft resolutions expressing the sense of the convention.

"The committee, after retiring for a short time to their rooms, reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That, whereas the border counties of Kentucky are now afflicted with evils and troubles of the most alarming character, resulting from depredations from armed bands of guerrillas and robbers, who are plundering, murdering, and robbing our citizens almost daily, and the civil laws of the land are almost entirely valueless, for want of power to enforce them; and whereas, Colonel R. T. Jacob, formerly of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, while with us for our protection and defense, so conducted himself as a soldier and a gentleman, as also his regiment of gallant offi-

cers and soldiers, as to secure the full and perfect confidence of all good citizens; therefore, we, the people of Adair, Casey, Clinton, Cumberland, Pulaski, and Russell, assembled in convention at Jamestown, Russell County, Kentucky, return to Colonel Jacob and his gallant band our heart-felt thanks for their timely aid and protection heretofore given us; and, while we do not desire to take Colonel Jacob from the duties of the high position which the people of Kentucky have recently conferred upon him, yet we most earnestly desire and request that he will organize the gallant old Ninth, and that he will again be permitted to come among us, and bring quiet again to our people.

"T. T. ALEXANDER, of Adair.
"M. H. OWSLEY, of Cumberland.
"G. W. HUST, of Clinton.
"E. COFFEY, of Casey.
"A. J. GADBESY, of Pulaski.
"W. M. GREEN, of Russell.
"J. A. WILLIAMS, of Russell.

"*Resolved*, That the proceedings of this convention be published in the Louisville papers, and that a copy

be forwarded to Colonel Jacob, and that all the Kentucky papers be requested to copy.

"On motion, the convention adjourned.

"NATHAN MCCLUER, *President.*

"WM. A. JONES, *Secretary.*"

"CLIFTON, *November* 26, 1863.

"*To Messrs. Nathan McCluer, President; Wm. A. Jones, Secretary; and T. T. Alexander, of Adair; M. H. Owsley, of Cumberland; G. W. Hust, of Clinton; E. Coffey, of Casey; A. J. Gadbesy, of Pulaski; W. M. Green, J. A. Williams, of Russell; Committee of the Convention held at Jamestown, November* 3, 1863:

"GENTLEMEN—The proceedings of the convention held at Jamestown were received in due time. It was my wish to have seen the Governor before I answered, but my business has prevented me from doing so; and, fearing you may misunderstand my silence, I answer, as far as I can, now.

"I understand from those who have conversed with the Governor that all the twelve-month regiments for the defense of the state are already organized. Therefore, if I were to call the gallant men of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry together, it would have to be for three years, and they would not be retained for the

defense of the border, but immediately sent to the front, which would not meet the wishes of ourselves and people. I had a conversation with General Hobson, who was kind enough to give me an outline of his plan for defending the border from the desperate men who have so sorely afflicted it. He will pardon me for saying that I approve of it fully; and I have no doubt, if he is permitted to carry it out, will not only protect the border to a very great degree, but will destroy many of the scoundrels who desolate it. He is keenly alive to your pitiable condition; and I feel assured, if given the proper force and disposition of it, will adequately protect you.

"Whether or not I will be permitted to raise my brave old Ninth and go to assist in your defense, I most certainly will aid your gallant Governor, who is using every exertion to protect all parts of the state, with all the energy that I possess. You may rest assured that every effort made for your defense will meet with my hearty approval and earnest coöperation, and that nothing would please me more than to be again at the head of my gallant regiment, battling in defense of your firesides.

"When I first went to your assistance, last spring, I felt a lively interest in your welfare, because you had stripped yourselves of suitable protection, by sending the flower of your youth to defend the honor and unity of our country, assailed by recreant traitors. Now that I have been among you, and have learned to love your true, warm-hearted, patriotic population, I would feel it an honor to wear myself out, and, if necessary, to give up my life, in your defense.

"With many thanks for the distinguished compliment which so gallant and patriotic a people have paid to myself and regiment,

"I remain, gentlemen,

"Very truly and sincerely your friend,

"RICHARD T. JACOB."

It will be remembered that the regiment commanded by Colonel Jacob was enlisted only for a term of twelve months. During that time his character as a patriot and soldier had been such, and so bravely did he defend the interests, the property, and lives of his fellow-citizens against the common enemy and frequent invaders of the state, that in August, 1863, he was

elected, by an overwhelming majority of the voters of his state, as Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky.

In this new and highly honorable position, a door of great usefulness is wide open before Colonel Jacob. That all his acts, in his present office, will be characterized by the same honesty, patriotism, and courage that they were while he was in the tented field, and that he will take wise, comprehensive, and statesman-like views of the great issues that may arise, before the great conflict in which our country is now engaged may be ended, remains to be seen.

In conclusion of all that we have to say on this subject, and as a means of affording the readers of this book some just ideas of his character as a statesman, and his views of the great and exciting questions now before the American people, we subjoin the following addresses, the first of which was delivered on the occasion of the inauguration of Governor Bramlette, the other on the occasion when he took his seat as presiding officer of the Kentucky Senate.

After Governor Bramlette had taken the oath of office, Governor Robinson presented the Lieutenant Governor elect, who spoke substantially as follows:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS: This is neither the appropriate time nor place for me to address you; and my remarks, therefore, shall be of the briefest. I can not, however, help congratulating you on the different auspices under which we are now assembled from those of one year ago. Then the gallant Nelson, with his brave band of volunteers, gathered from the farms and workshops and quiet homes of this and neighboring states, had been defeated by an overwhelming foe, and compelled to retire. I had the high pleasure, subsequently, to give my humble aid in driving that same foe from these very streets, amid the waving of flags and joyful countenances of the liberated Capital. One short year only has passed, and to-day we are assembled, under a cloudless sky and auspices, to celebrate a glorious but bloodless victory of the true loyal sons of Kentucky—a victory none the less glorious and inspiring because won by the ballot-box instead of the bayonet. I have only to add that the place I am now to take was not of my seeking. I was absent from the state in my place of duty—the gallant army on the banks of the Cumberland, and amid the conflicts and labors in which that army has been engaged.

This fact renders the compliment paid me by the people of my state all the more grateful as it was unsought, unexpected. In the conclusion of these ceremonies, let us all renew our vows, and swear the old oath of the ever loyal Kentuckians, that the Federal Union must and shall be preserved, though it costs our last dollar."

Governor Jacob then took the oath of office. Governor Bramlette was escorted to the Executive office, and placed in possession of the state seal and archives, and the assemblage dispersed amid salutes to the new Governor from the artillery on Arsenal Hill.

Upon taking his seat as presiding officer of the Kentucky Senate, Lieutenant-Governor Jacob delivered the following address:

"SENATORS: Elected by the people of Kentucky to the second position in the state, in accordance with usage, I now propose briefly to address you on the state of the country. Kentucky has had an important part to play in the great civil tragedy which has been enacted upon the national theater for the last three

years. Totally unprepared, at the commencement, for the great struggle which had been precipitated upon the nation, without a cause, by a band of bold, unprincipled, selfish, and disappointed leaders, she had to be wary in her movements. First, her patriotic heart wished no combat with either the men of the North or the South. She looked upon them equally as brethren, and convinced, if the struggle was once inaugurated, of the terrible scenes that would be enacted, of the ocean of brothers' blood that would be shed, of the great cost, of the uncertain issue, and, standing naturally the great battle-ground of contending factions, if the nation was once disrupted, she preferred first to exhaust compromise. All of our sacred privileges, the birth of our nation, the Constitution handed down to us by our fathers—all had been the work of conciliation. Why should we not avert a fratricidal and uncertain war by the same legitimate means? We assumed mediation. Calm amidst the terrible storm of passion and fanaticism, Kentucky pleaded earnestly to try and stay the unnatural and unholy combat. She has been severely judged for that position; yet she has the proud consciousness of knowing

that if all had striven with the same pure and holy affection to avert the angry storm, and prevent the division of brethren, the band of audacious conspirators who were trying to inaugurate the struggle would have been baffled. This day there would have been peace, and our nation rushing on to unexampled prosperity with the strides of a young giant. Alas! alas! her holy pleadings were scoffed at, the civil war was inaugurated; a nation's sins were to be washed out by blood pouring from the veins of her best and noblest. Mediation and neutrality, assumed from the love of country, became her shield and buckler.

"We also had desperate conspirators among us, who were ceaseless in their efforts to precipitate Kentucky into the arms of the rebellion—reckless of the destruction of the government of our fathers, recreant to the traditions of the Sage of Ashland, recusant to the pledge inscribed upon the pure marble taken from the bosom of her eternal hills, and placed in that monumental pile on the banks of the Potomac, erected in honor of the 'Father of his Country,' that 'Kentucky, the first-born of the Union, would be the last to leave it.' Shameless in their efforts to aid the bold and un-

scrupulous Catilines of the South, and bring the terrible struggle, with all its desolation and conflicts, upon her fair borders, and sweep her as with a besom of destruction, they were stopped and baffled in their mad career by that shield. Under its ægis she armed and prepared for the terrible storm which she saw, sooner or later, would be precipitated upon her devoted head. Without that position she would have been given over, bound hand and foot, to the evil demon of the rebellion. With that position, when the trial did come, she was ready for the conflict, and her sons rushed to the battle-field to defend the flag of Washington, the unity of the country, and the preservation of the Constitution.

"Whose laurels are brighter upon the blood-stained fields of Mill Springs, Donelson, Shiloh, Stone River, and Chickamauga? Yet whose trials have been greater? Her fair borders have been desolated, the firesides of her people desecrated; father fighting against son, brother against brother, uncle against nephew; and, amidst the scorn and jeers of both extremes, she still, with unparalleled devotion, has remained true and steadfast. With clear head, warm

heart, and steady nerve, she looks forward with hope to the time when the rebel armies will be broken down and crushed, knowing there can be no peace until then, and when the olive-branch can be substituted for the sword, and we can be a reconciled and united people once more. Knowing no North, no South, no East, no West, she is contending for the equal privileges of all. With trenchant blade she fights the armed man of the South; with pleading tongue she implores the loyal man of the North to stay and rebuke, at the ballot-box, the equally fatal policy of the fanatic, who is equally an enemy to the government of our fathers.

"She was too wise not to know that a blow struck at the National Government must necessarily be a blow, however purely the government might carry on the war, which ultimately must injure the institution of slavery, more or less. She so warned the conspirators, and declared that secessionism was practical abolitionism. Though interested to a large extent in that species of property, all legitimate action against the rebellion, though it might result incidentally to the destruction of slavery, she willingly acquiesced in. Yet we must not forget that all illegitimate action com-

plained of since the commencement of the rebellion could not have been taken if the flood-gates had not been opened by the total overthrow of the Constitution itself, and of the attempt violently to disrupt the government of our fathers, made by that most infamous of traitors, Jeff. Davis, and his co-rebellionists. Sworn to support the Constitution, he was secretly, while an officer in the War Department, and afterward while a Senator of the United States, using every energy, in violation of his oath, to inaugurate civil war and destroy the Constitution. Educated at the expense of the United States, he attempts to use that education for its destruction. Second only in infamy to Judas Iscariot, he, by building his batteries around, and opening fire upon, the devoted walls of Fort Sumter, and upon the glorious banner of Washington, inaugurates civil war, and brings destruction upon the South; and upon his head is justly due the ocean of blood, and all the wails, horrors, and miseries of a deceived people. Recreant to the great rights of the past, steeped in infamy, he cowardly inaugurates a civil war upon the pretense that slave property might be in danger, and forsakes the unity of the country

and the Constitution bequeathed to us by our Revolutionary sires, as a sacred inheritance, and, when pressed to the wall by a brave, heroic, and outraged people, he shrieks for protection to that Constitution he has violated, and to that God whom he has outraged by his blasphemous perjuries. Without his cowardly defection and the recreancy of the Southern people to our most sacred rights, it would have been utterly out of the power of Northern fanatics to have committed unconstitutional acts. Therefore, Kentucky recognizes the rebellion as the Iliad of all our woes. While resisting these unjust, wrong, impolitic, and destructive powers by the free use of speech, and an appeal to have them remedied by the conservative masses of the North at the ballot-box, she has undying hostility to the rebellion, and is for the last man and last dollar to crush it. She well knows that if the rebellion succeeds, not only will it be the destruction of slavery, but the destruction of our nationality, of all our dearest rights, and the destruction of liberty itself, and the inauguration of eternal war, and the permanent interference of the despotic powers of Europe with our ceaseless quarrels. No; if Kentucky is forced by ter-

rible outrages to revolutionize, she is not going, in order to secure one right or many rights, to forsake others equally as dear. If she is forced into revolution, she will unfurl the banner of Washington, and, appealing to the God of Battles and the American people, fight for every square inch of our common and glorious country, with all the sacred privileges that have been bequeathed to us by a noble ancestry.

"The true power of the conspirators was in deceiving the Southern people as to the intention and wishes of the Northern people in regard to their rights in slave property. The true policy of the government was, while striking with all the power of the American people at those in arms, to appeal to the patriotism of the masses, and disclaim all intentions to interfere with any of their constitutional rights, but with the determination to maintain the integrity of the Union at all hazards. This was the policy of the iron-hearted but patriotic Jackson. It is the policy of loyal Kentucky.

"Still, because we may differ with the Administration in some of its measures, we must not permit the rebellion to be a success. We must not permit our

glorious heritage to be impaired. The only way to crush the rebellion is by force of arms. We can have no peace until that is done. The Southern people themselves can not treat for peace until the despotic power of the rebel leaders and rebel army is broken. Until that is done, they are subjected to the despotism of those leaders and armies. The rebellion is a cure for no evil. It protects no rights. It destroys all, including our nationality, if successful. Then, the true policy of Kentucky is to give the last man and the last dollar, if necessary, to crush the rebellion—at the same time appealing to the people of the loyal states to bring back the policy of the war to what we conceive a constitutional basis.

"Kentucky, in the first place, favored mediation, in order to prevent war and bloodshed. Forced by the invasion of the Southern armies, unwillingly, to take up arms, and determined that nothing but a restoration of the supremacy of the laws should satisfy her, yet equally abhorrent to her is the abolition theory, that all state lines are abrogated, and states themselves reduced to territorial dependence. Therefore, she is in favor of the whole power of the government

to be energetically used to crush those in arms; yet she is in favor, not of an armistice, because that would give a breathing spell to those engaged in hostile combination for renewed preparation and renewed exertion at its discontinuance, but for an amnesty to all those who lay down their arms and return to their constitutional obedience, except the leaders of the rebellion, who should be punished at all hazards. The proper time to have inaugurated such a system would have been in July, that glorious month of victories. Such an attempt might prove futile: it might result in the greatest good. It can not possibly prove an evil. It would at least be gratifying to the millions of the conservative men of the loyal states. If the amnesty was rejected, it would nerve the arms of the loyal men to renewed exertion, until coercion would do the work of persuasion, and bring back those erring brethren, whether willing or not; because every true American will echo the sentiment, and resolve that the Federal Union must and shall be preserved, though it cost the blood of this generation. Can it be the American people have lost all virtue, and can not come together on terms of common equality, and restore their nation,

with all of its constitutional obligations, and more than its pristine grandeur, as the home of freedom and the refuge of the oppressed millions of the Old World? Have not the sad lessons of the past proved that in unity is strength, and in division weakness? Would France, with all the audacity of her Emperor, have dared to strike down the liberties of the Mexican people and inaugurate a monarchy upon the ruins of its republican government, if it had not been for the division of the great Republic? This unfortunate civil war has proved the immense resources of the American people. United, we could withstand the world in arms. Disunited, we are the prey of crafty and designing nations. Then, all efforts to restore peace, with the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was, can not but be sacred. If conciliation will not do it, war must. As loyal Americans, worthy of ourselves and our ancestry and the glorious heritage bequeathed to us, let us interweave the olive-branch and all the mighty powers of the government, the bow of promise with the terrible thunderbolt. Let us implore our erring brethren to come back to the ties of American brotherhood and the Union—the ark of American lib-

erty, the last and only refuge of freedom; and, if that cry is not hearkened to, let us gather up all the resources of a mighty people and crush the last embers of the rebellion, and teach traitors that the American Union must and shall be preserved.

"No one with the first instincts of a statesman would ever attempt to tear Kentucky from her safe moorings in the midst of a sisterhood of states, to place her as a frontier, subject, in all future time, to the ravages and horrors of desolating wars. In the center of a glorious constellation, all the combined forces of the world could scarcely have touched or reached her. As the fragment of a dissevered nation, she, naturally the dark and bloody land, the pathway of contending armies, would be devastated and ruined. So that this question of Union, however great and paramount to other states, is a question of life and death to her. The pretext for this war was danger to slave property. Not that it was in immediate danger, but it might be so—giving a strange spectacle to the world of a mighty people attempting suicide, not for present evils, but for what might be in the womb of time! Kentucky, governed by loyalty, pleaded in

vain for peace, and counseled resistance only when wrongs were attempted; and then, in fighting for one right, not to give up the flag of Washington and the Union of our fathers, but fight for all rights. Madmen would not listen to her sage advice. They rushed to war with parricidal hands, attempting to tear down the work of our fathers. What has been the consequence? The institution they rushed to an unholy war to protect from future consequences is on the verge of destruction. The only slave property that is at all safe is the property belonging to the loyal state of Kentucky. If she had not been loyal, her slave property, with all other kinds, would have been a thing of the past. Now, because, by the mad attempt of the South, the institution of slavery has been placed in danger, and which we predicted would be the consequence of the insane attempt to break up our nationality, the partisans of the infamous attempt to break up the government of our fathers roll up their eyes in holy horror, and ask us to place ourselves in exactly the same position. We have been loyal and true; therefore our property is, comparatively speaking, safe. They have been disloyal, and their prop-

erty is on the verge of ruin; therefore, we must turn mad, be disloyal, and lose ours!

"But it is said the President will conscript the negro slaves, and thereby destroy the institution of slavery in Kentucky. He has not done so yet, and sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. But, for argument's sake, suppose he does: who gave him the power but you zealots of the South, who, in your frenzy, attempted to destroy the temple of liberty and all the dear rights of the past? If he does, will disloyalty to the Union save the institution? Not at all. It would only hurl it to destruction with all other interests of the state. Loyalty to the Union, as in the past, is the only safety to ourselves, our property, and all the dear and sacred rights that we possess. If we resist, it must be in the Union and under the flag of Washington, with the millions of strong hearts and strong arms that we possess in the loyal North. Throw away these resources, as the South madly did, we would be crushed as she will be, and as she would deserve to be, for being recreant to the great rights bequeathed to us by our fathers. No, no! Come what may, come what will, let Kentucky be true. It

is not only the path of honor, but the path of safety; any other is the path of destruction. She is not fighting for the preservation of slavery, nor is she fighting for its destruction. Incidentally, if it goes down in maintaining the Union, well and good; incidentally, if it is saved in preserving the Union, well and good. What is slavery? What is any species of property to her in comparison with the blood of her heroic children? Yet she has freely offered up their lives without a murmur. She will do so still. All she asks, let these enormous sacrifices be, not in defiance of the Constitution, but incidentally for a prosecution of a war for the maintenance of the Union and the Constitution; and when these blessings are secured, the war should and ought to cease. In Mr. Seward's language: 'We are under obligations to save not only the unity or the integrity of the country, but also its inestimable and precious Constitution.'

"Senators! in regard to the pleasant, distinguished, but untried duty which devolves upon me of presiding over your august body, I expect my task to be light from your well-known courtesy. I expect to be impartial. What errors I commit will be of the head,

I trust, and not of the heart; and these, I feel, will be kindly criticised. In conclusion, may the God of our fathers, who carried the destiny of this nation safely through the terrible conflicts of the Revolution which separated us from the mother country, still preside over and protect us in this still more fiery trial, and let us issue from its gigantic contest very soon as one people—one in interest, one in heart, purified by the fiery contest, to be restored under one flag and one Constitution—and that the flag and Constitution of Washington; and may they be handed down unimpaired to the latest generation!"

CHAPTER XI.

MAJOR G. W. RUE, THE CAPTOR OF MORGAN—HIS REPORT TO COLONEL LEWIS RICHMOND—PARTICULARS OF THE CAPTURE—INTERVIEW BETWEEN MORGAN AND RUE—INTERVIEW BETWEEN MORGAN, SHACKELFORD, AND WOLFORD—A GOOD PROVIDENCE—MAJOR RUE'S NATIVITY—HIS EDUCATION AND MILITARY CHARACTER—RUE IN MEXICO—RUE A CHRISTIAN.

BUT for the most untiring and almost superhuman efforts of those brave men, Generals Judah, Hobson, and Shackelford, and the heroic forces they led, Morgan would not have been captured, and his command destroyed. There was not an officer or private, so far as is known, who did not do his duty manfully and act well his part, in the pursuit of the "great raider;" yet, it is but just to say that special credit should be given to Major GEORGE W. RUE, of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, who was the actual captor of Morgan.

The account of this interesting event we prefer giving to the reader in Major Rue's own language. In his report to Colonel Lewis Richmond, A. A. G.

of General Burnside, and dated at Cincinnati, Ohio, July 29, 1863, he says:

"COLONEL: I have the honor to make the following report:

"On the evening of the 23d instant, by your order, I left the barracks at Covington, Kentucky, at seven o'clock P. M., with a command of three hundred and seventy-five cavalry, being detachments from different regiments, as follows: One hundred and twenty from the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, under Major Graham; seventy-five from the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; fifty from the Eighth Michigan Cavalry; also, small detachments from the First and Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry, and a number of men from various regiments; also, three pieces of artillery from the Fifteenth Indiana Battery, under command of Lieutenant Tarr.

"The command left the Little Miami Railroad depot at Cincinnati, at ten o'clock P. M., for Bellair, *via* Columbus. The train, losing no time, arrived at that point at one o'clock P. M., on Friday, the 24th instant. I disembarked the men and horses, and encamped at

Bellair for the remainder of the night. On the following day we patrolled both up and down the banks of the Ohio River for a considerable distance.

"At one o'clock P. M. of that day I was notified by Major-General Brooks to place my forces upon the cars, and proceed, with the greatest possible haste, to Steubenville. However, I did not stop at that point, but passed on to Shanghae, where I again disembarked my command, at seven o'clock P. M., Saturday. From thence I proceeded, along the public road, westwardly, five miles, to the town of Knoxville, at which place I arrived at twelve o'clock in the night. Here I learned that Morgan had already passed through Richmond, west of Knoxville, at four o'clock P. M. of that day, the 25th instant, and was moving in a north-east direction.

"I left Knoxville at four o'clock A. M. on Sunday morning, going northwardly, and joined General Shackelford at eight o'clock A. M., at Hammondsville. From thence we proceeded to Salinesville, my command taking the advance. At the latter place we learned that Morgan had been seen last at Mooreville, going eastwardly, on the Beaver Creek road,

toward Smith's Ford, on the Ohio River. I was sent, with the advance, by General Shackelford, to intercept Morgan, if that was possible, at some point on the above-named road. I started forward, at the rate of seven miles per hour, with my command, which was then reduced to three hundred men, by detachments going off to their respective regiments.

"On coming within half a mile of the junction of the Beaver Creek road, I was surprised to learn that Morgan was passing the intersection of the roads, on a gallop. I then considered the chance of getting up with him rather desperate. I learned, however, from citizens, that a private road led off to the right of the road on which we were moving, and intersected the Beaver Creek road at a distance of something over a mile, while Morgan would have to pass two miles on the main road to reach the same point. As Morgan had half a mile the start of us, we had about equal chances to reach the desired spot at the same time. By throwing down some fences the road was practicable for our purpose, although very rough. I ordered my command to move forward on double-quick, and the order was carried out vigorously, and we

moved at the greatest possible speed. I took the advance, accompanied by Captain Pond and Adjutant Pierce, with about twenty privates from Company A, Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry. We dashed forward, over the rough, hilly road, and reached the Beaver Creek road about one hundred and fifty yards in advance of the rebels. I formed my men in a line across the road. Major Graham rapidly closed up the column, threw down the intervening fences, and a line of battle was soon formed and ready for action on the enemy's front and flank. I had previously ordered Lieutenant Burton, of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, with thirty men, to annoy the rear of the enemy, by following him on the main road, and for the further purpose of preventing him from retreating that way. The enemy was thus completely surrounded. Morgan promptly dispatched a flag of truce, which met me in the advance, with the demand that I should surrender my force to him. I told the bearer of the flag to return at once to his commander, and notify him that I demanded the instant and unconditional surrender of his *entire* force, or else I would forthwith open fire upon them. The

rebel bearing the flag of truce left with this demand, and in a few minutes Major Steel, of the Confederate cavalry, was brought to me by Captain Neil, of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, who informed me that Morgan had already surrendered to my command.

"I then rode forward to Morgan, and notified him that matters must remain as they were until General Shackelford arrived. It was soon after this that some one present said that the surrender of Morgan had been made to a Captain Burbick, and that Morgan claimed to have been paroled, by a special understanding with that officer. Morgan simply stated the fact that he had surrendered, but did not say any thing about terms or to whom he considered the surrender made, Major Steel having made the surrender. I was then informed that Captain Burbick—or Beckith—was a militia officer and a prisoner in the hands of Morgan at the time the pretended surrender and parole were said to have been made. I was informed that the surrender and parole took place at the identical time when Morgan found himself intercepted by my command, and while he was hurrying Captain Burbick, unarmed, along the road as a prisoner of

war. I therefore treated this claim as absurd, and held the prisoners until General Shackelford came up, which was about an hour after the capture of Morgan, when I placed all at his disposal.

"The number of rebels captured was three hundred and eighty-four men, rank and file, and about four hundred horses. The arms and horses I turned over to Major-General Brooks, of Wellsville.

"I take great pleasure in reporting that my entire command acted with the greatest promptness and alacrity. Major Graham, Lieutenant Boynton, and the other gallant officers and men who composed my command, for the time being, are worthy of all the praise that can be bestowed upon them. I would especially return my thanks to Captain Pond, Adjutant Pierce, and the twenty private soldiers of the advance-guard, who, by their boldness, merited the position to which they were assigned. Lieutenant Tarr, also, deserves praise for the energetic efforts he made to forward his artillery during the various changes of the command, until he was placed in the rear at Adamsville.

"Geo. W. Rue,
"Major Ninth Kentucky Cavalry."

When Morgan was captured, he was in Columbiana County, on the line between Wayne and Madison Townships, and on the road between the farms of John Crawford and David Burbick, and about nine miles from the Pennsylvania line.

Major Rue states that his interview with Morgan, after his capture, was pleasant. Among other things, Morgan said to Rue:

"*You* have beat me, and I give up the chase."

Rue introduced General Shackelford and Colonel Wolford to Morgan, when they came up. The interview was quite amusing to the spectators. Wolford's countenance indicated great joy on beholding Morgan as a prisoner.

"I am glad to see you on this occasion," said he to Morgan.

"You and the Colonel have met before?" said General Shackelford.

A laugh followed this last remark. Wolford was once Morgan's prisoner.

"Not as friends," said Morgan; at the same time he was shaking hands with Shackelford and Wolford.

It will be seen, from what has just been said, that

it was a good Providence that put Major Rue in the front. He had fresh men and horses, true courage, and great anxiety to capture Morgan. Besides, he had confronted him in almost every raid he had made in Kentucky, and was perfectly familiar with all his foxy devices. He was the man for the occasion. His military career has been short, but was of such a character that it will not soon be forgotten.

Major Rue was born at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, June 8, 1828. His education was limited to the ordinary branches of English, taught in the common schools of his native state. He always had a strong desire for a military life, and a love for that profession. He became a good tactician with but little effort on his part.

When he was eighteen years of age he volunteered as a private, and went with our army into Mexico, where he first made the acquaintance of Morgan, and probably knows as much of his character as any man in the service of the government.

Rue returned from Mexico with very poor health, and spent most of his time farming, until he felt that our country and her great and free institutions were

in peril, when he raised a battalion, and joined the Ninth Kentucky Regiment of Cavalry. Since that time he has made for himself a record of which he need not be ashamed, and of which his country is proud.

Major Rue is a Christian man, and a member of the Presbyterian Church. Such men enter the service of their country from deep convictions of duty, and, like Oliver Cromwell, they fear not the face of any foe, because their trust is in the God of battles.

CHAPTER XII.

MORGAN'S LATE RAID INTO KENTUCKY, IN JUNE, 1864—ENTERS THE STATE AT POUND GAP—CAPTURE OF MOUNT STERLING—UPRISING OF GUERRILLAS AND KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE—THEIR DEPREDATIONS AT VARIOUS PLACES—GOVERNOR BRAMLETTE AND THE SIEGE OF FRANKFORT—GENERAL BURBRIDGE DEFEATS MORGAN AT MOUNT STERLING—MORGAN AT LEXINGTON—MARCHES TOWARD FRANKFORT, BUT SUDDENLY CHANGES HIS COURSE—AT CYNTHIANA DEFEATS AND CAPTURES THE UNION FORCES—IS DEFEATED BY BURBRIDGE THE DAY FOLLOWING—DISPATCHES OF GENERAL BURBRIDGE TO THE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY OF WAR—DISTINGUISHED REGIMENTS—DETAILED STATEMENTS—INCIDENTS.

DURING the first week of June, 1864, General Morgan entered Kentucky, by way of Pound Gap, at the head of a body of guerrillas, numbering between twenty-five hundred and three thousand men, and marched rapidly toward Central Kentucky.

This is the first raid that the famous guerrilla chieftain has made into the state since the one of which an account has just been given, and it has proved little less disastrous to him than that of the preceding year.

There can be no doubt but that it was generally well understood that Morgan was to make a raid, at

the time that he did, by rebel sympathizers and the Knights of the Golden Circle throughout Central Kentucky; and it can not be denied that the plan was well laid, and more "foxy" than any previous one, and was well calculated to deceive our military authorities in the state.

On the 8th of June, Morgan captured the town of Mount Sterling. At the same time, and in various localities, guerrillas and squads of armed citizens appeared, and commenced the work of aiding the raiders, by cutting our communications, and in various other ways.

The steamboat Wren was fired into at Lockport, on the Kentucky River. No serious damage was done; but the boat was compelled to return to Madison. At the same time a body of forty guerrillas, under command of a man named Jenkins, formerly of Henry County, cut the telegraph-wires at Pleasureville Station, on the Louisville and Lexington Railroad. On the evening of the same day, Thursday, the 9th instant, the same band fired into the ordnance train, and made a fierce attack on it as soon as it came in sight. The train-guard replied to the fire, and a lively

fight followed. The engine was quickly reversed, and the train moved rapidly back. The rebels followed the backing train over half a mile, firing into it, and receiving a response from the guard. Many obstructions were found placed upon the track between Christianburg and Pleasureville, the design being to capture the train. The citizens say that they were forced by the rebels to put obstructions on the road. The train arrived safely at Bagdad, and attempted to proceed from Bagdad to Frankfort, but an open culvert was found destroyed a short distance from North Benson, which prevented it from proceeding further. The first bridge below North Benson was destroyed, and here our troops had a severe skirmish with the rebels, and repulsed them.

Mr. J. Press. Sparks, a Union member of the Kentucky Legislature, from Henry County, was killed by Jenkins after the escape of the train.

Frankfort, the Capital of the state, was attacked, and a siege commenced by a small part of Morgan's command, probably aided by home traitors. Governor Bramlette pressed into service many of the citizens of Frankfort, who, together with the few troops in the

forts, repulsed the enemy. They held Frankfort securely, and in due time were relieved by the arrival of the Forty-third Regiment of Indiana Volunteers. Great credit is due Governor Morton and General Carrington, of Indiana, for the prompt assistance sent to Frankfort, and especially should great praise be given to the *Forty-third Indiana Regiment.*

Governor Bramlette thus handsomely acknowledged his indebtedness to that gallant body of men and the Governor of Indiana:

"COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY,
"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
"FRANKFORT, *June* 22, 1864.

"*Governor O. P. Morton, Indianapolis, Indiana:*

"DEAR SIR—I return you my most grateful thanks for your prompt assistance during Morgan's recent raid. The timely arrival of the Forty-third Regiment Indiana Volunteers gave us entire relief against all apprehension of danger. Although the citizens had repulsed the rebels, yet the large numbers still infesting this section, at the time of their arrival, kept us upon constant vigil, and serious apprehension of another assault. The patriotism and kindly feeling which

prompted the gallant veterans of the Forty-third to rush to our relief without delaying, after their long and arduous labors, to even greet their families, deserves the highest commendation from their countrymen, and will ever command from us of Kentucky the profoundest gratitude of our hearts.

"The appearance of Vallandigham in Ohio, simultaneously with Morgan's raid in Kentucky, fully confirms the matters made known to me, through General Lindsey, by you. The defeat of Morgan has frustrated their movements for the present; but vigilance in the future must still guard us against those machinations of evil-doers.

"Yours, truly, THOS. E. BRAMLETTE."

The main body of Morgan's men was at Mount Sterling. In the mean time squads were sent from his head-quarters in every direction, who scoured the country, gathered up horses, and whatever could be used to advantage by them.

The first intimation the people of Cynthiana had of a rebel force near them was on the morning of the 8th instant. That morning messengers came in from sev-

eral points, saying that there were three hundred rebels at Owensville, six hundred at Mount Sterling, and thirty at Talbot's Station, three miles north of Paris. At ten o'clock the train arrived from Covington, and the conductor was warned not to proceed any further. He immediately detached the locomotive, and started up the road on a reconnoissance, preceded by a hand-car. They proceeded to within a short distance of Townsend's Bridge, seven miles south of Cynthiana, when they saw the smoke and flames ascending from the burning of that structure, which, with the trestle-work, is about three hundred feet long. A man was sent out to make discoveries, and soon met several Union soldiers, who had been guarding the bridge. They stated that they had been taken prisoners by a body of about two hundred rebel troops, who, after paroling them, set fire to the bridge, and then started in the direction of Cynthiana.

The hand-car and locomotive immediately returned to Cynthiana, and, after taking on board a number of citizens, and the funds of the bank, returned toward Covington at twelve o'clock.

At half-past two o'clock the raiders charged upon

the town of Cynthiana. First, five rebel cavalrymen dashed through the streets, at a furious rate, yelling and firing their pistols. In twenty minutes afterward, fifty more followed in the same manner; and, shortly, twenty or thirty more made their appearance. They that passed through soon returned, and remained there about three hours, and then left in the direction of Paris—not, however, until they had freely helped themselves to whatever clothing and shoes they needed, from the stores of a Mr. Delling and a Mr. Magee, and had abstracted, from letters in the post-office, twenty or thirty dollars.

Fifteen of this band were detailed to burn Kellar's Bridge, a mile and a half north of Cynthiana, where a guard of ten, of the Forty-seventh Kentucky Regiment, surrendered, and were paroled. It has been thought that they could have held their stockades against a much larger force than that to which they surrendered.

It is said that many among the citizens of Cynthiana rejoiced, and openly shouted, when this rebel band entered their town.

Thus squads of Morgan's men, Knights of the Golden Circle, and rebel citizens, appeared simultaneously at various points, and did great mischief, in destroying railroads, bridges, and in plundering Union and loyal citizens.

However well all these operations were calculated to deceive our military authorities, they failed utterly to deceive General Burbridge, who seemed fully to comprehend the situation.

It has been said that Morgan captured Mount Sterling on Wednesday, the 8th instant. His main forces were concentrated at that point. There, on the 9th, the day following the occupation, General Burbridge fell upon Morgan's band, and, after a fierce fight, completely repulsed the enemy.

After the defeat at Mount Sterling, Morgan marched to Lexington, Kentucky, and entered that city about two o'clock on the morning of the 10th instant. Here he burned the Kentucky Central Railroad depot, and freely appropriated, from the stores of Union men, whatever he or his men needed. It is said, also, that a demand was made for specie on one of the banks of that city, and that the cashier was *compelled* to

honor his check, to the amount of seven thousand dollars.

When Morgan entered Lexington, the Union forces retired into Fort Clay, which was garrisoned, in part, by the First Ohio Heavy Artillery. Soldiers from the fort skirmished, during the night, with Morgan's men, and, as soon as day dawned, the artillery commenced shelling them; but General Burbridge was close on the heels of Morgan, and he, therefore, left Lexington about ten o'clock of the same day, and proceeded toward Georgetown and Frankfort.

Near the former place it is supposed that he divided his forces, and sent a small part of them toward Frankfort, evidently with the intention of deceiving General Burbridge, and leading him to Frankfort, while he, with his main column, moved north, for the purpose of capturing Cynthiana and our forces at that point, and then, after gathering his plunder, make his escape out of the state over the same track by which he came into it.

Morgan marched directly to Cynthiana, and there defeated and captured our forces, under command of General Hobson, on Saturday, the 11th instant. He

also captured General Hobson, who had so frequently defeated his plans in other raids, and who was a leader of the expedition that captured Morgan, the previous year, in his great raid through Indiana and Ohio. On this occasion a large part of Cynthiana was burned by the rebels.

On the following day (Sunday, the 12th of June), General Burbridge fell upon Morgan's forces, at Cynthiana, while they were at breakfast, and, after killing, wounding, and literally driving into the river many, who were drowned, completely defeated, routed, and sent Morgan, and his broken, shattered, and completely defeated troopers, out of the state, in far greater haste than he entered it.

The following account of this affair was dispatched to Secretary Stanton, by General Burbridge:

"I attacked Morgan at Cynthiana, at daylight yesterday morning, and, after an hour's hard fighting, completely routed him, killing three hundred, wounding nearly as many, and capturing nearly four hundred, besides recapturing nearly one hundred of Hobson's command, and over one thousand horses. Our loss in killed and wounded is about one hundred and fifty. Morgan's scattered forces are flying in all directions, have thrown away their arms, are out of ammunition, and are wholly demoralized."

The following replies to the above dispatch will show in what estimation General Burbridge and his brave soldiers are held by the President, the War Department, and, in fact, by the loyal people of the country, and how their operations against Morgan are regarded:

"WASHINGTON, *June* 14, 1864.

"*To General Burbridge:*

"Have just received your dispatch of action at Cynthiana. Please accept my congratulations and thanks for yourself and command.

(Signed) "A. LINCOLN."

"WASHINGTON, *June* 14, 1864.

'*To General Burbridge:*

"Please accept for yourself and the officers and soldiers of your gallant command, the thanks of this Department, for the brave and successful operations of the last six days in Kentucky—achievements of valor, energy, and success that will be regarded with admiration by all loyal people of the United States.

(Signed) "E. M. STANTON."

We have spoken of the great credit due to the Forty-third Indiana Regiment. Equal credit should be given, also, to the First and Second Kentucky and the Ninth and Tenth Ohio Regiments, which were en-

gaged in the operations against Morgan, during this last raid. All honor to the brave officers and men of these regiments!

After giving the foregoing brief and general history of the raid, we refer the reader to the following communications, for many very interesting details and statements:

"LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, *July* 12, 1864.

"As I have not seen any communication in your paper from any of the soldiers of the Twelfth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, in regard to the late Morgan raid into Kentucky, I therefore send you a few sketches of the principal parts we have taken in the raid, for publication.

"On the 23d day of May we left Mount Sterling, in company with the Fortieth and Forty-fifth Kentucky Mounted Infantry Regiments, and Third Kentucky Battery. The object or purport of the march was that we were going to Abingdon, Virginia, to destroy railroads, salt-works, and so on. Whether this was really the object, or whether we were going to Pound Gap, to endeavor to prevent Morgan and his

gang of horse-thieves and robbers from coming into the state, the deponent saith not.

"We marched all day over a miserably rocky road, and at night camped at Mud Lick Springs, a celebrated watering-place, where we were joined by two other Kentucky regiments, which made us quite a formidable army.

"After five days' marching over rough, rocky roads, and through rain and mud, we reached a camp on Sandy River, about eight miles above Prestonburg, where we were joined by the Eleventh Michigan Cavalry, two mountain howitzers, and some two or three other Kentucky mounted infantry regiments. In this camp we found that forage and rations had not been provided sufficient for the journey we were about to make; therefore our regiment, with the Thirty-seventh, Thirty-ninth, and Fortieth Kentucky, and Eleventh Michigan Regiments, were ordered to Louisa (about forty-five miles distant) for more rations and forage.

"On Sunday, June 5, we took up our line of march for the Gap, which we expected to make in two days; but, to our surprise, on the morning of the second day, after we had all got on the road and on the march, orders

came to the front to turn about, which we reluctantly did. However, we soon learned the cause, which was that Morgan, with his gang, had come through the Gap three days before, and was making direct for Mount Sterling. After another hard march, with rain, mud, and darkness to contend with, we camped, at twelve o'clock that night, on the river just below Prestonburg.

"At four o'clock the next morning we started with the intention of intercepting some of Morgan's men on the road as they were coming into the state, but we did not reach this road until the forenoon of the next day, when we learned that Morgan had passed the day before with his cavalry, and that his infantry had been passing in the afternoon and night. Our best informants supposed that he had fifteen hundred cavalry and eight hundred infantry. Here and then commenced what we term the race after Morgan and his horse-thieves, robbers, and murderers.

"We were by this time becoming fatigued, as well as our horses, for the want of sleep and rest; but the prospect of a fight appeared to put new life into the boys, and our horses apparently wakened up. Double-

quick now was the word. We marched all day and night.

"When arriving within six miles of Mount Sterling, at three o'clock in the morning, the column halted. The men and horses were lightened of their extra baggage—such as corn-sacks, haversacks, canteens, blankets, nose-bags, curry-combs brushes, etc.—preparatory to going into the fight. Carbines and pistols were all loaded and examined, and, after the arrangement of the regiments in their places in the brigades by General Burbridge, the order came, 'Forward! march!' Away we went; the clatter of the horses' feet and the rumbling sound of the artillery appeared to make noise enough to wake up the whole Southern Confederacy.

"We charged into their camp, on the south side of the town, the Twelfth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry taking the lead, and firing their carbines and pistols as they passed through. Two battalions halted in front of the enemy's camp, while the artillery was brought forward and run up into the rebel camp, when the horses were shot down, the men driven off, and the guns taken possession of by the rebels.

"Immediately one of our commanders, at the top of his voice, offered three thousand dollars for the recapture of the 'gun,' when the boys of the Twelfth Ohio nobly responded by recapturing the gun, in a hand-to-hand fight, before the enemy had time to load it.

"At the same time our infantry formed a line on the south side of the rebel camp, and, in connection with the Eleventh Michigan and two battalions of the Twelfth Ohio Cavalry on the east, poured a destructive fire into their ranks, which caused their line to waver and fall back in great disorder, our forces pursuing them into the woods, killing and wounding a great number.

"While this battle was taking place on the south side of the town, one battalion of the Twelfth Ohio and two Kentucky regiments had passed through the town and attacked the rebels on the east side, where they were driven from our old camp, across the field, and out of sight. Our horses were so exhausted that we could not pursue them.

"Here, when our regiment was driving the rebels over the hills, instantly a mounted rebel Lieutenant, who had been trying to hide himself, commenced re-

treating for safer grounds, passing along in front of our line. Major Herrick, Captain Gage, and some two or three others, gave him chase. It was an interesting race. They all soon passed over the brow of the hill, and the Lieutenant was captured—the Major and Captain both claiming the distinguished honor of taking the prisoner.

"In about two hours afterward the enemy reappeared in front of the first battle-ground, south of the town, in line of battle, and opened a desperate fire on a few scattered men, who were looking after the dead, when a courier arrived in town, calling for reinforcements, which were immediately sent out to their assistance, and the action was renewed.

"The rebels were defeated here the second time, and driven off the field, with considerable loss, and pursued about two miles.

"They again, after being reinforced by about four hundred of their men, who had been at Winchester, attacked the town on the west side with great fury, causing the inhabitants to think their cellars were the only safe places left for them.

"Our men, being dismounted, and posted along the

garden-fences and in the road, the firing was kept up here in bushwhacking style, each man behind a post or shelter of some kind, while the rebels were creeping up in the grass, and along the fences, until they came within pistol-shot range, when they, finding our fire too hot for them, and our men flanking them on both sides, and too cowardly to come up boldly and charge our line, broke and ran, in the wildest confusion, from the field, leaving a number of dead and dying upon the field and along the garden-fences.

"We lost about a dozen men in this last fight.

"While our men were in the road, the enemy poured a raking fire into our ranks, which caused us to seek shelter, the same as they were doing. Here, in the road, is where the brave young Higgenbottom fell, mortally wounded. He was Commissary Sergeant of our company, and had never been in battle before; but he knew no fear, and, like a good many others on that memorable day, laid down his life for his country and for the American Union.

"The commanding officers and privates of the Twelfth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry have the praise of defending the town, and driving off the rebel hordes.

The officers stood side by side with their men, and used the carbine with the same skill and precision. Morgan's men acknowledge we could fire five times to their once; and the prisoners say the Yankees wind up their guns at night, and shoot all day.

"They retreated in the direction of Lexington, taking with them about one hundred and fifty of our men as prisoners, whom they had captured the day before, and who fought until they were overpowered before surrendering. It is said that they held the rebels at bay for over an hour, and that it took very near all of Morgan's force to compel them to surrender, and, when taken, Morgan's men inquired where the balance of the regiment was. The men replied that they would find out in a day or two. They said they thought, from the way our men were firing, that the whole regiment was there.

"Our horses being now tired out, we were obliged to lie still until morning, and rest.

"By daylight next morning we were up again, and after Morgan, as fast as our horses could take us. We reached Lexington about three o'clock P. M., and found that the rebels had gone toward Georgetown;

Lexington, at that time, not being a very comfortable place for them, as Fort Clay was trying to get some of the rust out of her guns, by firing shot and shell all over the country, and through the streets of the city.

"We waited there until midnight, getting fresh horses; then we started for Paris, which place we reached next morning. Here we were disappointed in not finding the rebels.

"After resting here until after dark, and gathering news of Morgan's whereabouts, we started again, and made for Cynthiana, at which place we arrived a little after daylight, and found the enemy encamped on the east side of the town.

"General Burbridge immediately had us formed in line of battle, and sent word along the line that he would personally conduct the fight, which had a tendency to inspire the boys with more than common vigor, and make them anxious to *wade* into the rebels.

"Our line of battle consisted of the Seventeenth Michigan Cavalry, on the extreme right, next the gallant Ninth Michigan Cavalry; fronting the town, and

in the center, was placed our regiment (Twelfth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry); on our left were the Kentucky infantry regiments; and on our extreme left was the fighting Seventh Ohio Cavalry.

"Our line, as soon as formed, commenced moving upon the enemy, and each regiment had its own work and field to work in. We tore down all the fences in that neighborhood; and here is where the Twelfth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry made one of the finest 'saber charges' of the campaign, and drove the rebels in and through the town, capturing a great many, and causing them to retreat so fast that the bridge became jammed, and they, in their hurry to escape, jumped into the river, where they found the water too deep, and a considerable number drowned before reaching the opposite shore.

"We captured here, besides prisoners, about one thousand horses, which the enemy, in their haste to get away, had left behind.

"It is said of Morgan, that, when attacked in the morning, he sent out one of his Aids to ascertain who and what forces were fighting him. When the Aid returned and informed him that it was the Twelfth Ohio

Cavalry, he immediately replied, 'Boys, we had better be getting out of this.' Morgan had seen and heard of the Twelfth at Mount Sterling, and he had a wholesome fear of that regiment.

"Morgan's gang was here scattered in almost every direction. We followed them about five miles, but could not overtake any large body of them at a time. Our regiment returned to Cynthiana, and rested a couple of hours, and then went to Carlisle; but, not hearing of the enemy there, we were sent south on the Kentucky River, above Irvine—I suppose, with the intention of cutting off the retreat of Morgan's men. Their main body got past us, and a part of our regiment followed them to within twelve miles of Mulberry Gap, when the chase was given up, and we returned here to Lexington to recruit our strength and receive fresh horses.

"The boys are now in general good health, and are anxious to meet the rebels again, whenever they wish to invade Kentucky; and, as long as we have a load in our carbines and pistols to fire, and a strong arm to raise our sabers, we intend to stand our ground and fight, as we did not come into Kentucky to surrender

or run from rebels, and, whenever they want to try our mettle, let them pitch in.

"Yours, respectfully,

"SAMUEL BEUNER,
"Corporal Co. L, Twelfth Ohio Cavalry."

"BOYD'S STATION, KENTUCKY, *June* 12.

"Since my last dispatch I have seen the elephant, and a much larger one than I bargained for. To begin with, was the sharp fight on Saturday morning, before breakfast, near Cynthiana, in which Companies A, D, E, F, and G, of the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Ohio, or most of them, sustained the shock of three thousand men under John Morgan. Not knowing their numbers, Colonel Garis, assisted by Colonel Berry, Provost Marshal, and his own Lieutenant-Colonel (Barrere), continued the contest only too bravely. Outnumbered and overpowered, they fell back, firing all the time, to the depot buildings, where Colonel Berry fell almost mortally wounded in the head, and thence to Rankin's unfinished hotel, where, after surrendering and coming out of the house, Colonel Garis was shot through the right shoulder to the

elbow, and others retreated to the Court-house. The consequence was, the rebels poured into the town and charged into these several places, causing the utmost consternation among the inhabitants. Colonel Garis not surrendering soon enough to suit the rebels, they set a stable on fire near to our position, and the terror of the flames added greatly to the alarm. On swept the flames; and across the river, north of the town, another battle began between General Hobson, who had just arrived with the One Hundred and Seventy-first Ohio, and a detachment of the rebels. Our Ohio boys, who had never seen an engagement before, held their ground gallantly for fifteen or twenty minutes before yielding to the superior numbers, which were constantly increasing.

"The loss of life was surprisingly small—not more than fifteen in both engagements, and perhaps fifty wounded, many slightly.

"I had nearly completed a list of killed and wounded, when I was taken prisoner as a war correspondent, and had every thing taken from me.

"Colonel Berry was expected to die every moment, but after a few hours he rallied, but not so as to speak.

This morning it was thought possible he might live. Colonel Garis's wound is through the right shoulder and arm. Lieutenant-Colonel Barrere was also quite severely wounded.

"Companies B, C, H, and K, of the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth, were not in the fight.

"The following of the One Hundred and Seventy-first escaped capture, and returned to Robinson's Station, seven miles this side of Cynthiana: W. W. Powell, William Dana, George Holland, M. G. Butler, W. B. Taylor, Joseph Wilson (slightly wounded in the left arm), George G. Huff, Henry Hall, Byron Clark, Abner Harlep, Captain Henry L. Burnham, and Lieutenant Matthews.

"Quarter-master Stambaugh arrived here to-day to join his regiment, but, it being captured, he will go no further.

"The following of the One Hundred and Seventy-first have just come into Boyd's, after evading capture and dodging thirty hours in the woods: A. H. Belden, Adam Nye, A. J. Martin, C. S. Curtis, John M. Deal, George Hewey, and J. P. Lamister.

"Of the Forty-seventh Kentucky, David Workman,

A. Wright, John M. Smith, and R. M'Clellan, in a skirmish with scouts, were perhaps captured yesterday, as they have not yet come in. It was a pitiable sight to see all the rest of our two young regiments hustled out of their retreats, without arms, and through the streets as prisoners. They were, in all twelve or fifteen hundred, with ten from Mount Sterling, marched out, your correspondent in the lead, three miles on the Augusta pike. At daylight this morning I took French leave, and have not heard whether the regiments were paroled or not. They hoped to take them back into Virginia, unless General Hobson, who was wounded, and has gone with Captain Morgan to Cincinnati, can effect an immediate exchange.

"The fire raged, notwithstanding vigorous efforts to stop it by citizens, till noon, when all the business portion of the town, over twenty houses, were consumed, with much of their contents, the rebels meanwhile helping themselves abundantly.

"The fire commenced at Rankin's stable, and continued to the West House, burning all the buildings; thence across to Broadwell corner, and down to I. T.

Martin's store; thence across to Dr. Broadwell's buildings, to the jail, including that and the adjoining buildings.

"The buildings destroyed are the following: Rankin's stable, a large frame; Oxley's blacksmith and wagon shop; Charles Daniel's law-office; Nouse's paint-shop; Smith's shoe-shop; Dr. Woodruff's office; Carpenter's carpenter-shop; Gray's dwelling-house and confectionery; Henry Johnson's barber-shop; Charles A. Webster's hardware store; Remington's storehouse, occupied by Deebey as confectionery, and by David Givens as store-rooms; McIntosh's three-story store, brick; Miller & Redmond's storehouse; Mrs. Snodgrass's house; Jack Kelley's tailor-shop; Frizell's storehouse, occupied as a clothing-store; Frank Boxley's tin-shop; Tom English's shoe-shop; William L. Northcutt's storehouse; Frizell's drug-store; John L. McGee's residence; Luken's boot and shoe store; Dr. Smith's residence; Nebell's clothing-store; Dr. Boodwell's house and office; a log-house on the river bank belonging to Caleb Walton; the old Lowry House; the old jail."

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

"In our accounts published thus far we have given the main points of the history of the affair at Keller's Bridge, and of the disaster to the railroad and trains at that point. But the nature of the fight, as displaying great bravery and endurance on the part of the National Guard engaged, and the heavy loss, comparatively speaking, that attended the fight, calls for a more particular account of the same. Keller's Bridge, the scene of the engagement, is just sixty-five miles south of this city, and one mile this side of Cynthiana. It was destroyed by the rebels on Thursday last, in order to prevent the sending of troops along the railroad. At five o'clock on Saturday morning last, the One Hundred and Seventy-first was disembarked at this point, together with a handful of men who were to act as cavalry. The trains which had conveyed them immediately backed down the road two miles, where they were thrown from the track and burned. Upon being disembarked, the men of the One Hundred and Seventy-first were supplied with ammunition, and proceeded to eat their breakfast. Suddenly their quiet was disturbed by the rattle of musketry at Cynthiana,

telling that hot work was going on there between the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth and the rebel forces; and in a few moments, to their great surprise, they ascertained that the fields around themselves were alive with the rebel forces. A volley of musketry was poured in upon them by a squad of the enemy massed behind the fence of a clover-field. From the first it was evident to General Hobson and Colonel Asper that their little band were completely surrounded; and, from the disposition of the rebel troops, it was evidently their design to conduct the fight in bush-whacking style from the brush, should our forces resist, which they probably did not believe would be the case, as they were evidently two to their one in the first of the fight.

"Under these circumstances, the regiment was divided into several squads, and sent to both east and west of the railroad, occupying such positions as they might secure. The rebels then appeared on every hand, displaying great activity in firing, and considerable skill in keeping under cover from the fire of our troops. Throughout, the affair was as between sharp-shooters, each man firing as he could obtain sight of

one of the enemy. This continued about five hours, the loss on both sides being extraordinarily heavy. That of the rebels was much greater than our own—as much so, perhaps, proportionately, as their force was superior in numbers—we having seven hundred men, and they, with their reinforcements, two thousand. Against these great odds, the resistance made was desperate and determined. General Morgan, who, when the fight here commenced, was at Cynthiana (the rebel force being in command of General Getty), had supposed that the Union force would have surrendered immediately. He considered his great odds, the greenness of our forces, and wondered, in impatience, how it occurred that the fighting continued. He had expected an immediate surrender, and sincerely desired it, as he did not wish to lose any of his men, even though the loss entailed upon our forces should be twice as heavy. He certainly had not expected this desperate resistance. He was surprised. He was astounded when, at nine o'clock A. M., a courier dashed up to him in haste at Cynthiana, and gave General Getty's message, 'Reinforcements, or give it up!' Several hundred troops were immediately sent down

the pike, Morgan at their head, and with those the line was drawn still closer around the little band, until General Hobson was forced to accept the flag of truce and Morgan's conditions of surrender—that the private property of the troops should be respected, and that the officers should retain their side-arms. General Hobson, so all accounts agree in saying, had done all that could be done, displaying, himself, the greatest personal courage, and, in thus surrendering, he decided for the best.

"Such of the One Hundred and Seventy-first as remained were then drawn up along the pike; their arms were stacked and burned by the rebels, and they were marched through Cynthiana, a mile south, to a grove, when they were allowed to rest, and where they found the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Regiment, or, rather, five companies of it—all that had been in the fight at Cynthiana—prisoners, like themselves. In an hour or so, however, the prisoners were marched three miles north on the Augusta pike, where they passed Saturday night.

"Early on Sunday morning came the attack upon the main force of the rebels from General Burbridge,

who had arrived from Paris with a strong force, and two pieces of artillery, with which Morgan was unprovided.

"With the first announcement of the approach of Burbridge, came an order from Morgan to the guard over the six hundred prisoners to start them north, which was done, and that, too, on the double-quick—Morgan's main force, pursued by Burbridge, following at a distance of a few miles.

"This forced march brought them to Claysville, eighteen miles north-east of Cynthiana, where they were halted, drawn up in line and paroled, and allowed to depart. In thus disposing of them, Morgan informed them that he had enough to attend to, to get out of the state, but that he should succeed in doing so. The rebel forces then struck due east, with the evident intention of reaching Virginia as soon as possible. The paroled prisoners continued on their way to Augusta, which place they reached on Sunday night, coming to this point by steamer yesterday morning.

"General Hobson, who was taken prisoner, is now in a strange predicament, having agreed to procure an

exchange. He is now at Falmouth—the escort or guard of rebel officers who were accompanying him having been taken prisoners at that point, on their way to the city, by Captain G. H. Laird, of General Hobson's staff. The question involved will necessitate a decision from the War Department.

"A dispatch received last night at Covington, from Boyd's Station, reports Morgan's forces scattered, in retreat, in different directions. Five hundred of them were attacked yesterday, near Claysville, on the Augusta pike, and badly cut up, by Colonel Garrard's command. Morgan's idea now seems to be to get out of Kentucky at the earliest possible moment."

A description of the last fight at Cynthiana, between the forces of Morgan and Burbridge, gives the following particulars:

"The Federal infantry was posted on the right and left of the artillery, and the cavalry on the flanks—the Seventh Ohio on the left, and the Ninth Michigan on the right. The cavalry simultaneously flanked the rebels, and turned back their lines; the infantry, in

the center, advancing steadily, and forcing back the rebel lines.

"The rebel right gave way first—Colonel Minor charging in three lines, under a heavy rebel fire at short range, and relying on the saber. Colonel Howard Smith quailed before their advance, and, turning his horse, led his men, in a panic, to and through the town.

"In charging upon the rebel left, the Ninth Michigan struck too far to the right, and cut through to the rebel line, driving them to the river, but leaving a gap through which Morgan and a few hundred of his men escaped, following down the river, and taking the Augusta pike.

"The infantry pressed back the rebel center, and handsomely repulsed a cavalry charge. The artillery meanwhile was moved up the pike, within half a mile of the town, and had hardly got in position, when another cavalry charge was made upon it. But a sweeping fire of canister swept men and horses before it, and the rout, already begun, reached its climax. One by one, at first, the rebels fell back through the town, crossed the river, and followed the Williams-

town pike. The whole line closed in on them, and they rushed tumultuously through the streets. Down the railroad, over fences, up steep banks, and through the bottoms, the rebels plunged headlong, in their haste to escape. Hemmed in on the east side of the river, their line of escape was over the bridge west of town, which was filled with routed and panic-stricken horsemen.

"A general charge by columns down the streets was made by General Burbridge's forces, and Morgan's command completely routed. The rebels, unable to cross by the bridge, pushed into the river, great numbers of whom were killed or drowned while crossing. Those who remained together struck off to the west, and were followed for six miles out by the pursuing forces, leaving their killed and wounded at every point.

"In the engagement, Morgan himself commanded at first, but soon left his men under Colonel Howard Smith, and took to his heels.

"General Burbridge's success was complete.

"On Sunday night, General Burbridge and staff, with four companies of the Eleventh Michigan Cav-

alry, rode all night, and reached Georgetown by daylight. Colonel Garrard's command, which was mounted on fresh horses, and Colonel Hanson's brigade, continued the pursuit.

"Colonel Garrard's brigade followed Morgan closely to Clark Mountain, near Morehead, when further pursuit would have been fruitless. The force had ridden the first eighty-five miles in twenty-four hours, and were worn down, out of rations, beyond the reach of forage, and unable to overhaul the main rebel force.

"The total number who escaped with Morgan, according to reliable estimates, will not exceed seven hundred; the remainder are killed, wounded, prisoners, or skulking to find a more favorable opportunity for escape.

"Morgan's prestige is gone, and he sinks out of sight as the worst-whipped rebel General ever sent on a raiding expedition. Invited into the state by rebels, and aided by them at every turn, he found more than a match in the vigor and skill of General Burbridge and the bravery of his men.

"Even the hundred-day men did themselves great credit, especially those under General Hobson. The

severity of the fighting is shown in the large number of killed and mortally wounded in the various battles.

"In the vigor which was shown in the pursuit and defeat of Morgan, no cavalry force has made a better record than the Ohio, Michigan, and Kentucky regiments engaged under General Burbridge. Not a man or officer failed to do his duty.

"General Burbridge finds a great task before him in so administering the military affairs of the state as to secure full protection to loyal citizens. He designs to organize a large force of colored troops for state defense.

"The Union men of the state will tolerate no avowed rebel sympathizers in their midst, the issue now being narrowed down to this: Shall loyal or disloyal men live in Kentucky? It is a satisfaction to know that General Burbridge will sustain and protect loyal men.

"The raid of Morgan has unmasked many conservatives, and they will find a swift and speedy retribution awaiting them. Quite a number of arrests have already been made, in Lexington, of parties who will

be sent beyond the lines, for their open manifestations of rebel sympathies."

The train of cars that had taken the command of General Hobson to Cynthiana were ordered back, as soon as the soldiers had disembarked. Behind this was another train, with three hundred horses, which also started back toward Covington. Some secession citizens, however, had placed obstructions on the track, after the cars had passed up toward Cynthiana. By this means the train, while backing along the track, was thrown off, and many of the horses were killed. None of the men were injured.

During the battle on Sabbath morning, while Burbridge's force was charging through the town, Mr. Buzzard, a wealthy citizen of Cynthiana, hurrahed for Jeff. Davis, when some soldier shot him dead.

CHAPTER XIII.

PROPHETICAL SPEECH OF STEPHENS, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE REBEL GOVERNMENT—THE DEATH OF MORGAN—KILLED BY ANDREW G. CAMPBELL, AN EAST TENNESSEAN—REBEL ACCOUNT OF HIS SURPRISE, DEATH, AND OBSEQUIES—CONCLUDING REMARKS.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, Vice-President of the rebel government, delivered a patriotic and eloquent speech before the Secession Convention of the State of Georgia, in January, 1861, in which he said:

"This step (secession) once taken, can never be recalled, and all the baleful and withering consequences that must follow will rest on this convention for all coming time. When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon of war, *which this act of yours will inevitably invite and call forth;* when our green fields of waving harvests shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery and fiery car of war sweeping over our land; our temples of justice

laid in ashes; all the horrors and desolations of war upon us, who but this convention will be held responsible for it, and who but him who shall have given his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure, as I honestly think and believe, *shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act by the present generation, and probably cursed and execrated by posterity for all coming time*, for the wide and desolating ruin that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetrate?

"Pause now, while you can, gentlemen, and contemplate carefully and candidly these important items. Leaving out of view, for the present, the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North; with tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle, and offered up as sacrifices upon the altar of your ambition—and for what? Is it for the overthrow of the American Government, established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded on the broad principles of right, justice, and humanity?

"They who inaugurate revolutions seldom ever live to see them close. They who sow to the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

After three years and a half of unrelenting war, these words seem to have been almost prophetical. The "lovely South" is now "desolated by the demon of war;" many have been held to a "strict account" for secession and its consequences; "countless millions of dollars have been expended," and "tens of thousands" of the sons of the South have perished in battle. How many of the Generals of the Confederate army, not to mention inferior officers and private soldiers, have fallen during the war, we know not. Southern papers admit a loss of thirty-nine of their Generals, who have been captured, wounded, or killed, *since the commencement of the present year.* And now the name of Morgan is to be added to the list of those who have "sowed to the wind and reaped the whirlwind."

The announcement of his death was made to the country by the following telegram from General Gillam:

"BULL'S GAP, TENN., *September* 4, 1864.

"*To General Tilleson:*

SIR—I surprised, defeated, and killed John Morgan at Greenville this morning. The killed are scattered for miles, and have not yet been counted. They prob-

ably number from fifty to one hundred, and about seventy prisoners. Among those captured were Morgan's staff, with one piece of artillery and a caisson. The enemy's force outnumbered mine, but the surprise was complete.

[Signed] "ALVIN C. GILLAM."

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* thus writes:

"KNOXVILLE, TENN., *September* 6, 1864.

"Last night was a night of rejoicing in this goodly city of Knoxville, the occasion being the arrival of eighty-six prisoners, and the news of the death of General John H. Morgan, the notorious.

"On the occasion of the late raid by Wheeler, General Gillam thought it a matter of prudence to contract his lines somewhat, thus leaving the town of Greenville to the enemy, which they occupied. The scare having passed over, General Gillam moved forward, and learned that Morgan occupied the town. On Sunday morning, 4th instant, he surprised John Morgan and forces. They captured eighty-six prisoners and one gun. The prisoners belonged, for the most part, to McClung's battery, the members of which

were formerly citizens of this region. Morgan himself was at the house of Mrs. Williams, in the town, and was so suddenly surprised that he rushed out of the house only partly dressed. As he was passing through the garden in the rear of the house, he was shot through the body, by Andrew G. Campbell, Company G, Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry. This man had two grievances aside from his desire to serve his country, which made him more anxious to kill the great horse-thief. When our forces retired from that section, Captain Keenan, A. A. G., of General Gillam's staff, was left at the house of a widow. When Morgan came up, he cursed the woman for receiving him into her house, and took the sick man and threw him into a rough road wagon, and said, 'Haul him off like a hog;' and our men have not heard from him since. The other grievance was, that Campbell had been conscripted, and had to serve in the rebel ranks some months before he could escape. After shooting Morgan, he took the body on his horse and carried it about one-fourth of a mile, and then pitching it to the ground, he observed to his officers, 'There he is, like a hog.'

"Campbell has been promoted to the rank of a

Lieutenant for the service which he rendered his country in the killing of Morgan, and he well deserves it. Let his name be remembered.

"Two of Morgan's staff, Captain Charles Withers, A. A. G., formerly of Covington, and Captain Clay, son of Thomas H. Clay, and grandson of Henry Clay, were captured in the garden of Mrs. Williams, concealed in a hole in which potatoes had been buried. Clay has been sent to the hospital here.

"General Gillam is doing gallant service in East Tennessee, and you will soon hear from him again. His men are acquainted with all the mountain paths in the region through which they are now marching.

"T."

The Abingdon *Virginian* gives the following version of the circumstances under which Morgan came to his death:

"On Saturday, the 3d instant, accompanied by the brigades of Giltner, Hodges, and Smith, and a detachment of Vaughan's, with four pieces of artillery, General Morgan and his staff approached the town of Greenville, Tennessee. Scouts had brought the in-

formation that the enemy were not nearer than Bull's Gap, sixteen miles distant, and, in addition, a guard had been sent into the village to reconnoiter. Upon the report of the enemy, Cassel's battalion, commanded by Captain J. M. Clarke, together with the four guns, were posted some three or four hundred yards from the Court-house, when General Morgan and his staff entered and established head-quarters at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Williams, near the center of the town. Shortly after the advent of the guard in town, young Mrs. Williams (daughter-in-law of the lady at whose house General Morgan had his head-quarters) disappeared; a scout was sent for her, but could not find her, and, as she returned with the enemy next morning, it appears she had ridden all the way to Bull's Gap, and had given information of Morgan's whereabouts, and the strength of the guard.

"Precaution had been taken to prevent the egress of persons who might convey information to the enemy, and all the roads and avenues were picketed. After visiting the camps, and seeing that pickets had been duly posted, General Morgan and his staff, at a late hour of the night, retired to rest. Being greatly

fatigued, they slept very soundly, and were startled from their slumbers about six o'clock on Sunday morning by the elder Mrs. Williams, who informed them that the Yankees had surrounded the house. The General and his staff at once sprang from their beds, armed themselves, and rushed out at the opposite door to that at which the Yankees were thundering.

"On the side of the house where they escaped there is a very large yard and garden, with a great deal of foliage and a vineyard. These, together with the basement of the old hotel at the south-western extremity of the grounds, enabled them to conceal themselves for a time; but the Yankees by this time began to appear so thick and fast around them, that concealment became hopeless, and they rushed out, to attempt to fight their way through, in the hope of succor and assistance from the battalion so near at hand. The officers with General Morgan were Major Gassett, Captains Withers, Rogers, and Clay, and a young gentleman by the name of Johnson, a clerk in the office of the Adjutant-General. At this time they were all, except Withers and Clay, in the basement of the old hotel, occupied by Mrs. Fry, (wife of the notorious

bushwhacker and murderer now in our possession), who was all the time calling to the Yankees, informing them of the hiding-place of the 'rebels.'

"Seeing escape almost hopeless, General Morgan directed Major Gassett to examine and see if there was any chance of escape from the front of the basement to the street. Major Gassett looked, and replied that there was a chance, but it was a desperate one, which General Morgan did not hear, as at that instant the Yankees charged up to the fence separating the hotel from Mrs. Williams's grounds, when the General, with Major Gassett, Captain Rogers, and Mr. Johnson, sprang out in the direction of the vineyard, when the two latter were captured and the General killed."

From the same authority we learn that the body was sent through the lines by a flag of truce, and was interred with imposing ceremonials, at Abingdon, Virginia, on Tuesday evening, September 6.

In the previous chapters of this work, Morgan has been spoken of as a living man. They were written and stereotyped before his death, and contain all we have to say of his character and acts.

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MORGAN AND HIS CAPTORS

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